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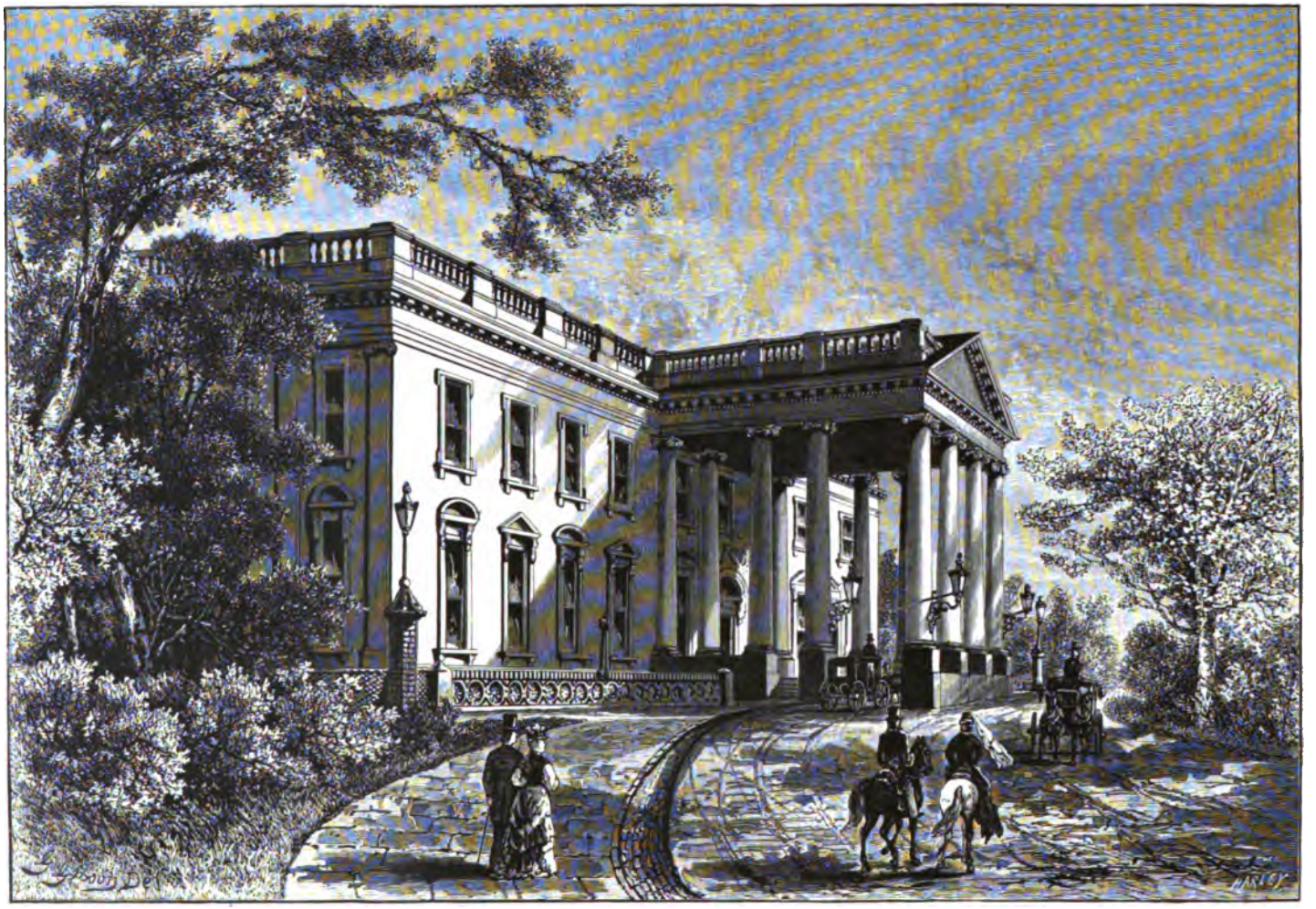
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The Homes of America


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THE OFFICIAL HOME OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE

HOMES OF AMERICA.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

"Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him."

LONGFELLOW.

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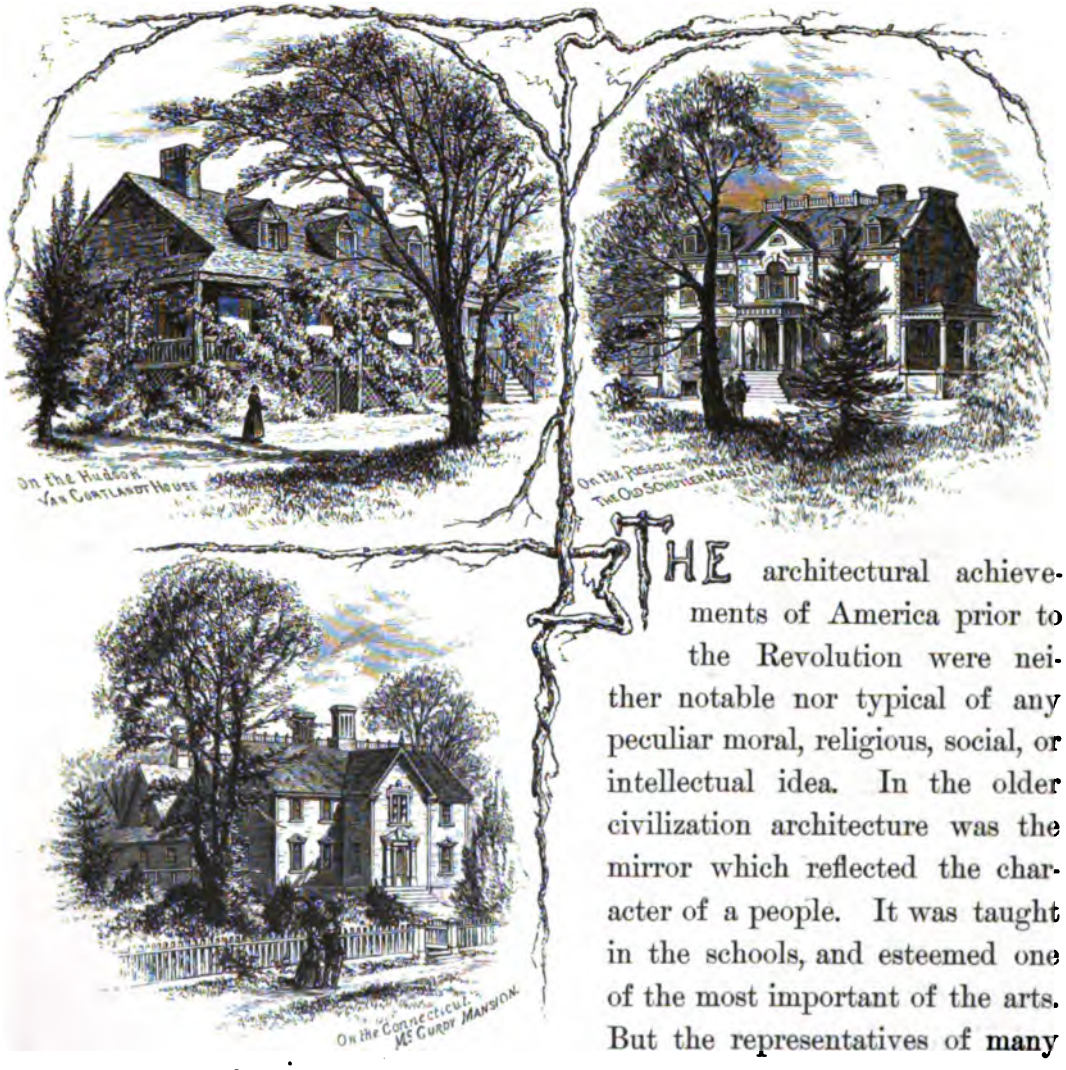
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THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

I.

COLONIAL PERIOD.



THE architectural achievements of America prior to the Revolution were neither notable nor typical of any peculiar moral, religious, social, or intellectual idea. In the older civilization architecture was the mirror which reflected the character of a people. It was taught in the schools, and esteemed one of the most important of the arts. But the representatives of many

nations and countries, in attempting to subdue this continent, must necessarily wait for the general amalgamation of habits, tastes, fashions, and modes of life, attendant upon the growth of a new and distinct species of the human kind. Ancestral notions as various as the lands from which they sprung guided the early settlers in their construction of dwellings. There could be no uniformity of style in domestic architecture at that period characteristic of the American nation, for there was yet no American nation.

At the same time all architecture has a language of its own, and the homes of America in the Colonial period reveal more truthfully than any other existing relics the life and history of the times. The salient features of domestic architecture are to a considerable degree the outward manifestation of the individual man. It is not always that the proprietor can design his own house, or that the architect is an expert in expression. Thus instances are rare where a fine house fully reflects a fine character. But wherever ideas of beauty exist, even when the parts of a structure are not balanced through a just sense of proportion, or where the details are crude, the effect of the whole is generally spirited and pleasing, and, what is more to the point, possesses a human element. Romance and poetry are not infrequently wedded to brick and mortar. Thoughts, feelings, desires, virtues, vices, and vanities are preserved in visible forms. A man's dwelling in its most complete mold may be regarded as a type of his whole private life.

Independent of personal associations, however, the earlier American homes are in the highest degree interesting to us of this generation, since they illustrate the practical adaptation of principles of architecture, culled from all ages and countries, to the requirements of a young and progressive people. Rarely was a model borrowed bodily from a foreign land. The climate, necessities of pioneer life, and social conditions of an unformed community, led to the rejection of many useless architectural features, and the substitution of others freshly drawn from the inspiration of the surroundings, or suggested by a sense of local fitness. And the blending of nationalities, as in the marriages of the English and Dutch of New York, wrought a corresponding combination of architectural styles.

One of the most striking examples of this class, a curious mixture of Dutch and English architecture, is the Philipse manor-house, which belongs, properly

speaking, to two distinct eras, 1682 and 1745. The imposing south front, given in the sketch, represents the original mansion built by Frederick Philipse, a genuine Hollander, who for a full quarter of a century was known as the richest man in New York. Sixty-three years later his grandson, the second lord of the manor, whose mother and wife were both accomplished Englishwomen, added



The Philipse Manor-House at Yonkers.

the great elegant eastern front, with its two porticoes and almost innumerable windows, and its dormitories in the gable-roof for fifty household servants, twenty of whom were negro slaves.

The princely old edifice stood quite alone in the wilderness long subsequent to its erection in 1682. It overlooked the Hudson some fourteen miles above New York City, with picturesque hills and vales, thorny dells, rocky steeps, and fenceless pastures variegated with shrubs, stinted grass, and forest flowers,

hovering upon the north and east of it, while to the south a rapid creek, indulging in all sorts of mad and musical pranks, rushed through a narrow ravine, not infrequently fretting and fuming over Dutch mill-dams until they were upset altogether. Architecturally the house was, like its owner, severely aristocratic; its rooms immensely large, and its whole aspect after the manner of the baronial country-seats of the Holland grandees. The bricks for the masonry, and other materials for building, were imported. The jambs of the Dutch fireplaces, still preserved, are three or more feet deep, and faced with tiles bearing Scriptural illustrations and appropriate references. The chimney was, however, purely American, and designed for the passage of something besides smoke. In its examination we are brought face to face, as it were, with tomahawks and scalping-knives, for it contains a quaintly curious secret passage-way from one of the principal chambers to an underground retreat, quite large enough for the escape of a family from savage foes. The massive south outer door (as seen in the sketch), dark as ebony, and originally divided in halves, was as purely Dutch, having been made in Holland in 1681, and imported by Lady Philipse in one of her own ships.

It needs but a passing glimpse into this mirror of antiquity to descry its master once more in the flesh. He was tall, well-proportioned, with a quiet gray eye which seemed to hide more than it revealed, a Roman nose, and mouth expressing strong will. He was grave even to melancholy, and talked so little that he was often pronounced excessively dull. His movements were slow and measured, he dressed with scrupulous care, wearing the full embroidery, lace cuffs, and periwig with flowing ringlets, of the period, and haughtily entertained governors and their counselors at stated intervals with frigid ceremony. He was not a man of letters, nor of any special culture, although intelligent, apt, a close observer of men and things, and shrewd even to craftiness. For more than twenty years he was an official adviser of the King of England's commander-in-chief of New York, yet he never advised. In the political controversies of his time, which were more deadly bitter than they have ever been since, he laid his hand upon his purse, and waited to see which party was likely to win. During the Revolution of 1689 he so adroitly balanced himself upon the fence as to protect his property interests, and come down upon the right side in the end.

The way in which he became so vastly rich is colored with romance. He came to New York as penniless as many another high-born youth, in the fur-traffic days of stately Governor Stuyvesant. But he could turn his hand to almost any industry from the grinding of corn to the building of a pulpit. It is said that he actually worked at the trade of a carpenter until he could establish a trade with the Indians. He grew rapidly into notice until about 1662, when the wheel of his destiny went round with a whirl. He married the widow and the opulent estate of Peter Rudolphus De Vries. The world criticised the lady as able, but not amiable, possibly because she possessed remarkable business tact and talent in her own right, bought and traded in her own name, and often went to Holland in her own ships as supercargo.

Philipse soon became one of the largest traders with the Five Nations at Albany, sent his own vessels to both the East and West Indies, imported slaves from Africa, and, when piracy was at its zenith, was loudly accused of unlawful commerce with the buccaneers at Madagascar. This last accusation, however, if true, was never proved. His wife finally died, and he shortly married another rich widow, who outdid the first, inasmuch as she brought him two fortunes, one from her father, the blue-blooded Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt, and the other from her deceased husband, John Derval. In the mean time the broad acres between Spuyten Duyvil and the Croton had been purchased by him, and erected into a manor by royal charter, and two manor-houses built, that of the sketch, in the heart of what is now the ambitious city of Yonkers, and "Castle Philipse," at Sleepy Hollow; also the Old Mill, at Sleepy Hollow, to which his tenants brought their corn to grind, and the first toll-bridge across Spuyten Duyvil Creek, known as King's bridge. And in 1699 he and his wife together built the substantial stone church at Sleepy Hollow, which is believed to be the oldest church edifice in the city of New York.

When the cultivated European tastes of the second lord of the manor began to expand in 1745, a grandeur that was preëminently hospitable took the place of the cold polish of the original edifice. Even now a practiced eye can readily determine where the products of the two centuries were joined in one harmonious whole. The walls of the new part were wainscoted, the ceilings highly ornamented in arabesque work, and marble mantels were imported from England. The two main halls of entrance were each some eighteen feet

wide, and the staircases, with mahogany hand-rails and balusters, were superbly carved. The roof was surmounted by a heavy line of balustrade, forming a terrace which commanded a magnificent view of the Hudson. The gardens and grounds were filled with valuable trees and rare shrubs and flowers, through which stretched graveled walks bordered with box, while a broad, velvety lawn appeared in front, and a greensward sloped gradually westward to the Hudson, dotted with fine specimens of ornamental trees, which were emparked and stocked with deer. And here again we see the individual proprietor, a charming, generous host, undisturbed by any of the cares which accompany the accumulation of property, with the prospect of spending a long life in the enjoyment of an inheritance, and who presided over his tenants and serfs like a right royal old feudal sovereign. He mixed somewhat in public life, being for seven years Speaker of the Assembly of New York, and for a much longer period the Baron and Second Judge of the Exchequer. He usually occupied in person the bench in the Court-leet and Court-baron of the Manor, taking cognizance of criminal as well as civil matters, administering justice, and sometimes capital punishment.

His children had every advantage in the way of instruction which it was in the power of wealthy parents to bestow. He had three lovely daughters, of whom Mary, born at the manor in 1730, was reputed the most beautiful young lady in all the country. His eldest son Frederick was the third Lord of the Manor. He was graduated at King's College in New York. He was an ardent churchman, and opened his purse generously to all charitable purposes. His tastes were literary, and he mixed very little in public affairs, although he was a member of the Assembly for several years. He was known and spoken of as a courtly and scholarly gentleman of the old school, and an ornament in polite society. He lived in a style of great magnificence; the manor-house was burnished anew, and on every side there was costly and showy display. His wife was an imperious woman of fashion. It is said that her pride was to appear upon the roads of Westchester, skillfully reining four splendid jet-black steeds. She was killed by a fall from her carriage a short time before the Revolution.

When the dispute broke out between England and her colonies, Philipse was one of those who tried to maintain so strict a neutrality as to protect his

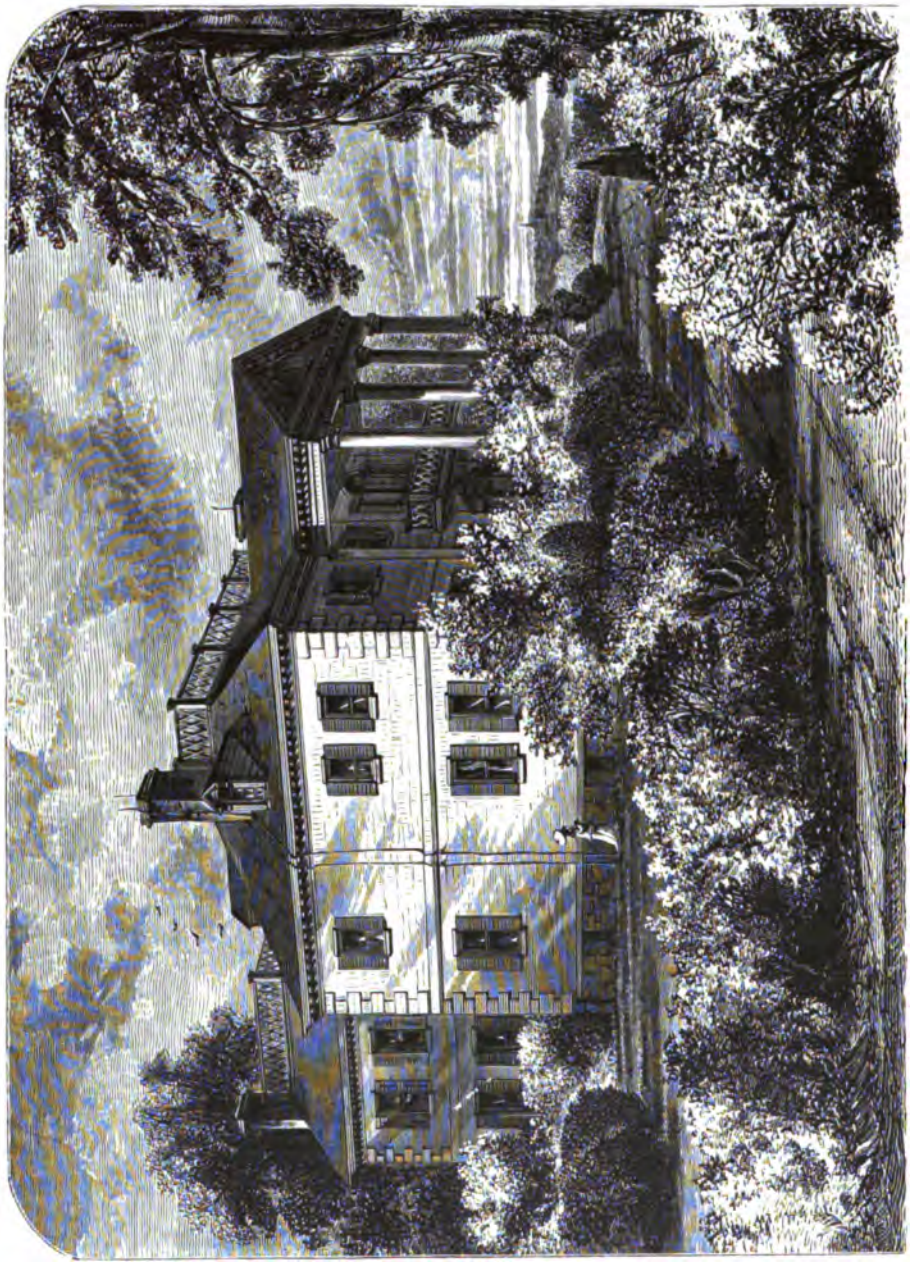
property. But he signally failed. He was at heart a loyalist, and had no faith whatever in the success of the American arms. He was very soon suspected of favoring the British, and compelled to seek safety in the city until the end of the war. He was, however, at the manor-hall until after the battle of White Plains, and Washington and his generals staid several nights under his terraced roof. The old southwestern chamber, before described, was the scene of several important councils of war.

In 1777 he took a final farewell of his ancestral home and immense possessions. In 1779 the State Legislature declared him attainted of treason, and the manor confiscated. When the British troops left New York in 1783, he went with them to England, and died, two years later, in Chester.

In 1784 the State offered the manor for sale in tracts to suit purchasers. The manor-hall at Yonkers and lands adjacent were bought by Cornelius P. Low, of New York, and became the rallying-spot for the village. Low did not wish to occupy the mansion, and sold it again. Prior to 1813 it had had many owners. Then it fell into the hands of Lemuel Wells, who made it his residence for twenty-nine years. He died childless and intestate, and, as he left no will, his estate was divided among sixteen heirs.

Again, the building had an uneasy and changeful proprietorship until the city of Yonkers came to the rescue and took it under its own wing, converting it into a city hall. It was necessary to alter the geography of the northern portion of the interior in order to provide space for a modern court-room. But good taste was displayed in the manner of its accomplishment, and, although the boundary-lines of former centuries were obliterated in that particular part, yet the southern and southwestern apartments have been carefully shielded from modern innovation, and, in their antique garments, serve to render this one of the most interesting of all the historic buildings in America.

Of a different order of architecture was the Roger Morris house, at present known as the "Jumel Mansion," situated on Harlem Heights, at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island. It was erected within the same decade as the later geographical annexations to the Philipse manor-house, and was first occupied in the summer of 1758. Colonel Roger Morris, its projector, was a Briton born, coming to America an officer in British service during the old French and



The Roger Morris House.

Indian wars. He married the beautiful Mary Philipse, of Philipse Manor, who captivated Washington a few months prior to the date of her betrothal to his rival. The home prepared for the reception of the bride was one of the most elegant of its class at that epoch. The main building was nearly square, and two stories in height with an attic. A great central hall, or passage-way, opened through the entire structure, with two spacious rooms upon each side. Upon the northern side was an extension of octagonal form, containing the drawing-room below and bedrooms above. The walls of the mansion were of Holland brick, sheathed with plank, and the southern front presented a high porch with four Doric columns, and a gallery at the second story. The roof, like that of the Philipse manor-house, was crowned with a balustrade, and under the whole edifice was a cellar dug out of solid rock.

This fine country-seat was located on one of the highest and most picturesque spots which Manhattan Island afforded. From the roof, the gallery, or the porch, the eye might take in the whole of Harlem River from the Croton Aqueduct to Hell Gate, Long Island Sound and beyond, the beautiful fields of Westchester, and the entire Long Island landscape thence to Brooklyn, Staten Island in the distance, and the great intervening metropolis. The land now attached to the mansion is about one hundred acres, the remnant of several hundred which originally composed the estate. Colonel Morris and his wife resided here a full quarter of a century, with the exception of the brief period when the house was converted into headquarters for Washington in the autumn of 1776. At the close of the war, Morris, who had adhered to the royal cause, retired with his wife to England; both were attainted of treason, and their large estates confiscated to the State of New York.

After a changeful proprietorship the property was in 1810 purchased by Stephen Jumel, a Frenchman and wealthy shipping merchant, whose accomplished wife transfigured the whole domain with evidences of her cultivated and exquisite taste. Jumel died in 1832, leaving all his money, houses, and lands to his widow, who in 1833 married the famous Aaron Burr. Madame Jumel lived in this old mansion more than half a century, and, being quite a connoisseur in art, selected two or three hundred fine paintings in Europe about 1816, making her home one of the rarest picture-galleries in the America of that period. She adopted a relative as a daughter, who became the wife of

Nelson Chase, and heir to the immense fortune of Madame Jumel, about the title of which the newspapers have recently been filled with legal proceedings. Benson J. Lossing says in his description of the place: "A few rods north of the mansion is the 'Marco Bozzaris Rock,' on the verge of the rugged acclivity that rises from the Harlem River. It was so named from the fact that, in a grassy nook at its foot, overlooking the Harlem River, Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote his stirring poem entitled 'Marco Bozzaris.' The late Alfred Pell, of New York, was then occupying the mansion while the family were traveling, and Halleck was his guest. That was about the year 1826. In that nook, seated in a rustic chair at a rustic table, secluded by the great rock and umbrageous cedars, pines, and oaks, the poet wrote that once most popular poem in our language."

One of the choicest existing specimens of domestic architecture, before the colonies shook themselves free from kingly fetters, may be seen in the old Apthorpe Mansion, situated near the corner of Ninth Avenue and Ninety-first Street, New York City. It was built in what was then a picturesque, wooded wild, as far from the metropolis—if we may measure distance by the facilities for overcoming it—as Poughkeepsie is to-day, by Charles Ward Apthorpe, one of the counselors of the royal Governor of New York, William Tryon. The effective stateliness of the building is only eclipsed by the ancient pine- and locust-trees which stand about it like sentinels on duty. A recessed portico is supported by Corinthian columns, with corresponding pilasters, and a high, arched doorway opens into a spacious hall, with pretentious rooms upon either side. In its palmy days the house was surrounded by broad, highly cultivated grounds, with bordered walks and graveled drives. Apthorpe was not an active loyalist, and succeeded in satisfying the Committee on Conspiracy from the New York Congress of his peaceable intentions, therefore retained his New York property after the Revolution, although he had large estates in Massachusetts and in the District of Maine which were confiscated. He was a scholarly man of fifty when the war commenced, of quiet habits and social prominence. He did not leave his home when Washington made it his headquarters, for a brief few days, after the battle of Long Island, but entertained him sumptuously. The arrangements for the perilous expedition of Nathan Hale were

perfected under this roof. A little later, when Washington moved on to the Roger Morris mansion, the British commander took possession of the comfortable quarters he had vacated, and Mr. Apthorpe was still the affable and cheer-



The Apthorpe Mansion.

ful host. He continued to reside here after the war, exercising the generous hospitality of a courtly, kind-hearted gentleman of wealth, until his death in May, 1797.

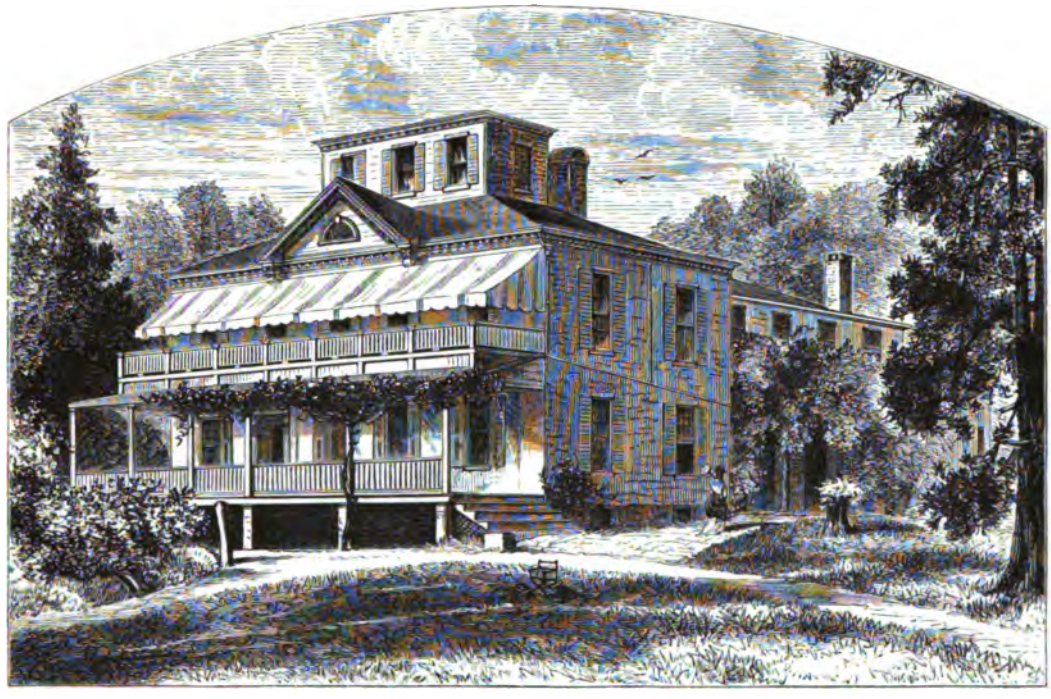
At Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson, about a half mile to the southward of the railroad station, is a substantial dwelling which was for some years the home of Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Treasurer of the New York Congress in 1776. It was originally a one-story, pointed-roofed country-house, with the gable-end

toward the street in true Dutch fashion. The entrance was under a little, antique portico, the same as seen in the sketch, beyond the stump crowned with flowers. The hall was broad, with a large, square room on each side of it, the one at the west being the parlor. There was a family-room at the end of the hall, from which two bedrooms opened. And there were sleeping accommodations in the great unfinished chamber, reached by a ladder. It was an ambitious house, built by an enterprising Dutch farmer some years before the culmination of the family quarrel with England. He was a man who had no political sympathies. But the tenor of his peaceful life was a shining mark toward which Destiny aimed her shaft. Armed legions from both of the hostile parties marched into his door-yard, trampled down his grass-plats, picked his cherries and his apples and his pears, killed his chickens before they were half grown, ransacked his cellars for meat and vegetables, slept in his barns, fed his grain to their horses, and carried the earth from his gardens and cornfields into his mowing lands for fortifications. Officers took possession of the best rooms in his house, and made themselves vastly more at home than he was himself.

It was the Americans who first invaded his precincts. Then the British came in October, 1776, after the battle of White Plains, and rendezvoused prior to their march upon Fort Washington. Lord Howe sat before a blazing wood-fire in the ancient parlor, and sketched a map of the roads in Westchester. A little later General Lee stopped here for a few days on his march from White Plains to Morristown. The following winter a division of the Americans under General Lincoln was encamped at this point for the purpose of commanding the passage of the river. Numerous redoubts were thrown up, the remains of which are still visible. The good farmer was compelled to smile in the midst of his misery, or be suspected of favoring the enemy; and the enemy were always the absent party. One day he was driven to the very acme of human forbearance by the piling of four barrels of gunpowder in a little shed, which was joined to the rear of his house. He expostulated in vain. "It is a good, dry place for it," said Lincoln, then turned coolly on his heel. When the garrison was withdrawn, a few weeks afterward, the powder was left behind. The farmer made haste to remove it, but, upon rolling the last barrel out of the yard, it burst open, and was found to contain nothing more dangerous than

sand! The placing it in the shed had been a *ruse* to deceive the British spies.

With the departure of the troops came nocturnal visits from the Cow-boys and Skinners, and foraging parties from both armies. And every man who wore an epaulet must be fed and lodged according to his demands. Bullets, and even cannon-balls, from the shipping, cut the air in frightful proximity, and the old man was aghast with consternation. He began to cast about him



The Livingston House.

for a place of safety. Several shots pierced the house, and bricks were dislodged in the chimney. He finally, with his family, made his way into the country to the north, far out of harm's way, and hired himself out as a day-laborer.

Many of the bullets and balls, which were planted in the grounds about the house, have been exhumed within a few years.

There was a native cherry-tree standing about a rod directly south of the front door of the mansion. It grew to immense proportions, was at least four-

teen feet in circumference, and had six branches, each of which would have made a huge tree of itself. In 1870 it was cut down, and a knotty protuberance on the river-side, which had always been the subject of more or less speculation, was found to have been the harbor of a large-sized cannon-ball for almost a century. The interesting relic is carefully preserved by Mr. Archer, the present proprietor of the property.

On the 1st day of August, 1780, the main body of the American army was suddenly thrown across the Hudson, and encamped at Dobb's Ferry. Why, no one knew save the commander-in-chief. He repaired immediately to this house. His tall and well-proportioned figure nearly reached from floor to ceiling, where the heavy beams were bare and waxed smooth. He was attended by Stirling, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Greene, Hamilton, and other officers. It was ascertained, August 4th, that Washington's ingenious manœuvre had effected the object intended, that of drawing back the British expedition to Rhode Island, and the army was speedily under marching orders, and recrossed the ferry to the Jersey shore. A few troops were left, however, to erect a block-house and batteries, Dobb's Ferry having grown into a point of relative importance in the movements of armies. It was the spot first appointed for the meeting of André and Arnold; and, if the latter had not been prevented from landing by the interference of a guard-boat, the interview would have taken place in the house above described. It was here that General Greene met General Robertson in conference concerning the fate of Major André. Robertson was the chief of three commissioners sent up the river by Sir Henry Clinton in the schooner Greyhound with a flag of truce. Washington permitted Greene to meet Robertson as a private gentleman, but not as an officer of the army, as the case of an acknowledged spy admitted of no discussion.

In the summer of 1781 Washington's headquarters were again under this roof for six or more weeks. His army was encamped in two lines, with its right resting on the Hudson. The French, under Count de Rochambeau, occupied the left, a single line extending to the river Bronx. The latter had just arrived, having marched from Providence *via* Hartford.

The real object of the allied armies in the present campaign was the subject of much speculation and betting among the soldiers. It was apparently the capture of New York. There were great bustle and preparation. Distinguished

men from every point of the compass visited Washington, and were entertained in his rustic quarters. The French ambassador spent several days with him. Colonel Laurens, the son of the American ambassador to Holland, was also here; and nearly every general of any note in the army.

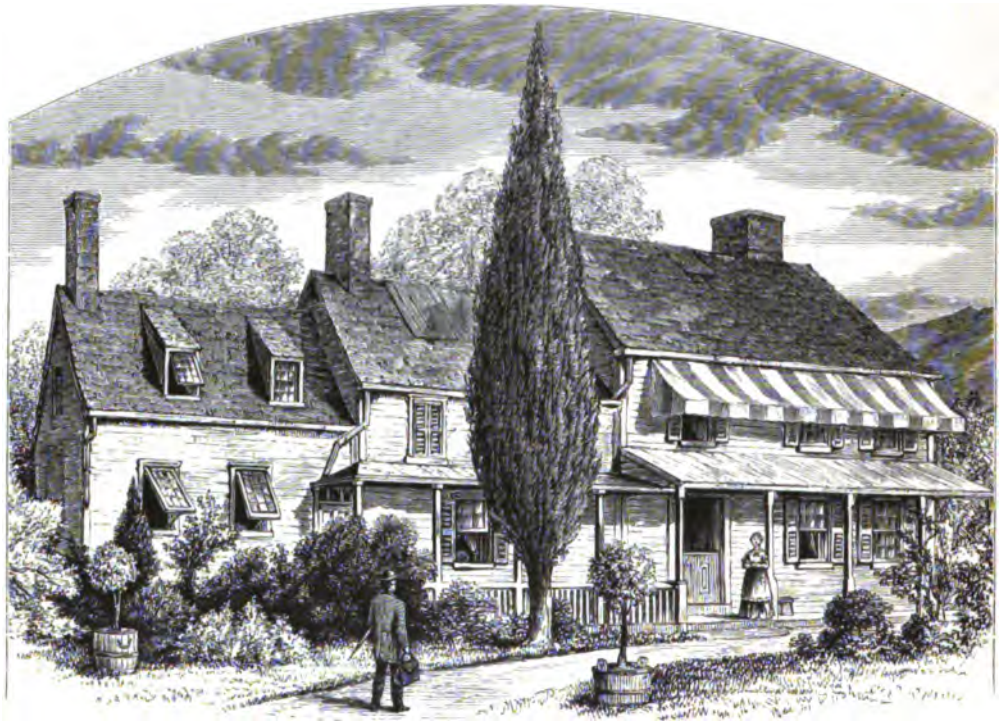
Toward the last of August there was a general order for the army to move, and it became known in course of events that it was destined to Virginia, in pursuit of Lord Cornwallis. A strong garrison was left at Dobb's Ferry, which remained until the cessation of hostilities.

It was in this same mansion that Washington and Sir Guy Carleton, and their respective suites, met to make arrangements for the evacuation of New York by the British. Washington came down from West Point in a barge. Sir Guy Carleton came up the river in a frigate. Four companies of American infantry acted as guards of honor, and escorted them from the ferry to the house.

Livingston purchased the property soon after peace was established, which, aside from the dwelling, consisted of about five hundred acres of land. After him it belonged to his son, Van Brugh Livingston, by whom the house was repaired, raised one story, and enlarged on the eastern side. A smooth, velvety lawn was extended from the front to the river-bank. An invisible wire fence protected the grounds from the post-road which seemed to pass through them. It had an air of simplicity and comfort, and impressed the passer-by as being the home of a gentleman of means and refinement. Since then the front has been added, and other changes effected. But the old square parlor is the same, and many other features of the ancient building. Two original forest-trees, a tulip and an elm, the latter of which may be seen in the sketch, tower one hundred and fifty feet high, not more than three rods from the southern entrance. They were both struck by lightning, at the same moment, about seven years ago, the marks of which they will bear to the end of their days. The house has a picturesque background of hill and forest, and commands an extensive view of beautiful scenery on both sides of the Hudson.

"Beverley," opposite West Point, familiar to the reading public through its associations with the treason of Arnold, is a relic of the Colonial period which has undergone no material architectural alteration since its erection in 1750.

It was for many years the princely abode of a generous and courtly hospitality. Colonel Beverley Robinson, the son of Honorable John Robinson, President of the Colony of Virginia after the retirement of Governor Gooch, came in possession of one thousand acres of fine land in this region through his wife, the sister of Mrs. Roger Morris, and daughter of the lord of Philipse manor, and together they planned and built this romantic dwelling in the wilderness for their summer home. It was fashioned after the country-seats in England, with



Beverley.

a central hall, wide enough for a cotillon party, running through the entire building, and imposing apartments elaborately decorated. The design of the antique staircase corresponds with those to be found in the stately homes of England. The peculiar carving, however, and the curious tiles, indicate the Holland birthright of the accomplished lady who presided over its rise and progress, while the gardens, lawns, fruit-orchards, broad, cultivated fields, and

great deer-parks, were presently in accord with the refined tastes of the military scholar and English gentleman.

Robinson was an officer in the British army under Wolfe, and fought with signal bravery on the Plains of Abraham. When the Revolutionary controversy commenced, he opposed the measures of the ministry, gave up the use of imported merchandise, and clad himself and his family in the fabrics of domestic manufacture. But he opposed the separation of the colonies from the mother-country. He was not a native-born citizen of America, and, although a retired officer, was liable to be called upon at any time in case of war. His idea of a soldier's first duty was obedience to superior authority. Hence, although he desired to take a neutral part when hostilities were declared, the pressure was so strong that he yielded, and removed his family to New York city, where he had a costly town-house and other property of value, whence they took refuge in Great Britain at the close of the war. His immense estates were confiscated and sold. Several of his children were born at "Beverley," all of whom attained distinction.

This dwelling has been the theatre of a score of stirring events. Shortly after it was vacated by its owner, the American officers at West Point selected it for a military hospital. Arnold soon found it convenient, and domiciled himself and his family within its walls. Here he perfected his traitorous designs; and, under the polished beams in the quaint old dining-room, he breakfasted, helping his guests to melons, grapes, and chicken in the most polite and affable manner, with his wife opposite, in pretty morning-costume, dispensing coffee and sweet smiles, on the morning when his bargain to sell his country for ten thousand pounds sterling came to naught. Every schoolboy since his time has learned the story by heart. Who does not know how he was apprised of the capture of André, and with what celerity he made his escape to the Vulture? The scheme of Arnold was the pivot upon which the prospective nation balanced. Had André reached New York according to the programme, our grandfathers would have loomed up before us a band of rebels, instead of the founders of a great republic. We should never have known the stuff of which they were made. This ancient dwelling stands, like a triumphal flag-staff, to mark the most critical moment in American history, and it has become dear to the public heart.

It was the headquarters of General Putnam for a considerable period. Dr. Thatcher, in his "Military Journal," describes a dinner-party, given to "forty-one respectable officers" by General Muhlenberg, who occupied the southeast chamber of the mansion for some months. He was the clerical Virginia soldier who walked into his pulpit one Sunday morning with a sword and cockade, and preached his farewell sermon, marching next day to the wars at the head of a regiment. The banquet was served in the historical dining-room, and "the table was furnished with fourteen different dishes, arranged in fashionable style. A number of toasts were pronounced"; there were several humorous and merry songs, and military music and dancing were continued through half the night. Dinners and suppers were often given at "Beverley" in a sort of social rotation by the various officers. To accomplish themselves in dancing, they employed at one time the celebrated dancing-teacher, Mr. John Trotter. He is represented as about fifty years of age, small, genteel, well-proportioned, "every limb and joint proclaiming that he was master of the profession." In July, 1778, mention is made of a notable dinner given here, by the officers, to Colonel Malcolm and his much-admired wife. The guests were more numerous than at any other entertainment during that season, one third of them being ladies. The quaint chronicler remarks, "The cheering glass was not removed till evening, when we accompanied those from West Point to the river-side, and finished two bottles of port on board their barge."

Major-General Samuel Holden Parsons was quartered at "Beverley" for a considerable period. Dr. Dwight (afterward President of Yale College) was chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, stationed at West Point, dwelling meanwhile under this roof. Here, too, lived the soldier-poet Colonel David Humphreys. He was an aide to General Putnam, and went with him to the top of Sugar-loaf Mountain on one occasion, where, with forty men, they spent two days amusing themselves by upsetting a ponderous rock, and seeing it roll in the end with great force, cutting a singular pathway along its route, until it found a resting-place in the bed of the river—one part of it above water, upon which the energetic commander climbed, and, holding a glass of wine above his head, gave it the name of Putnam's Rock.

Colonel Humphreys was selected as aide to Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in 1780, remaining as such to the end of the war. It was he

who bore the captured standards from Yorktown to Congress, and received from that dignified body a handsome sword as a token of respect for his valor and distinguished services. He subsequently filled important positions in the Government. He was minister to Portugal and to Spain, and concluded treaties with Tripoli and Algiers. One of his famous poetical productions was conceived upon Sugar-loaf summit. The incomparable beauty of the outlook—thirty miles or more of landscape diversified with lofty, wood-crowned mountains, ragged cliffs, frightful precipices, foaming cascades, darksome gorges, and, far below all, the Hudson creeping along like a huge canal cut through a confused jungle—inspired the prophetic words—

> "Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
> The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

No other house in the country was so frequently the resort of Washington during the eight years which "tried men's souls" as "Beverley." Under no other roof were so many foreigners of distinction sheltered and fed from time to time. And all of the illustrious generals of the army, as well as the great majority of the statesmen who were tinkering at the foundation of the new republic, broke bread in this long-to-be-honored dining-room.

"Beverley" was in the possession of Richard D. Arden for many years, and he did himself special honor by permitting no alterations in the interior of the mansion. It was the residence of his son, Lieutenant Thomas Arden, late of the United States Army, and an officer in the Florida war. The property was purchased, some half a dozen years since, by Hon. Hamilton Fish, whose own pleasant summer home is but a few yards distant, across the way. The name of the statesman, and his well-known historical tastes, are a sufficient guarantee that this precious relic of a glorious era will continue to be protected with scrupulous care from the march of modern improvements.

The Verplanck homestead, at Fishkill, is one of the oldest—probably the oldest—of the homesteads of New York. The site was purchased in 1682, Gulian Verplanck and Francis Rombouts obtaining a deed from the Indians of seventy-six thousand acres of land, described as extending back into the woods from the river "four hours' going," or sixteen miles. A patent was issued by

Governor Dongan, but, Mr. Verplanck dying in the mean time, Hon. Stephanus Van Cortlandt was joined with Rombouts and Jacob Ship as the representatives of the Verplanck heirs. In the subsequent division of the estate the homestead fell to the children of Mr. Verplanck, and has ever since been in the family.

The house given in the sketch is the veritable dwelling erected in the forest prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is a combination of stone and wood, in the Dutch style of architecture, one story high, with gable-roof and dormer-windows. It has a broad, sheltering piazza on both the east and west fronts (which are nearly alike), covered by a continuation of the main roof. It stands some half a mile from the river's edge, and is surrounded by extensive gardens, handsome lawns, and broad, green fields, dotted with clumps of stately trees, save to the south, where a patch of the primeval thicket remains to this day, dense enough to ambush a whole tribe of the original lords of the hunting-grounds. It is approached by a private avenue from the main road, three fourths of a mile to the east.

The house has been carefully preserved, with all its antique peculiarities. During the Revolution it was the scene of many an interesting episode. In 1778 General Lafayette was for some time dangerously sick there with a fever, and was attended by Dr. John Cochrane. During his convalescence he was visited by Dr. Thatcher, who says, in his journal, that he was received by the Marquis "in a polite and affable manner." Long before then wheat had been shipped from this place to France and exchanged for pure wine, with which the vaults of the mansion were well stocked, and it was cordially bestowed upon the young nobleman and his friends. Dr. Thatcher describes Lafayette as elegant in figure, with an "interesting face of perfect symmetry, and a fine, animated hazel eye."

It was the headquarters of Baron Steuben, the celebrated Prussian disciplinarian, at the same time that Washington was in Newburg, on the opposite shore of the Hudson. It was during that most trying period of the Revolution, the year of inactivity of Congress, of distress all over the country, and of complaint, discontent, and almost revolt among officers and soldiers throughout the army. Barracks extended along the line of the road, south of Fishkill village, for a mile and a half, beyond which there were a few log-houses, where, it was

said, the soldiers were sent to hide when their clothes could be mended no longer and actually fell off them.

It was at the Verplanck homestead that the idea first found expression, which was proposed by Colonel Nicola, on behalf of himself and others, to



The Verplanck House.

Washington at Newburg, that he (Washington) should be made King of the United States, for the "national advantage"! It is said that Washington was astonished and grieved, and severely reprimanded Nicola for entertaining such a thought for an instant.

Here, too, the celebrated Society of the Cincinnati was organized. The

meeting took place on the 13th of May, 1783, in the square room to the north of the broad hall which runs through the house. Baron Steuben, as the senior officer, presided, and his chair was placed between the two windows which appear at the left hand of the door in the sketch. The society originated in the mind of General Knox, its object being to cement and perpetuate the friendship of its founders, and transmit the same sentiment to their descendants. Washington was made its first president, and officiated until his death.

The chairs used on this memorable occasion are still preserved. Some of them are of wood, and may be seen upon the veranda of the house. Other articles of furniture, rendered priceless through contact with illustrious men, are cherished with tender reverence. A mahogany sideboard, dark as ebony from years, stands in the same corner of the dining-room which it has occupied for a century. It seems invested with tongues, indeed, and harrows the visitor's mind with the eloquence, wit, learning, magnetic genius, and surprising wisdom of that by-gone and golden period.

The Verplanck family are one of the oldest and most honorable of the New York families of Holland origin. Every generation has produced its good and gifted men. Judge Daniel Crommelin Verplanck was for many years a member of Congress; his city home was a large, yellow brick mansion in Wall Street. He married the daughter of President Johnson, of Columbia College. His father was Samuel Verplanck, who was betrothed to his cousin, Judith Crommelin, when seven years of age. She was the daughter of a wealthy banker of the Huguenot stock in Amsterdam. When the young man was of the proper age, he was sent to make the tour of Europe and bring home his bride. He was married in the banker's great stone house, the doors opening from the wide marble entrance-hall upon a fair Dutch garden. The counting-room was upon one side of the passage, and the drawing-room, bright with gilding, upon the other. The lady was particularly accomplished, and versed, not only in the several modern languages, but in Greek and Latin, speaking the latter fluently.

It was this lady who, in her beautiful old age, trained her grandson Gulian, so well known to New York political and social life, and to all lovers of Shakespeare, to love books and study. She taught him, when a mere babe, to declaim passages from Latin authors, standing on a table, and rewarded him

with hot pound-cake. It is said that she used to put sugar-plums near his bedside, to be at hand in case he should awake and take a fancy to repeat his lessons in the night. The boy was a born scholar. He took to books as other boys take to marbles. He entered Columbia College at eleven. The tradition is that he studied Greek lying flat on the floor, with his thumb in his mouth, and the fingers of the other hand employed in twisting a lock of the brown hair on his forehead.

He rose to eminence in the law, in politics, and in literature. He served in the State Legislature, and was sent to Congress. One of his chief acts, while in the councils of the nation, was to secure the passage of a bill (in 1831) for the additional security of literary property. In 1834 he was the Whig candidate for Mayor of New York, but Cornelius W. Lawrence, the Democratic candidate, was elected by about two hundred majority. In 1855 he was made Vice-Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. He was also one of the six gentlemen "of the very highest character" who formed the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, charged with the oversight and care of the vast influx of strangers from the Old World. It took eight years for this Board (which was free altogether from party influences) to obtain the privilege of a special landing-place for immigrants. Finally, a grant from the Legislature enabled them to lease Castle Garden for this purpose. Mr. Verplanck ministered to the public welfare in innumerable ways. He was a trustee of the Society Library, and one of the trustees of the Public School Society. He was an author of no little distinction, some of his legal writings being of a high character, and he was editor of one of the best editions of Shakespeare printed in this country.

He spent his summers in the old homestead, and it was here that some of his finest literary conceptions saw the light. He entertained generously; nearly all of the celebrities of his day were from time to time invited to this lovely retreat. The new part of the mansion, of which the sketch reveals a suggestion to the left, has been in existence about seventy years. The drawing-room is a model of elegance and good taste in its appointments, and contains, among other relics, some fine specimens of cut-glass ornaments from the "Old Walton House" in New York, before it was dismantled; also, some antique vases of great beauty, and an easy-chair of Walton memory. Another heirloom is an

arm-chair of Bishop Berkeley. Few houses in the country give more vivid expression to the life and character of its several occupants, or are hallowed by more varied and charming associations.



Van Rensselaer Manor-House.

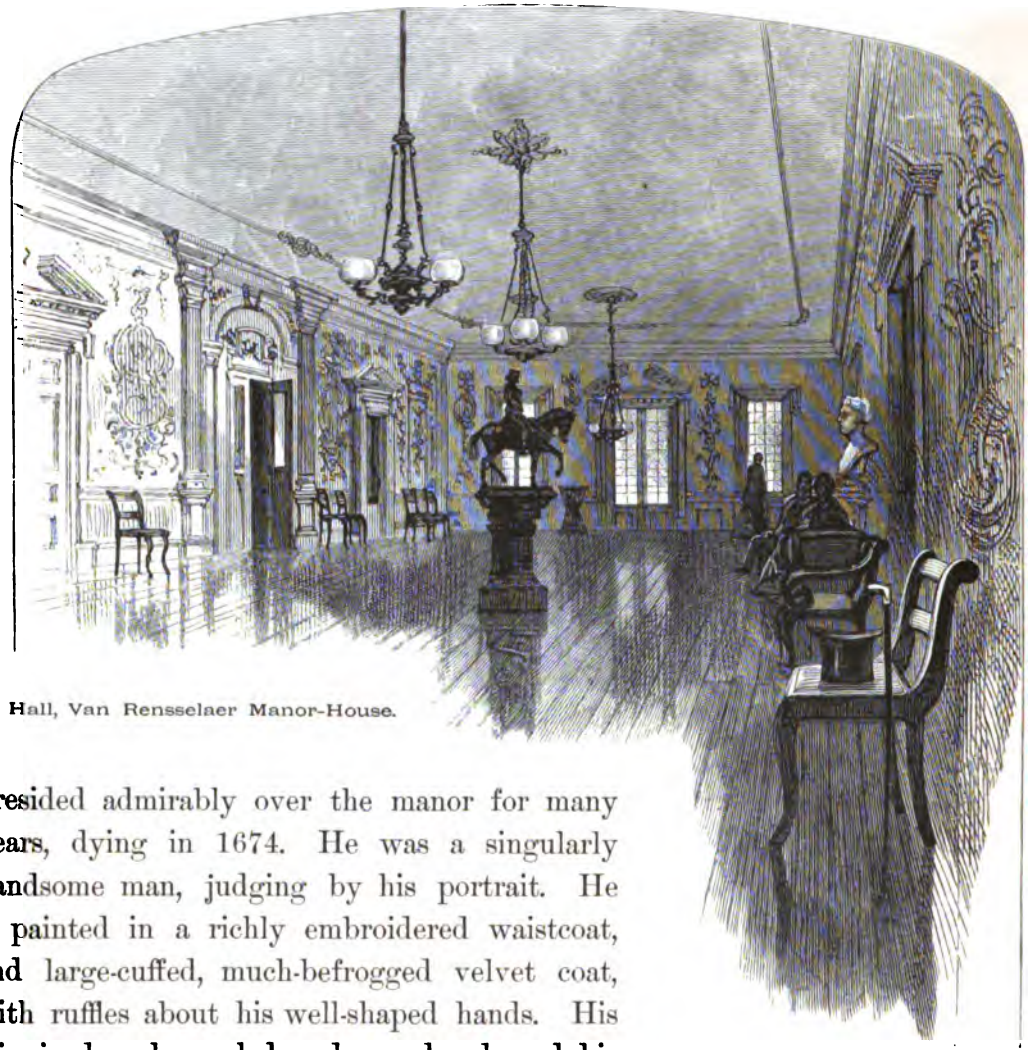
The grand old manor-house of the Van Rensselaers, at Albany, was built in 1765, as the successor to a two-story brick structure, which had been the residence of former Patroons. This link, which connects us with the old feudal institutions, transferred to New York from Holland, is of brown-stone, with roomy wings, and was so much finer than

any other dwelling in the surrounding country at the time of its erection, that it had the effect of a palace. Its simple architectural elegance, even now, with its fine park and magnificent trees, gives it an aristocratic air in keeping with the period of high-sounding titles and lordly possessions. The Van Rensselaer manor originally comprised about seven hundred thousand acres, and such were its prerogatives of sovereignty and baronial appendages that it much more nearly resembled a principality than we, of this later generation, are wont to suspect. It seems a little remarkable that a republic, renowned throughout the civilized world for liberal policy and religious toleration, should have fostered the most objectionable features of feudal despotism; but such was the fact. The West India Company regarded the subject only in a commercial light. New York, as a plantation, was not self-supporting—current expenses were more than the receipts; and none of the soil was yet reclaimed, except a few acres here and there for private needs. Hence in 1627 a scheme was adopted, known as a charter of "Freedoms and Exemptions," for the purpose of inducing wealthy individuals to become great landholders, and lend their aid in the peopling of the wonderful new country.

Among the oldest and richest of the directors of the company, and one of its most active founders, was Kilian Van Rensselaer, the descendant of a long line of honorable ancestors, and an educated gentleman of the old school. His own vessels had often been placed at the disposal of the corporation, and twice in its early history he had advanced money to save its credit. It is a romantic story, that of his founding the great New York manor of Rensselaerswick. He purchased through agents a tract of land forty-eight miles one way by twenty-four the other, and sent over in his own ships planters and appurtenances. There were system in his management, and order and method in the entire regulation of the little baronial colony, which grew and prospered, while the rest of the province was in a state of turmoil through inefficient rulers and Indian wars. He appointed his own civil, military, and judiciary officers, planted his own cannon, manned by his own soldiers, and, with his own flag waving over all, justice was administered in his name. He held the independent power of an old feudal chieftain within his territorial limits; and upon this manor there were at one time several thousand tenants, their gatherings something like those of the Scottish clans. When a Van Rensselaer died, these people

swarmed about the manor-house to do honor at the funeral. They regarded the Patroon with reverence, a feeling shared by the whole country.

Jeremias Van Rensselaer, the son of Kilian, was the second Patroon, and



Hall, Van Rensselaer Manor-House.

presided admirably over the manor for many years, dying in 1674. He was a singularly handsome man, judging by his portrait. He is painted in a richly embroidered waistcoat, and large-cuffed, much-befrogged velvet coat, with ruffles about his well-shaped hands. His wig is densely curled and powdered, and his delicate frills and necktie seem to indicate that he was a bit of a dandy. His correspondence, which still exists, shows talent and enormous industry. He wielded great influence. His wife was Maria Van Cortlandt, daughter of the blue-blooded Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt,

and sister of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, who founded Cortlandt manor, which stretched over a wide extent of territory in the region of the Croton River, resting upon the Hudson.

In 1764, one year before the erection of the manor-house of the sketch, was born Stephen Van Rensselaer, fifth in the direct line from Kilian, and the last of the Patroons. His father was also Stephen, a sterling opposer of the encroachments of the Crown, and his mother the accomplished daughter of Philip Livingston, who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was graduated from Cambridge with honors in 1782; and was known, even while very young, as a soldier, patriot, philanthropist, and Christian. His destiny was to bridge over the chasm between the two opposite political systems. Born the subject of a king, himself a nobleman, with immense estates and baronial privileges, he favored the democratic doctrine that all men are equal, and, during his long, useful, and beautiful life, never lamented the loss of his power and circumstance.

When he came into possession of his vast domains, he is said to have leased as many as nine hundred farms, of one hundred and fifty acres each, on long terms. He was much in public life; was Lieutenant-Governor of New York in 1795 and in 1798; was one of the Canal Commissioners, riding on horseback with De Witt Clinton and Gouverneur Morris from Albany to Lake Erie in 1810, to explore the route of the Erie Canal; was major-general of the State militia in 1812; and, at a later date, was Chancellor of the New York State University. He also represented the city and county of Albany in Congress from 1823 to 1829. He was exceptionally active in the direction of agricultural and geological science, and gave considerable sums of money to educational institutions; the Dudley Observatory of Albany is indebted to him for its real estate. He was President of the second oldest Bible Society in the country, and one of its efficient managers through life. The manor, for more than a century, was never without a representative in the Colonial Assembly of New York, and this patriotic family never furnished a member who was not notable for devotion to America. During all those years of kingly rule, whenever it was announced in New York that the Patroon Van Rensselaer was coming to the city by land, the day he was expected crowds would turn out to see him drive through Broadway with his coach and four, as if he were a prince of the blood.

Stephen, the last Patroon, was a man of tall, commanding presence, with

large, dark, expressive, fascinating eyes. His wife was Margaret, daughter of the famous General Philip Schuyler. At his death in 1839 the property was divided among his numerous lineal descendants. His son Stephen remodeled the manor-house in 1840, the only radical change, however, being the addition of wings to the main edifice. On the walls of the great hall still hangs the paper brought from Holland more than a century ago, and the internal architecture of the original edifice remains intact.

The Schuyler mansion at Albany was built about 1760 by General Philip Schuyler, the proprietor of the "noble estate in Saratoga" so often spoken of in history, and which was desolated by Burgoyne. It is a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the country at the period, impressive without pretension upon the outside, while the interior is rich with old-time carving and ornamentation, and the spacious wainscoted rooms have high ceilings, and the chimney-pieces are finely wrought from mantel to ceiling. It is entered at the front by an octagonal vestibule, handsomely fashioned, with antique doors that seem fitted for the passage of stiff brocades. The out-houses were spacious, and extensive grounds formerly reached to the river's edge, although the cutting down of Lansing Street gives the house now the effect of being perched in the air, and is attained by innumerable steps.

No name is more familiar to the readers of American history than that of Philip Schuyler. He was the great Revolutionary general, and a chivalrous, clever, sagacious, painstaking, and successful man of affairs—one of those to whom the country owes most next to Washington; one who sacrificed immensely, bearing the pain of official and political injustice with a patience that was sublime. He came of a gifted race. The first Schuyler in this country, Philip Pietersen Schuyler, married Margaretta, daughter of Herr Brandt Arent Van Slechtenhorst, commander of Van Rensselaer's colony, the wedding taking place in December, 1650; the lovers were each twenty-two years old at the time. Six years afterward young Schuyler was a magistrate and a man of importance. His wife was a lady of great mental endowments and force of character. Their ten children were all important acquisitions to the forming society of New York: Gertrude, the eldest daughter, became the wife of the "Right Honorable Stephanus Van Cortlandt," and one of the leading ladies in



The Schuyler Mansion.

the "court circle" of the royal Governor of the province; Alida married first Rev. Nicolaus Van Rensselaer, the son of the first Patroon, and afterward Robert Livingston, the famous founder of Livingston manor; Peter, the first Mayor of Albany, celebrated for having taken five Mohawk chiefs to the Court of England, married Maria, daughter of Jeremias Van Rensselaer and Maria Van Cortlandt; Brandt married Cornelia Van Cortlandt, and settled in New York City; Arent purchased an extensive tract of land on the Passaic River, and founded the New Jersey family of Schuylers, of which the mansion in the initial sketch was the home, about the middle of the last century; and John, also Mayor of Albany—from 1703 to 1706; his son John married his cousin Cornelia Van Cortlandt (daughter of "Right Honorable Stephanus Van Cortlandt"); these latter were the parents of Philip Schuyler, of whom the dwelling illustrated is a characteristic monument. In him all the virtues and talents of

not only the Schuylers, but the Van Rensselaers and Van Cortlandts, seemed to culminate. He was educated among the Huguenots of New Rochelle, and afterward went through the rigorous discipline of all the Schuylers, learning the Indian language, habits, and peculiarities of the Mohawks in their own wilderness solitudes. There was many a romantic episode in the Schuyler family; it would be interesting to picture one and another of those energetic youths who, on attaining the age of eighteen, were presented with "a canoe and an Indian boy," and politely requested by not too indulgent parents to go off into the wilderness and prove their mettle. Thus they studied the art of woodcraft under these primeval teachers, made allies of the men of the Six Nations—heroes who were not unworthy of the pictures afterward drawn of them by novelist and painter. The Indians came to Albany once a year, or more frequently, and insisted on naming all the children of the Schuyler blood. Among those who received this savage baptism was Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, whose Indian name is still preserved in the family. She was Elizabeth, daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and the sister of Margaret, the wife of Stephen Van Rensselaer. General Schuyler himself, while roaming in the woods, exchanged names with two great chieftains.

In 1753 General Schuyler was a gay young society devotee. In 1755 he married Catharine Van Rensselaer, and together they dispensed a princely hospitality, from the old mansion of the sketch, for upward of forty years. Every stranger of distinction, passing between New York and Canada, was entertained under this roof. Here Franklin and Charles Carroll were housed and cared for on their famous mission to Canada; and here Burgoyne found a kindly welcome after his surrender. It was the scene of many touching incidents. One of its "carvings," unintentionally made, remains to characterize the stormy times which the family lived through. It is the mark of a tomahawk, thrown by a hostile Indian at the retreating figure of Miss Margaret Schuyler, afterward the wife of Stephen Van Rensselaer, in 1781, when the war was at its height. A party of Tories conceived the idea of seizing the person of General Schuyler, and carrying him off a prisoner to Canada. A man named Wattemeyer, assisted by Canadians and Indians, made the assault. The General was forewarned, but not so well prepared but that his assailants gained an entrance. Gathering his family into an upper room, his daughter suddenly

remembered that the baby had been forgotten, and was on the ground-floor in her cradle in the nursery. She rushed back with impulsive bravery, caught her infant sister in her arms, and bore her off in safety. An Indian hurled a sharp tomahawk at her as she ascended the stairs. It cut her dress and just escaped the child's head, striking the stair-rail, the scar of which remains.

This youngest daughter of the General, so miraculously saved from the tomahawk, became Mrs. Cochrane, of Oswego. She had the singular adventure, also, of meeting at the communion-table of the Episcopal Church at Utica, sixty years after her father's death, two full-blooded Oneida chiefs by the name of Schuyler, descendants of those who had exchanged names with the young Philip in 1751.

The Schuyler mansion of the initial sketch, overlooking the Passaic, opposite Belleville, in New Jersey, was built about the middle of the last century. All the brick used in its construction was imported from Holland, and the mortar was a year old. Its main hall is twenty or more feet broad, and is elaborately finished with antique paneling. The staircase is after the fashion of those in the homes of the Holland gentry. It was upon this old estate that a negro slave, while plowing, found a curious greenish stone, and carried it to his master. It was sent to England for analyzation, and found to contain eighty per cent. of copper. Schuyler seized upon the unexpected avenue to wealth, and great quantities of ore were subsequently shipped to the Bristol Copper and Brass Works in England. In 1761 an engine was imported to facilitate operations, and the mines were vigorously worked up to the time of the Revolution.

Arent Schuyler, the founder of the New Jersey branch of the Schuyler family, had two sons, Colonel Peter Schuyler and Colonel John Schuyler, both men of mark. Colonel Peter distinguished himself in the French war, and was one of the heroes who entered Montreal on its surrender to the British in 1760. His daughter Catharine was the first wife of Archibald Kennedy, Earl of Cassellis. Colonel John lived in the mansion on the Passaic in the time of the Revolution, and was the owner of fifty or sixty negro slaves. A visitor during that period describes the eminences, groves, lawns, ornamental gardens, and deer-parks containing "one hundred and sixty head of deer," as exceptionally magnificent. The illustration represents the house as it appeared at that time. It has long since passed out of the Schuyler family, and has been the subject of

modern improvement until very little of antiquity is written upon the face of it.

The country home of the Van Cortlandts, so intimately connected with the Schuylers and Van Rensselaers through intermarriages in nearly every generation, appears also in the initial sketch. It is one of the oldest mansions on the Hudson, built about the beginning of the last century. Its solid walls of gray stone, three feet in thickness, were pierced with loopholes for musketry, it having been designed as a fort in case of hostilities with the Indians. Some of these may yet be seen in the rear walls. It has a high basement, a second story, which includes the principal apartments, and a third, lighted by dormer-windows. Around the front and ends of the mansion is a broad veranda, shaded by trailing vines. The Van Cortlandt domain, including eighty-three thousand acres purchased from the Indians, was erected into the lordship and manor of Cortlandt by royal charter, bearing date June 17, 1697, which charter, written upon parchment, is still preserved. The first lord of the manor was Stephanus Van Cortlandt, who was Mayor of the city of New York for several years, and a leading man in the Governor's Council. He married Gertrude Schuyler, the sister of Peter, first Mayor of Albany, and of Arent, on the Passaic. He was the son of Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt, the first of the name in America, a descendant of the Dukes of Courland in Russia. This vast estate was equally divided among the heirs in 1734. To Philip, the eldest surviving son of Stephanus, fell the dwelling of the sketch. His fifth son, Pierre, the first Lieutenant-Governor of New York as a State, and who filled the office for eighteen successive years, ultimately became the proprietor of the home property. He extended the hospitalities of the mansion to nearly all the great men of the period for more than half a century. Few houses in America are more notable for the distinction of its occupants and guests. It is still the home of the Van Cortlandts, extensive modern additions and improvements having been added to the antique structure.

No two races of men could be more different than the New-Yorkers of the Colonial period, with their lordships stretched along the Hudson and far into the interior of the inhabitable portion of the State (as also over a greater por-

tion of the territory of Long Island), and the people of New England, who, descended from the choice sons of European culture, and wedded to their schools and colleges, cherished a higher respect for poetry and philosophy, and all that appertained to religious rhapsody, than for temporal aggrandizement. And the contrast in the habits of thought and modes of living between the two provinces is nowhere more distinctly apparent than in their old, time-worn mansions. The Puritans frowned upon all exterior show. Architectural orna-



Sir William Pepperell's House, Kittery's Point, Maine.

mentation in New England was tabooed alike with high-sounding titles. The men of quality were self-respectful, fenced in with more ceremonial than we have been led to believe. The wholesome traditions of wisdom pervaded the very air, and Homer and Horace were quoted by boys at the plow. Enough foreign refinement was imported to humanize, while conceits of every kind flourished, and the necessities for perpetual labor pinched the mind. Time insensibly softened the asperities of Puritanism, while foreign luxury reached

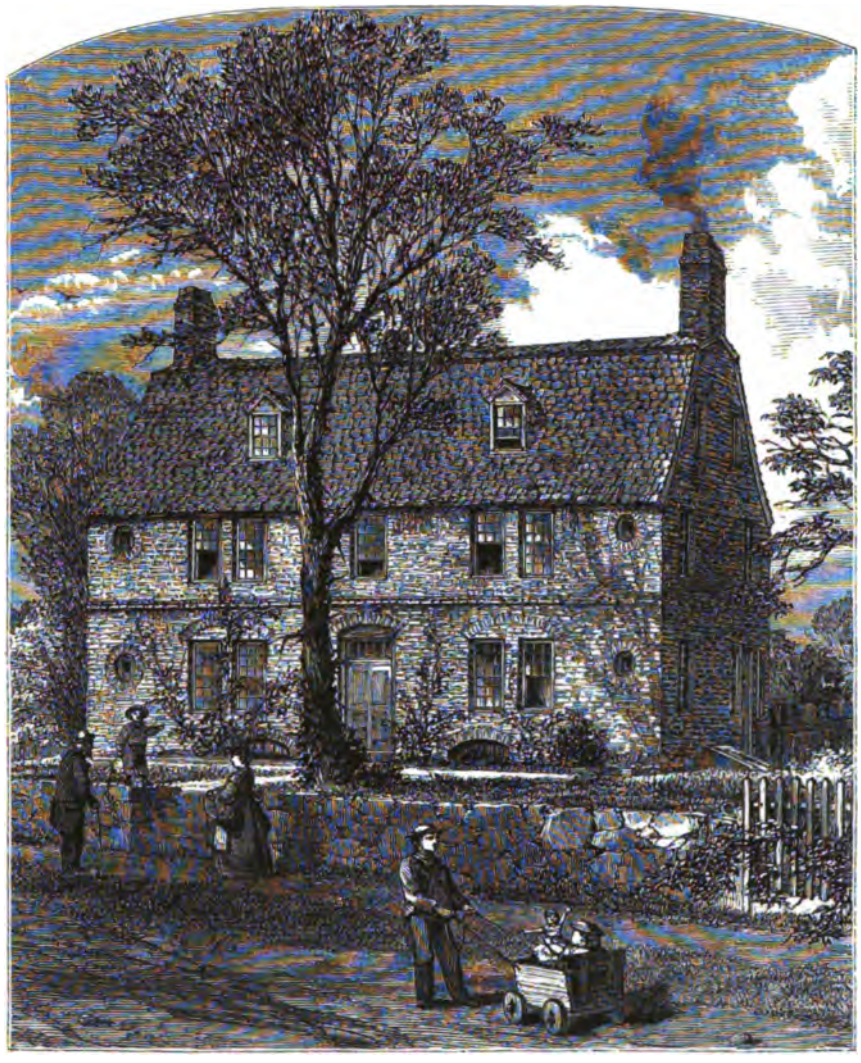
the Blue Hills in insufficient quantities to work the mischief of corruption.

A fair example of the country-houses of early New England is that of Sir William Pepperell, at Kittery's Point, Maine. It has been curtailed some ten feet at either end of its original proportions within the past few years; thus it must once have contained as many apartments as a good-sized hotel. The southern part of the mansion was built by the father of the conqueror of Louisburg, and the north end was added by Sir William. Until the death of the elder Pepperell, in 1734, the families of both father and son occupied the dwelling, which accounts for its extension and multitudinous rooms. The lawn in front reached to the sea, and an avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, skirted by tall, branching trees, conducted to the house of Colonel Sparhawk, east of the village church. Commonplace as the house seems in the picture, it represents one of the largest fortunes of the Colonial period of New England. It was an old saying that Sir William could drive to the Saco, thirty miles distant from his home, without going off his own possessions.

The baronetcy, extinct with Sir William, was revived by the King for the benefit of his grandson, who, being a loyalist, went to England in 1775, and the immense estates in Maine and elsewhere were confiscated. The last baronet is the prominent figure in West's "Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain." The poet Longfellow has a painting by Copley, representing children in a park, the portraits being those of William and Elizabeth Royall Pepperell. The romantic spot—Kittery's Point—is often mentioned in Whittier's verse. The view from the Pepperell house is superb; as many as a hundred sail are often riding at anchor in sight, the haven being the usual refuge for coasters caught along-shore in a northeaster.

The patriarch of New England houses, one of the first, if not the very first, erected within the government of John Winthrop, and which accident has kindly left untouched until the present day, is the Craddock house, in Medford, Massachusetts. It is believed to be the oldest building in the United States retaining its original form. It is a unique specimen of the early domestic architecture of the Puritans. Hoary with age, it is yet no ruin, but a comfortable habitation. Like a veteran of many campaigns, it shows a few honor-

able scars. The roof has swerved a little from its true outline. It has been denuded of a chimney, and has parted with a favorite dormer-window. The loopholes seen in the front were long since closed; the race of Indians they



The Craddock House, Medford, Massachusetts.

were to defend against having scarcely an existence to-day. The windows have been enlarged, with an effect of rouging the cheeks of one's grandmother—if we may indulge in the figure of speech of a well-known writer. And the winds

have held high carnival in its old chimneys for two hundred and forty-odd New England winters without disturbing its equanimity.

It is supposed to have been built about 1634, as that was the date of a large grant of land to Matthew Craddock, governor of a commercial company in England, who was trying to secure the emigration of such men as Endicott, Winthrop, Dudley, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others. He was the wealthiest and most important man connected with the settlement of Massachusetts. In building this house he probably intended it for his future residence, although events subsequently prevented him from coming to America. He sent over builders from England, who followed English types in the construction of the edifice. The bricks were burned specially for the purpose. There was some attempt at ornament, the lower course of the belt being laid with molded bricks, so as to form a cornice. The walls were half a yard in thickness, and heavy iron bars secured the arched windows at the back; and the entrance-door was incased in iron. The fire-proof closets, huge chimney-stacks, and massive hewed timbers, remind us of houses on the Scottish border. The loopholes and narrow windows were planned with direct reference to the purposes of a fortress. A single pane of glass, set in iron, and placed in the back-wall of the western chimney, overlooked the approach from the town. The lavish expenditure of Craddock's agent elicited a sound rebuke from the straitlaced Winthrop, who built his own house of wood. And, again, when the blue-blooded Deputy-Governor Dudley exercised a little more costly taste upon the house he was to live in than Winthrop, the Governor-in-chief, had done before him, high words fell thick and fast about his head for such unreasonable outlay.

A century younger, and yet bristling with antiquity, is the mansion known as "Hobgoblin Hall," on the old Boston road, some half mile from Medford village. It was built by Isaac Royall, an Antigua merchant, in 1738. Its architecture is singularly suggestive. It almost brings into full view the good-humored, luxury-loving, contented man of fine tastes and an overflowing purse, who completed the well-rounded years of his life under its roof. It was built of brick, three stories high, the upper tier of windows smaller than those underneath, and was sheathed entirely in wood, except on one end. It was fashioned after the palace of a nobleman in Antigua. The spaces below the windows on

the eastern front were filled in with panels, giving the effect of columns rising from ground to cornice. And the western front was still more highly ornamented, although turned away from the street. Spacious grounds, laid out with precision, were separated from the highway by a brick wall, the gateway of which was flanked by tall wooden columns. A carriage-drive, bordered with box, terminated in a courtyard at the west of the mansion, near which were the stables and the slave-quarters. A two-story brick building still remaining is the last visible relic of slavery in New England.

The hall of entrance, with elaborately carved balusters and paneled wainscoting, retains somewhat of the atmosphere of former grandeur. To the right are a suite of drawing-rooms, separated by an arch in which sliding-doors are concealed. From floor to ceiling the walls are paneled in wood, the panels being of single pieces, some of them a yard in breadth. In the rear of these apartments are two alcoves, each flanked by fluted pilasters, supporting an arch enriched with moldings and carved ornaments, and in the recesses are broad window-seats. The chambers are large and numerous, all opening into a spacious and airy hall. The one in the northwest corner of the mansion has alcoves corresponding with those in the parlor beneath; but, instead of paneled walls, it is finished above the wainscot with a covering of leather, on which are painted, in gorgeous colors, flowers, birds, and Chinese characters. The original windows, with the small glass and heavy frames, appear in this apartment—panes that quivered at the fierce cannonade of the Revolutionary outbreak.

The kitchen has an enormous brick oven, still in perfect repair, with an iron chimney-back, upon which the Royall family arms are embossed. And the dining-room has its sideboard, which old-time hospitality garnished with decanters of choice wines. The garden-front of the house overlooks an arched gateway, leading into what was in those olden times a beautiful garden, some of its box-trees and clumps of lilacs still to be seen. At the end of a graveled walk is an artificial mound with two terraces, upon which stands one of the most unique of summer-houses, a figure of Mercury poised on its summit. This little structure, a veritable curiosity, displays much beauty of design; no one but an artist could have shaped its panels, its fluted Ionic pilasters, and its bell-shaped roof. A trap-door in the floor discloses a cellar for ice. But, when the

daughters of the West India nabob were courted by George Erving and Sir William Pepperell, it is hardly probable that the mysteries and tricks of archi-



Hobgoblin Hall, Medford, Massachusetts.

tecture were unriddled to their comprehension. It was just the place for a tender declaration. Its picturesque romance would have been chilled beyond re-

covery had the ardent lover learned that it was an artful combination of beauty and utility—in short, an ice-house.

Isaac Royall the first was succeeded by Isaac Royall the second, who lived in as much state as his sire. His sister married Colonel Vassal, who dwelt in the old mansion at Cambridge, now the home of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet. Royall was an intimate of governors and grandees, and one day he drove in his coach to Boston, and, while sipping his Madeira with some of the choice spirits of the town, the news of the battle of Lexington was received. He was afraid to return home. He never saw his handsome old house again. He was shut up in Boston for long and weary months, and, when the British army went to Halifax, he was one of the unhappy refugees who was obliged to go also. He went to England finally, where he died, endeavoring to the last to prevent the forfeiture of his estate. He was a large-hearted, benevolent man, as his many bequests prove. The Royall Professorship of Law at Harvard was founded through his bounty.

This old mansion, with its appointments and its slaves, attracted General Charles Lee, that prince of egotists, who aimed to supplant Washington—the man "full of strange oaths," with a huge nose, satirical mouth, and restless eyes, who sat upon his horse like a fox-hunter, and was so slovenly in his habits that nobody grieved at his absence; with a pack of yelping curs at his heels, he took possession, and ordered the wondering negroes about with lordly airs. It was he who first called it "Hobgoblin Hall." Washington, not pleased that Lee should take up his quarters a mile and a half from the left wing of the army, ordered him to return to duty. General Sullivan was shortly allured by the same grand old house, but was scarcely settled when his aide-de-camp handed him a letter from the commander-in-chief, which caused him to change his quarters with celerity.

The ancient Quincy mansion is less curiously antique than those we have sketched, but is a characteristic specimen of colonial architecture in New England. It was built in 1770 by Colonel Josiah Quincy, on ground purchased of the local Indian sachem as early as 1635, by Edmund Quincy, of England. The estate has ever since remained in the family. In four successive generations a son has borne the name of Josiah, two of whom were Mayors of Boston,

one the President of Harvard College, and all of them more or less distinguished in political life. The house was placed upon a beautiful knoll, at the extremity of the noblest private estate in Massachusetts. Five hundred broad acres of meadow and woodland surrounding it give the idea of an English park come



Quincy Mansion, Quincy, Massachusetts.

down by entail since the Conquest. A wide, leafy avenue leads from the high-road to the mansion, from which are charming glimpses of the sea, of Boston Harbor and its islands, and of the countless white sails continually winging their way into port.

Colonel Josiah Quincy, the designer and builder of this house, occupied it during Washington's investment of Boston. He rode often to camp, with projects for driving the British ships to sea, or sinking them in the bottom of the harbor. When the fleet was at last under full sail, flying hence, he scratched the date with a diamond on the window-pane. Samuel A. Drake, in describing a visit to the Quincy mansion in 1875, says: "When I was fairly within the house, which is furnished as houses were furnished a century ago—where antique-dressed portraits looked down from the walls, and where sedan-chairs in cool corridors invited to post-prandial naps—I felt that modern life had little right to intrude itself into such a place. Every visitor, I would suggest, should be required to don a powdered periwig, laced coat, and silk stockings, in order that the prevailing idea may not be disturbed. The fragrance of the old life and manners still lingered about those wainscoted apartments, and a half-hour's visit converted the imaginary into the real. How quaint are those entries in John Adams's diary: 'Drank tea at Grandfather Quincy's,' or, 'Spent the evening at Colonel Quincy's with Colonel Lincoln'! The men talked politics, and the ladies talked about the fashions by the last London packet. Both the Adamses, father and son, frequented this house. Here Hull, after destroying the Guerrière, and here Decatur, were entertained."

Scientists are sometimes fond of deducing a connection between the character of a people and the structure of that portion of the earth's crust which they inhabit. England has been called a lump of chalk; New England might appropriately be styled a block of granite, since it seems to be such, thinly covered with soil, through which the harder substance is continually cropping out. Quincy, for instance, which owes its name to its old distinguished family, is almost a solid mass of granite, hard, inflexible, and insusceptible to polish; but strong, valuable, and enduring. The same adjectives might with grace be applied to its human products. No other town in America can boast of being the birthplace of two Presidents of the United States. No roadside walls and building foundations of conglomerate in the land are more typical of the unæsthetic but well-balanced Puritan character than those found in Quincy. No succession of illustrious men have been better known and appreciated, and more honored and glorified by a grateful people, than the Quincys and Adamses of this famous nook of creation. It was here, also, that the first railway (of

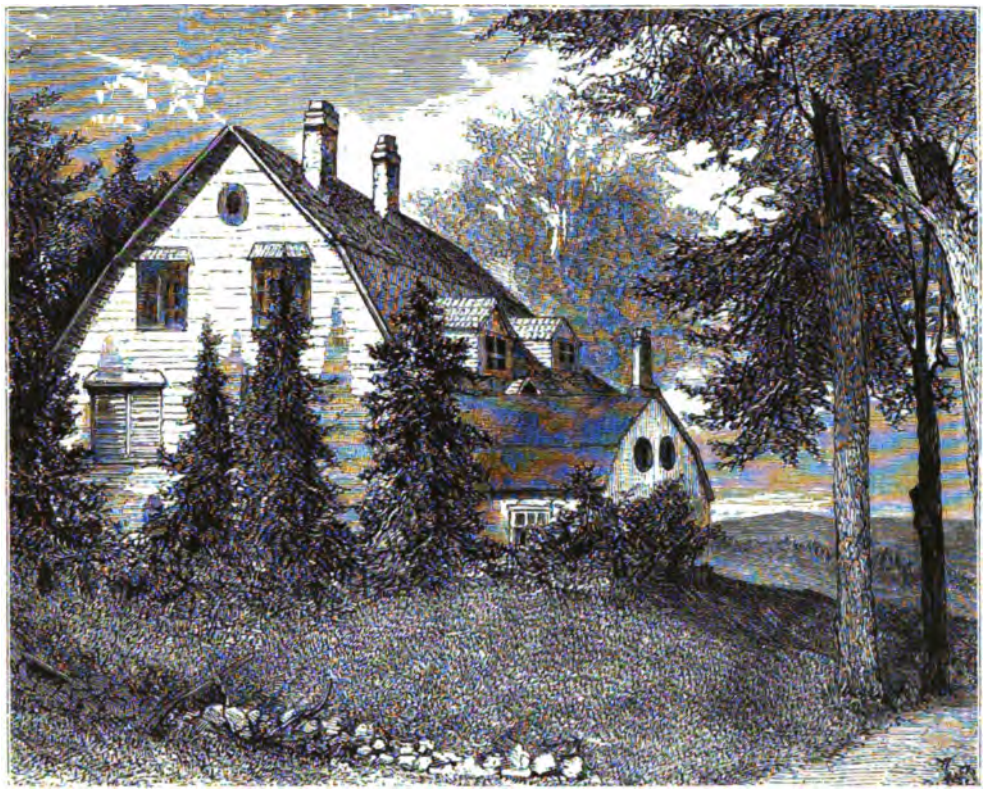
any note) in America was put in operation. This was in 1826. The rails were wooden, plated with iron, and laid on blocks of stone, the gauge being six feet. It was projected to remove the granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. The carriages weighed about six tons, and, when loaded with twenty tons of stone, were easily drawn over the tramway by one horse.

The Adams mansion, intimately interwoven with the public and private lives of the two Presidents, and now occupied as the summer home of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, built long before the Revolution, will be found upon a future page. Two humble cottages, at the foot of Penn's Hill, are pointed out as the birthplaces of the father and son who figured so conspicuously before the world. From the eminence beyond these, John Quincy Adams and his accomplished mother watched the smoke arising from burning Charlestown on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill.

The settlement of the western part of Massachusetts was much later than that of the eastern. The stony hills of Hampshire County reposed in solitude until a short time before the war. The pioneers of a large tract in the highland region, between the Connecticut and Housatonic, were Jacob Nash, a lineal descendant of Thomas Nash, the English poet and pamphleteer, and Rev. Moses Hallock. The former had obtained a grant from the Government, the latter was an energetic theological graduate. A town was laid out, which was named Cummington; but after a few years the portion where the Nashes and Hallocks had settled was converted into a new town, and called Plainfield. The houses built upon these hills were of the most substantial character, and the tallest and trimmest of the trees of the forest were placed in rows before them, like sentinels on duty. A quaint meeting-house lifted its belfry into the sky, and a handsome curtained pulpit, under an enormous sounding-board, was occupied over half a century by the excellent divine who had been its associate founder and builder. Ebenezer Snell, a stern old Puritan magistrate, built the house of the sketch, upon a hill some two miles from the homes of Hallock and Nash, and in sight of the meeting-house; but the dividing line of the two towns ran between, and he lived in Cummington. Dr. Peter Bryant, the first physician in that region, a man of rare scholastic attainments, married the daughter of Squire Snell, as he was popularly called, and through her the

house came into his possession, and has since been known as the "Bryant homestead."

This was the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, in 1794. He was a



The Bryant Homestead, Cummington, Massachusetts.

precocious boy, some of his verses finding their way into print before he was ten years old. Every influence in all that region tended toward the development of his intellect. The families were well educated with whom he would naturally come in contact, superior indeed in mind and character to the average people of their time. He traced much of his taste for study to the instruction, example, and encouragement of both his parents. Schools were few, and he was taught chiefly at home. But the learned Plainfield minister, Moses Hallock, taught a school in his own dwelling, in which the future poet received his final preparation for Williams College, his classmates being the sons of his pre-

ceptor, Rev. Dr. William A. Hallock, the great head of the American Tract Society; Girard Hallock, one of the founders of the "Journal of Commerce"; Arvin Nash, the only son of Jacob Nash, together with William and James Richards, the distinguished missionaries to the Sandwich Islands and Ceylon, and others who have since held important trusts in Church and State.

A few years ago the poet purchased his youthful home, and fitted it up for a summer residence, visiting it every season, for a brief period, before taking up his more permanent abode at "Cedarmere," in Roslyn, Long Island. It was while on a visit to this last-named poetical home that a well-known author, referring to the leafy and picturesque hillside at the east of the mansion, wrote: "I was reminded—perhaps through the conversation, which touched lightly upon New England scenes and the modes of life in different countries—of another hill, less accessible and more immethodical, of a winding road up its jolting steeps, and of a bevy of rollicking boys and girls, who once took a surreptitious journey over it in a baker's wagon, to see the birthplace of the author of 'Monument Mountain.' It was during the noon recess of a Plainfield school. The baker had left his horse and wagon under a shed in the vicinity, while he went to his dinner. The distance was less than three miles, and the exploit might possibly have been accomplished within the hour, but the horse was lame. The pine bread-boxes were slippery also, and precious time was wasted by the frequent spilling of the restless freight, and the fishing of it up again. The rising cart, like a beehive on wheels, rose in the end to the very summit of juvenile hopes, but, through unskillful management in turning, was most ignominiously upset. Luckily no bones were broken, but a subdued band of culprits were arraigned and tried before an indignant and outraged teacher as the afternoon waned."

The writer, who thus in childhood made a pilgrimage to the poet's mountain home, testifies to the intellectual stimulus of an atmosphere which has fostered the growth of more theologians than any other area of country of equal dimensions on this continent. And the simple and unpretending architecture thereabouts, with its secure, rocky foundation and solid masonry, is a monumental index to the type of scholarly men who first tilled the soil of the region, and laid the corner-stones of churches and schools so prolific in results.

The McCurdy mansion in Lyme, on the Connecticut River, illustrated in our initial cut, is a good example of the colonial homes in that portion of New England. It was built in the early part of the last century, and is one of the oldest dwellings in the State; rarely another in the country has been protected with more generous care. It was purchased in 1750 by John McCurdy, a Scotch-Irish gentleman of wealth and education, engaged in foreign shipping. Its antique features are even now its chief charm. It has low ceilings with bare, polished beams, and its doors and windows are elaborately carved and paneled. In the south parlor is a curious buffet, built with the house, which is appropriately devoted to a choice collection of specimens of China from ancestral families—the Wolcotts, Griswolds, Digbys, Willoughbys, Ogdens, Pitkens, Mitchells, Diodatis, and others, and is rich with historical interest. The whole house, indeed, is a museum of souvenirs of former generations. The round table is here which descended from Governor Matthew and Ursula Wolcott Griswold, around which gathered from time to time the eleven governors of the family.

John McCurdy had no sympathy with the arbitrary measures of the English Government, and gloried in the Revolution. His home was the scene of many earnest conferences and discussions. It was under this roof that Rev. Stephen Johnson, the Lyme pastor, wrote the first published article pointing toward unqualified rebellion in the colonies, in case an attempt was made to enforce the Stamp Act, and McCurdy privately paid the printer a handsome sum for its issue. It was here that Lafayette was entertained for several days when the French army passed through the State during the Revolution; and also in 1825, while on his memorable journey to Boston, Richard, the son of John McCurdy, being then the proprietor of the old homestead. The mansion is now the residence of Charles Johnson McCurdy, the son of Richard, and grandson of John McCurdy of the Revolution, who is a well-known jurist of eminence, for many years in the Connecticut Legislature, Speaker of the House, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, United States Minister to Austria, and for a long period Judge of the Supreme Court. It was he who, when Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, in 1848, originated and carried into effect through the Legislature that great change in the common law by which parties may become witnesses in their own cases—a change which has since been adopted throughout this country and in England.

Of quaint and commonplace architecture peculiar to the agricultural districts of New England, and noticeable throughout the eastern extremity of Long Island, is the picturesque, old, shingled cottage where John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," passed his boyhood. It is situated in the village of East Hampton. The beautiful island where John Lion Gardiner founded the first of all the New York manors—that of Gardiner's Island—in 1639, is in the same township. East Hampton is notable for having been the residence for twelve years of Lyman Beecher. The Payne House is a homely home,



Home of John Howard Payne.

but suggestive of the tender impulses and feelings that breathe from one of the best-known and best-loved lyrics in our language. The ancestors of Payne were men of eminence. His father was educated as a physician under the illus

trious Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill. But, owing to the condition of the country, he adopted the profession of a teacher, in which he attained distinction. Thus must we read men's lives backward if we would know the metal of which they are made. John Howard Payne was born in 1792, and was the eldest of nine precocious children; one of his sisters, at the age of fourteen, after eight days' study of the Latin language, underwent an examination by the classical professors of Harvard College, and displayed remarkable skill. The life of the poet was one of variety and travel, of effort and disappointment, and of productions of genius which made the fortunes of many people, although not of himself. But the memories of his

". . . . lowly thatched cottage,"

crystallizing into the sweetest of verse, have thrilled the world, expressing the memories of millions. The old house is one of the precious relics of the past, which is eloquent in its own behalf, and should be preserved as a sacred duty.

The first peopling of Virginia was by the average Cavaliers of the day, under the direction of higher grades of mind, and there were soon present a large array of men of education, property, and condition. "Greenway Court" was the wilderness home of Lord Fairfax, the proprietor of about one fourth of the State of Virginia at an early day. He was an eccentric nobleman, descended from the old Scotch-English knight, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and disappointed to his heart's core in fortune and in love. Educated at Oxford, with brilliant prospects, he floated on the restless current of London life for a time, in intimate association with Addison and Steele, and other notables of their day and generation. At last he became entangled in one of those affairs which shape the destinies of men. He fell in love with a beauty of the court, paid his addresses to her in due form, and was engaged to be married. He was in raptures. The day was fixed for the ceremony. He spent money lavishly for the occasion; coaches, horses, jewels, costly presents of all descriptions were commanded. The blissful moment was near at hand. But, alas! the young lady changed her mind. A ducal coronet was held up to her view by a rival, and she jilted Lord Fairfax, who retired to the new country of deer and wolves, a bitter cynic and

woman-hater to the day of his death. He buried himself in the vast wilderness where fans never flirted nor ribbons fluttered.

The lands which he possessed were an inheritance from his mother, the daughter of Lord Culpepper. They were comparatively unexplored, but comprised rivers, bays, mountains, rich lowlands, breezy uplands, forests, mines, towns, and wild beasts enough to have submerged all the fine estates of the



Greenway Court.

whole race of Fairfaxes in England. But his Virginia principality was not sufficient to make him happy. He simply existed. His days were spent in reading, hunting, and dreaming. Tall, swarthy, reserved, and with no adjuncts of place or power, he nevertheless preserved considerable state and dignity. As chief magistrate of the county, he rode to court in a chariot drawn by four horses, usually wrapped in a rich red velvet cloak. "Greenway Court" was one of the early haunts of Washington, when a pale-faced youth of sixteen,

and for long after he was chosen to survey Lord Fairfax's vast possessions. The house stood a few miles from the Shenandoah, and not far from the base of the Blue Ridge, in the midst of beauties of landscape which the pen fails to reproduce. When the Revolution came, the boy surveyor was made commander-in-chief of the American army. "What Lord Fairfax thought," writes John Esten Cooke, "is not known; but one last incident connects him with the ruddy boy. In 1781 the Earl was at Winchester, when a sudden commotion seized upon the people; he inquired its meaning, and was informed that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered his army, at Yorktown, to General George Washington, who had thus terminated the war, and secured the liberties of North America. At this intelligence the aged Earl stood aghast. The curly pate whom he had taken by the hand, trained for the struggles of life, and molded for his work, had effected that work—the boy to whom he had paid 'a doubloon a day,' had ended by overturning the British dominion in the Western Continent.

"Lord Fairfax is said to have uttered a groan, exclaiming to his old body-servant:

"'Take me to bed, Joe—it is time for me to die!'

"In truth, the blow seems to have been heavier than the gray-haired Earl had the strength to bear. The fatal news reached him in October, 1781, and a few months afterward he was dead—passing away like a relic of the Old World just as the New World dawned."

The region of the James River was the one first settled in Virginia, and is the most rich in antique homesteads. They possess little beauty of architecture, but have wide portals, grand staircases, lofty ceilings, and not infrequently elaborate carvings. The Virginia planters were fond of coaches and six, costly wines, silk stockings, hair-powder, coats-of-arms, and family importance. Their dwellings were roomy, and surrounded by fine trees and stretches of lawn, and to many of them were attached whole villages of smaller houses, formerly occupied by hundreds of slaves.

"Westover" is a fine example of this class of homes. It dates back to 1700. The gateways bear the coat-of-arms of the Byrds, one of the good old Virginia families of their day. Colonel William Byrd was the perfect type of a Vir-

ginia planter—stately, witty, distinguished, of great personal beauty, and reigning like an English peer over at least one hundred thousand of the best acres in America. Both the cities of Richmond and Manchester are built upon land



Westover, on the James River, Virginia.

once belonging to this estate. The house is plain, with the exception of carved wainscoting, cornices, and mantel-pieces of exceptional elegance. The entrance-hall extends through the mansion, and the library and dining-room abound with evidences of wealth and taste. A broad staircase leads to upper apartments which are decorated in the same manner as those upon the lower floor. The stables are reached through a lofty gateway, the brick pillars of which are crowned each with a martlet—the crest of the family—and near a clump of trees is the graveyard, where the Byrds and their relations, the Harrisons, repose beneath old tombs covered with inscriptions and arms. One of these monuments bears the following tribute to Colonel Byrd, who was for thirty-

seven years receiver-general of the king's revenue in Virginia, and for some time president of the Governor's Council, and reputed one of the most brilliant personages of his generation: "The well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country."

His death occurred in 1744, at the age of seventy. His daughter, Evelyn Byrd, has given her name to countless lovely descendants in Virginia. Her portrait is that of a young lady of sweet seventeen, with curling hair, a complexion all roses, a smile of exquisite innocence, and a neck as white and graceful as a swan's. She is in a beautifully fitting blue-silk dress, which reveals to great advantage her slender, graceful figure.



Maycox, on the James River, Virginia.

The seat of the Harrisons is but a step to the south of "Westover," and bears the ancient name of "Maycox." The present mansion replaces the original dwelling of the pioneer, which was one of the oldest in Virginia. A little

farther on is "Shirley," the estate of the old and worthy Carter family; and also "Berkeley," where President William Henry Harrison was born.

"Powhatan," the seat of the old and respectable family of the Mayos, was long supposed to have been the scene of Smith's rescue by Pocahontas. Minute



Powhatan Seat, on the James River, Virginia.

investigation has discovered the fact, however, that this famous incident took place (if at all) on the banks of the York, in Gloucester; but it is clearly established that the great Indian emperor Powhatan had a hunting-lodge, or summer residence, near or at this spot, and the locality thus possesses great historic attraction.

Descending the river, the traveler finds himself arrested at every step by objects of antiquarian interest in the shape of old houses, whose ancient appearance and rich internal decorations of a long-past fashion recall the past and the famous men who inhabited them. On the south bank, in Chesterfield, is

"Compthill," the residence of the once celebrated Archibald Cary, heir-apparent, when he died, to the barony of Hunsdon, and called "Old Iron"; who, when the project of making Patrick Henry dictator was agitated during the Revolution, said to Henry's brother-in-law, "Tell your brother, from me, that my dagger shall be in his heart before the sunset of that day!" "Compthill" is still standing, and is an excellent specimen of the old Virginia mansion, with its graceful windows, heavy carving, and durable walls, and, if spared by fire, is apt to stand for centuries still.

"Gunston Hall," on the banks of the Potomac, a few miles below Mount Vernon, represents a style of architecture in which all the main apartments are on one floor. It is a brick structure, with cut-stone ornaments over the windows and the angles of the walls. The roof is immensely large and sharp-pointed, with four tall chimneys, which are visible from a considerable distance, and five dormer-windows. The porch is half octagonal in shape, and aged in the extreme; its steps, worn with the feet of many generations, are almost hollowed out. The broad hall, which has always been a lounging-place for the family and guests, is wainscoted and paneled in durable North Carolina pine. The baluster to its wide staircase is of solid mahogany, carved with graceful designs. The drawing-room is ornamented with curious carvings, the work, according to tradition, of convicts sent from England. The doors are of mahogany, with carved panels, bordered by ornamental frames. The whole interior, indeed, is a mass of wainscoting, paneling, carvings in pine, mahogany, and other woods—dark, antique, durable, and suggestive of another age and another race than ours—the decorations being a combination of the Corinthian and the flower-and-scroll work of the old French architecture. And no better example can be found of the architectural tastes of the wealthier Virginians of the eighteenth century. When this house was in its prime, Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, was an alder-thicket; there were no railways, no telegraphs, no gas, no morning newspapers; men traveled in stage-coaches, or great, lumbering private chariots, drawn by four or six horses, over rough and uneven roads; they burned wax or tallow candles, and sent to London for every suit of clothes, new book, or bottle of wine, they happened to want. In the mean time log-fires blazed in huge fireplaces, and long tables groaned under a profusion of

everything eatable and drinkable; attentive and well-trained servants stood ready to obey the least wish at a nod, and comfort and happiness was the rule.

The chief interest which hovers about "Gunston Hall," in an historic point of view, is its having been the residence of George Mason, author of the famous "Bill of Rights," which was in some respects as remarkable a paper as the



Gunston Hall, Virginia.

Declaration of Independence. He was descended in the direct line from Colonel George Mason, a member of Parliament in the reign of Charles I., who, when the civil war broke out, joined the king's standard, and afterward fought under Charles II. at Worcester. The result of that battle was the ruin of the royal cause, and Mason, imitating his sovereign, escaped from the field disguised

as a peasant. Virginia was then regarded as the haven of all distressed Cavaliers, and hither he fled. Settling himself upon the Potomac and building "Gunston Hall," he cultivated the land, raised thorough-bred horses and fat cattle, kept open house, taking part in public affairs, and was a general favorite the country through.

When the struggle with England began, the master of "Gunston Hall," the George Mason first mentioned, was selected by such men as Randolph, Jefferson, Pendleton, and Patrick Henry, to draw up the Virginia Charter. He was a member of the House of Burgesses, a man in middle life, with a proud and composed bearing, a face browned with sun and wind, and dark, severely sad eyes. The expression of the lips and chin in his portrait indicates unmistakably a resolute character. The costume is very rich. The hand, over which falls a fine lace cuff, is thrust into an opening in the waistcoat, embroidered heavily with "gold lace," and the whole effect is that of a handsome and attractive personage. He was intimate with Washington, who was a neighbor, interchanging informal visits, and often hunting together. He was a man of strong convictions, shown by his separating from Washington and the others, when the United States Constitution was formed. He opposed it, and one day a neighbor stopped at "Gunston Hall," to inform him that there was so much indignation felt against him in Alexandria that they spoke of mobbing him if he made his appearance there. This aroused Mason's ire, and he mounted his horse, rode to Alexandria, and, pushing his way through the assembled crowd—for it was court-day—said to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, will you make proclamation that George Mason will address the people?" Proclamation was at once made, and, standing on the steps of the court-house, he, with all the fire of youth, dissected and denounced the Constitution as the sum of every evil. He was not interrupted, and, having "said his say," mounted his horse and rode back to "Gunston." One brief anecdote illustrates the character of this stately old planter, who possessed humor as well as "biting criticism." It was related by the late Senator James M. Mason, a brave, generous, and high-toned gentleman, as well as an eminent statesman—himself a descendant of the first of the name of Gunston. George Mason was a candidate for the Legislature, and, in accordance with an old custom, "ran for the House" in Stafford County, where he was born, instead of Fairfax,

where he resided. This afforded occasion for Dick ——, a neighbor unfriendly to him, to say, "It is very well for Colonel Mason not to run in Fairfax, as the people well know that his mind is failing him from age." Mason heard of the speech.

"Perhaps I am declining," he said, with a grim smile. "I am certainly growing old, and my mind may be failing from age. But Dick —— has in *his* case one consolation, at least. When *his* mind fails him, *nobody will ever discover it!*"

He died in 1792, after which "Gunston Hall" passed out of the Mason family, who had held it for six generations. It has within a few years been purchased by Colonel Edward Daniels, who has restored it to something of its former elegance.

Mount Vernon, reposing peacefully upon the Virginia shore of the beautiful river, is more tenderly familiar to the public eye than any other of the Colonial homes of America. The estate, consisting originally of twenty-five hundred acres, was one of the various pieces of property which the father of George Washington possessed at the time of his death, in 1743, and was bequeathed to his eldest son, Lawrence Washington, who was somewhat of a military genius, commanding a battalion of Americans under Admiral Vernon at Carthagena in 1740. Returning home, he married one of the lovely daughters of William Fairfax, an opulent English gentleman of noble lineage, who had been his military associate in the Spanish war, and who resided on the neighboring estate of "Belvoir," some eight miles from his own legacy, which, in honor of the popular naval hero, he called Mount Vernon. Upon a swelling height, crowned with trees, and commanding a magnificent view of the Potomac for twenty or thirty miles up and down, and one of the most attractive landscapes in the world, he built the mansion of the sketch. Here George Washington came, a precocious boy from school, and here he made the acquaintance of the eccentric nobleman, Lord Fairfax (the guest of William Fairfax), whose vast domain was yet unsurveyed, and who subsequently took up his abode at "Greenway Court." Here, too, the youthful George first fell in love, if we may credit tradition, and his own crude verse, which describes a "lowland beauty." The son of the proprietor of "Belvoir," George William Fair-



Mount Vernon, Virginia.

fax, married the daughter of Colonel Carey, of Hampton, and brought his bride and her sister home to his father's house; the latter was the object of the sentimental attachment to which reference is made. This maiden has, by some writers, been identified with another, the lady whom Colonel Lee married; but it is by no means impossible that the susceptible youth was in love with both.

In 1751 George Washington accompanied his brother Lawrence to Barbadoes, whither the latter repaired for the recovery of his health. Shortly after his return to Virginia, in 1752, Lawrence Washington died, at the age of thirty-

four, leaving his large fortune to an infant daughter, who did not long survive him. By will this property was given to George in the event of the child's death. And here George Washington settled when his services in the French war were no longer required, and here he brought his bride, Mrs. Martha Custis, in 1759. For fifteen years he dwelt in peace and plenty, with innumerable slaves cultivating his lordly and extensive plantation, and his home the seat of a high-bred and courtly hospitality. He built wings to the mansion, and greatly enlarged and embellished the estate. He planted trees with his own hands, many of which are now pointed out to visitors. His gardens, seed-houses, tool-houses, and cottages for negroes, were perfect in their way, and the winding walks through the grounds, trodden by illustrious personages from both sides of the Atlantic, may yet be traced.

During the Revolution, Washington visited Mount Vernon but once, and then took it directly in his way to Yorktown, in company with the Count de Rochambeau. But at the close of the war, in 1783, he retired to its inviting precincts, where he remained until his election to the Presidency, in 1789.

The house is of wood, cut in imitation of stone, ninety-six feet long, with a portico extending the entire length, and surmounted by a cupola. It fronts the northwest, the rear looking toward the river. The rooms are many, but not large, with the exception of the great dining-room, added by the illustrious proprietor. The mantel of this room was carved in Italy, and presented to Washington; and upon the wall hangs the painting by Rembrandt Peale of "Washington before Yorktown." In the west parlor hangs an old painting representing the attack on Carthagena by Admiral Vernon.

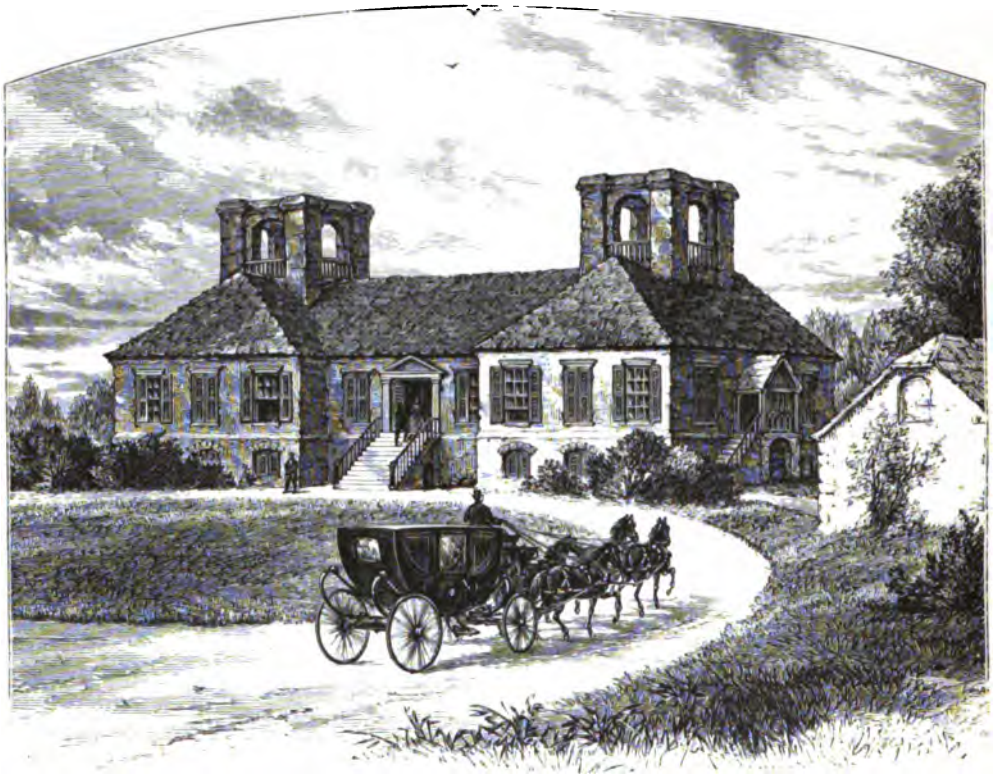
In 1791 Washington made a tour through the Southern States, his equipage consisting of a chariot and four horses, a light baggage-wagon and two horses, four saddle-horses, besides one led for the President himself, and five servants, a *valet de chambre*, two footmen, a coachman, and a postilion. He left Philadelphia just after the meeting of Congress in March, and was five days in reaching Annapolis. The city of Washington was not yet laid out, and it was partly to confer with the landholders of the site that this journey was undertaken. As soon as the special business was concluded, the President proceeded to Mount Vernon, where he remained a week; then started afresh for Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Augusta, Columbia, Savannah, and other

points, and was everywhere the recipient of the most distinguished courtesies. He speaks, in his circumstantial journal, of breakfasting at the handsome country seat of Governor Pinckney on the 2d of May, and with Mrs. Rutledge, the wife of the Chief Justice of South Carolina, on the 3d; he dined on the 18th at the residence of Governor Telfair, in Augusta. His unconscious picture of life at the South in that decade is pleasing. It was on his return that he tarried for two days with his niece, the wife of Colonel Lee, of Virginia.

"Stratford House," the former home of the Lee family, is a box-like relic of the Colonial age. It is called "The Castle," and stands silently remote from the beaten track of travel in Westmoreland, about a mile below the birthplace of Washington. It was the home of Richard Lee, who came to Virginia some time during the reign of Charles I. or of Cromwell. He was a man of mark, "of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, round head, vigorous spirit, and generous nature." He possessed a great number of houses and lands, trading-vessels, and a host of African and white "indented" servants to cultivate his extensive property. He was a great friend of Sir William Berkeley, the intensely "royal" Governor of Virginia, and a member of his Council. He took a fearless part in the struggle of that decade between monarchy and republicanism, and, after the death of Cromwell, hastened to Breda to urge Charles II. to come to Virginia and erect his standard. Charles refused, either moved by cautious good sense or from indolence; and Richard Lee hastened back to Virginia, where he soon afterward, in conjunction with Sir William Berkeley, proclaimed Charles II. "King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia"—two years prior to the Restoration. At least such is the record of the early historians of Virginia. Charles, in recognition of the fact, graciously authorized the motto "*En dat Virginia quintam*"—afterward changed to *quartam*, when England and Scotland became one—to be placed upon the Virginia shield. Thus the little colony of Virginia was ranked as one of the great constituent parts of the British Empire.

The mansion was evidently built with an eye to the law of primogeniture; it was a fit dwelling-place to pass from father to son, generation after generation. The representative of the race was to have it in his power to represent it nobly, and die feeling that his eldest son would wear his mantle in the same

manner. It was designed on a very broad scale, with accommodations for almost any number of guests. The main portion of the edifice is of English "sun-dried" brick, and somewhat in the form of the letter H—two wings, as it were, connected by a middle building. The reception-rooms are on the second floor, above a high basement, and a flight of stone steps leads up to them, the front door being in the center of the middle building. The main reception-



Stratford House, Virginia.

room—an apartment about thirty feet square and thirty feet in height—is decorated with elaborate wainscoting, carved in the style of the time of Louis XIV., and reaching about half way to the ceiling, which is arched. There are fluted columns, and at one time these were gilded, a fact which may be ascertained by scratching off the paint with which they have been covered. A wide hall runs entirely through the house, terminating in porches: from one balcony a view was obtained formerly of the Maryland shore opposite, but this is now

obstructed by the growth of the trees. In the wings and the basement are sleeping-rooms, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms—said by a fanciful visitor to be one hundred in number. The real number is believed to be seventeen. In these apartments the woodwork is ornamented with carving, and still in excellent preservation, after occupying its place for more than a century. No adjuncts of comforts and convenience are wanting. Many years ago a secret and entirely unknown room was discovered in the building—walled up on all sides, without windows or other opening, and accessible only by a ladder let down through a trap-door. What this apartment was designed for is not known. In English houses such hidden retreats were often constructed to serve as places of concealment—but there never was any necessity for such in Virginia. No papers or other valuables were discovered in this room—it was entirely empty—and "romance" has therefore nothing whatever to build upon; conjecture ranges freely at its own wild will. In addition to the large apartments in the basement of the building, there are pantries; cellars beneath; and, still deeper down, that important accessory of every Virginia house in the days of the old *régime*, the wine-cellar, over which presided an imposing butler.

A striking feature of this singularly designed mansion is the stack, or quadrangle, of chimneys surmounting each wing, and flanking an observatory. You ascend to these observatories by flights of stairs leading up from the second floor—there is no third floor—and the view is such as to well reward the visitor for his trouble. On one side, pressing up nearly to the house, is the dense, impenetrable forest, completely shutting out the prospect; but, on the other side, the eye ranges over the broad bosom of the Potomac—at this point a great and majestic river—and beyond is seen, in the distance, lost in a mellow haze, the long margin of the Maryland shore. On either hand are brick out-houses; and at a little distance may be seen the old garden, and a large brick barn and stables, sufficient, so says tradition, to afford stalls for hundreds of horses.

Thomas Lee, the grandson of the founder of this estate, was distinguished in many ways. He was a member of the Council of the Governor of Virginia, President of the Colony, and finally Governor by royal appointment. He was what they termed in those days a very "worshipful gentleman." About the middle of the eighteenth century the original manor-house was burned, and Queen Caroline sent him some eighty thousand dollars with which to replace

his loss. Thus the "Stratford House" of the sketch was fashioned, and the enduring character of the architecture is a study.

The brilliant galaxy of statesmen, the sons of Thomas Lee, who spent their boyhood in this old-time castle, are familiar to American readers. Richard Henry Lee was the great orator and statesman, whose eloquence, says Mr. Wirt, stole away men's judgments; Francis Lightfoot Lee was a scholar of elegant attainments, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. William Lee, a third brother, was an alderman of London, an active friend of the colonies in that city; and Arthur Lee was a writer, politician, diplomat, and the ardent, never-tiring representative of the country in France. Another notable, Henry Lee, a grand-nephew of Thomas Lee, fought bravely in the Revolution, achieving special distinction through a *coup de main*, which won the compliments of Washington and his officers. He then wrote the "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," a brilliant military work, was elected Governor of Virginia, served in Congress, and passed away full of years and honors, after having, by a marriage with his cousin Matilda Lee, come into possession of "Stratford House," and spent the latter part of his life under its roof. His son Robert Edward Lee, the famous general-in-chief of the Confederate armies in the late war, first saw the light in one of these wainscoted apartments, and thus the spot has been connected with American history for upward of two important centuries.

Another famous Lee from the English gentry, distantly related to the Virginia Lees, but whose birthplace was England, made himself famous in this country during the Revolution. It was General Charles Lee. His home was a hermitage near the little hamlet of Leetown, in Virginia, in the angle formed by the waters of the Opequon and Potomac. It was a stone structure, originally designed for a hunting-lodge. The interior had no partitions, being divided, by imaginary lines merely, into chamber, sitting-room, kitchen, etc.; and here, surrounded by a great number of dogs, with his saddle thrown into one corner, and only one human companion, an Italian body-servant, Lee vegetated year after year. He was the most cynical, bitter, and blasphemous of men. Even his hounds were named after the Holy Trinity and the Twelve Apostles, and he left directions in his will that his body should not be buried "in any church

or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for, since he had resided in this country, he had kept so much bad company when living that he did not choose to continue it when dead."

His principal friend was General Horatio Gates, who lived a few miles dis-



House of General Charles Lee, Virginia.

tant. They were both soldiers of fortune, both Englishmen, both exiles, and both embittered by disgrace. It was a singular and striking coincidence that two such men should have come hither to rust out lives once crammed with exciting incident and crowned with honors. Lee was the son of John Lee, of the British army, who married the daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. His strange life would furnish material for an exciting romance. He had frequented nearly all the courts of Europe, and in every turn in his career met with rebuffs and mortification. His aspirations were unlimited. He spent some time in the court of Frederick the Great, and had long talks with that monarch; he offered his sword to Stanislas Augustus, King of Poland, who made him his aide-de-camp, and admitted him to his table and his intimacy. Shortly we find him traveling toward Constantinople, nearly perishing from cold and hunger in the

mountains of Bulgaria; and in Turkey he was wellnigh swallowed up by an earthquake. Thence he passed back like a meteor to England; solicited employment without success; lifted his vigorous pen in a violent broadside against the ministry; hurried to Poland again, where he was made major-general, joined the Russian allies, and fought the Turks at Chotzim, retreating with the Cossacks, who were terribly cut up by the Turkish cavalry. This terminated his military career on the Continent. Then he traveled restlessly, tormented by gout and rheumatism, and at last reached Virginia in 1773. He was a thin, lank, angular being, and, when he visited Mount Vernon, was attended by a troop of dogs that followed him into the fine drawing-rooms, and were expected to occupy seats by him at table. With the opening of the war he was appointed major-general, but his failure to obtain the chief command soured him. His subsequent career is well known. He retired in wrath and disgust to the little



Residence of General Gates, Virginia.

stone house of the sketch. While on a visit once to General Gates, a quarrel ensued between him and Mrs. Gates; she passionately demanded his opinion of the merits of the controversy and of herself. This unlucky question gave Lee the opportunity to display all his Junius-like spleen. "Madam," he said, with

mock-ceremony and a bitter sneer, "my opinion of you is, that you are—*a tragedy in private life, and a farce to all the world.*"

With Washington his relations remained embittered, and he wrote and published "Queries: Political and Military," in which he made a fierce attack on the great soldier. In after-years, it is said that Washington forgave or forgot these old enmities, and, when once in the Valley, sent word to General Lee that he would on a certain day come and dine with him. Lee's action was prompt. He mounted his horse and rode away. When Washington reached the house, he found tacked upon the front door, which was locked, a slip of paper containing the words, "No meat cooked here to-day!"

The home of General Gates, after he was suspended by Congress from his rank of major-general, following the battle of Camden, is still standing. It is a plain but substantial stone edifice, with rooms of convenient size, heavily wainscoted after the prevailing fashion of the day, and bears the name of the "Traveler's Rest." Gates was as unlike Lee in his personal appearance as his destiny was different. He was a supple, smiling, insinuating courtier, ruddy of face and rotund of figure. His star once glittered in the zenith above even that of Washington; but his later years were dragged out in comparative obscurity, with little society save that of his wife—who is not pictured as a very agreeable companion—and that of his cross and aggravating neighbor, General Lee. On a pane of one of the front windows of the house are scratched with a diamond the initials "H. G.," surmounted by a coat-of-arms; and on another pane is inscribed in the same manner "General C——." Gates had a residence in New York, called "Rose Hill," the ancient seat of the Watts family, where he died.

The type of a class of house which studded Virginia a century ago is "Saratoga," the old residence of General Daniel Morgan, the famous conqueror of Tarleton. It stands about two miles west of the little village of Milwood, not far from "Greenway Court." It is a plain, massive, unpretending house, and reflects with peculiar emphasis the life and character of its master. Morgan's origin is said to have been humble, and he had few if any advantages of education; but the native force and energy of his character carried him onward to the highest places of honor. Coming to the Valley when a youth, from beyond

the Potomac, he fought the Indians west of Winchester, defending Edwards's Fort, on Lost River, against them; and in 1756 took part in Braddock's fatal expedition as a common soldier. His *souvenirs* of this campaign were a bullet through the neck and four hundred and ninety-nine lashes, inflicted by a British officer whom he had insulted. The sentence was five hundred, but Morgan declared, with ironic humor, that the drummer-boy stopped one lash short of the number! He was a rough borderer in those days, fighting with fisticuffs often at Berryville—called "Battletown" familiarly, in consequence, it is said, of these encounters—but the Revolution came, when the stalwart soldier was about forty, and his military genius soon asserted its rightful claims. He raised "a company of the finest youths in Frederick," and, joining a regiment or battalion, also recruited in the Valley, marched to join the forces of Washington, then at Boston. These were the first troops which marched northward from the South; and the striking and affecting incident, attending the arrival at the headquarters of Washington, has been frequently described. The commanding officer of the Virginians, on reaching Boston, drew up his men, and, at Washington's appearance, made the military salute, and reported, "From the right bank of the Potomac, general!" The face of Washington flushed, his eyes filled, and, dismounting, he passed along the line grasping every hand in turn—a noble incident, and very imposing picture.

Morgan rose steadily by force of genius—brave, faithful, and unshrinking. In Canada, when captured, he was offered a commission in the British army if he would go over to that side, to which he replied, "I hope that you will never again insult me in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!" When, after the surrender of Burgoyne, the star of Gates was in the ascendant, and the friends of that officer sounded Morgan with a view to inducing him to join the league against Washington, Morgan, flushed with indignation, sternly replied: "I have one favor to ask of you, which is, never to mention that detestable subject to me again, for under no other man but Washington as commander-in-chief will I ever serve!"

At the Cowpens Morgan overthrew Tarleton, and his nerve and soldiership were of the greatest service at the battle of Saratoga. He is said to have named his house "Saratoga" in grim historic protest against the injustice of General

Gates, who scarcely mentioned him in his bulletin of the battle. The traditions of how this tall, stalwart, bony, and plain-spoken man built his house are interesting. Some Hessian prisoners captured at Saratoga were quartered at Winchester, and some of them were stone-masons by trade. Morgan employed them to bring stone on their backs from a quarry on the Opequon many miles distant, riding beside them, and spurring them on with the statement that if they



"Saratoga," Residence of General Morgan, Virginia.

did not work, the country could not afford to feed them. He was a man of strong religious sentiments, and told the story to his friends of how, when the sight of Tarleton's imposing forces at the Cowpens filled him with dismay, he retired to the woods near at hand, and, kneeling in an old tree-top, prayed earnestly for himself, his men, and his country.

Physical health and strength made him enjoy life keenly, and relax his hold upon it with regret. A tradition remains, that on his death-bed, or in his latter

days, he said to one of his friends: "To be only twenty again, I would be willing to be stripped naked, and hunted through the Blue Ridge with wild dogs!"

"Saratoga," with its great dining-room, lofty mantel-pieces, decorated with bead-work and paneling, its elaborate wainscoting, and ponderous walls, resembling those of some feudal castle, carries you back to a period when all things seem to have been more solid, substantial, and enduring, than at present. It is situated on a gentle knoll, half surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills. In front, across the rolling Valley, rise the blue battlements of the Ridge; a hundred yards away bubble up the bright waters of the beautiful fountain; and the wide-spreading willows, drooping their tassels in the stream, sigh dreamily in unison with the winds.

Maryland from the outset rose upon the shoulders of persons of high birth, moved to their destination by the best thought at home. The sentiment that the life of a country gentleman, upon his patrimonial acres, was one of the happiest in the world, took rise with its manors and its chief cities during the very first years of its existence. Lord Baltimore appointed Charles Carroll Attorney-General of the province in 1688, who arrived with quite a retinue of dependents at Annapolis shortly after. He was an Irishman, of the Middle Temple, barrister, and of ample means to render his life comfortable, even in the wilderness. He secured extensive tracts of land, which were in due course of time erected into a manor, with power to hold court-leet and court-baron. The family became one of the most important in the province, and the estate one of the most interesting of all the old Maryland manors.

The country-seat or manor-house is of low, rambling architecture, with supporting wings, a style which was very generally adopted in Maryland. Its total length is three hundred feet. It is situated on an artificial knoll, which falls away gently front and back. The land of all this section is hilly, rolling, and wooded—a beautiful country, about a mile from the old turnpike leading to Frederick City, and six miles above Ellicott's Mills, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in Howard County.

Attached to the manor-house, as shown in the illustration, is a large private chapel, the Carrolls having always been strict Catholics. Inside the chapel, to

the right of the altar, is the tomb of CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, Senator of Maryland and of the United States, Maryland's acutest and most philosophic thinker before the Revolution, and her greatest statesman after—dying within the memory of men who themselves are not yet old—the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Above it is a marble entablature by Bartholomew, with the pen and scroll of the Declaration, the thirteen stars of the States in freedom, and over all the cross, carved in *alto-rilievo.*



The Carroll Mansion, Maryland.

The mansion itself is entered by a wide hall, with heavy panels front and back, and with English hunting-scenes and a few old pictures on the walls, and vistas of the stately, flower-strewed lawn, with its shaven turf of more than a

hundred years, and its picturesque gnarled and knotted old trees. To the right are the library and sitting-room, heavily paneled in oak, where Charles Carroll of Carrollton, when old and feeble, passed most of his time, and where, within easy reach, were Cicero's "De Senectute," which he loved; Milner's "End of Controversy," to which he always attributed his firmest Christian conviction; Swift and Homer and Virgil and Blackstone. On the wall are portraits of himself, his son, and grandson. All the furniture is plain, but substantial, solid, and lasting. From there he had only to cross the hall to the dining-room, also paneled in oak, with its high clock in a recess of the wall; and portraits, from stately gentlemen in the full wigs of Addison's day to grandams who look as though they were ready, in stomacher and ruff, to step from their frames and pace a solemn minuet.

The most touching of all the portraits is that of a young lady of the family, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the figure slender, the neck graceful, long, and rounded, but thin, and the face beautiful, but inexpressibly sad. In the large billiard-room in the right wing there is a quaint portrait of the lord of the manor himself, bidding adieu to an eldest son about to sail for France; and it is a fact worthy of mention that all the eldest sons of the Carrolls were educated abroad for two hundred years, and that each one of them bore the name of Charles. The picture was painted in 1790. In the distance is the ship, in the foreground the lad, turning half reluctant to his father, whose hands are upon his shoulder, and his sisters stand near by, weeping; half in shadow, the negro servants watch the scene with sorrowful countenances.

The mansion is surrounded by three hundred acres of park, lawn, and grass-lands; a half mile away are the stables, and the slave quarters, which constitute quite a village. In its palmy days the manor is said to have supported about a thousand slaves—although documents extant hardly swell the number above four hundred. The manor-lands have never been, until of late years, divided.

About one figure all the old traditions of Doughoregan Manor cluster. CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON was born in 1737, at Annapolis, and educated chiefly at St. Omer, though he studied at two other schools of eminence on the Continent. Later he was a student of the Middle Temple, and contemporary with Joseph Reed, of Delaware, and other Americans then study-

ing there. He spent in all about twenty years abroad. Late in 1764 he returned to Maryland, his mind well stored with learning and acute observation. His reasoning powers were also well developed for one so young. He found the arena astir. The Stamp Act had been imposed. He kept up a close correspondence with his friends in London, and, curiously enough, the first thing he did was to send them the pamphlets of his great future antagonist, whom he was destined to ignominiously overthrow—Daniel Dulany. His father had given him the manor of Carrollton, in Frederick County, and he was now Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a landed gentleman with large future possessions entailed upon him. His signature henceforth was "of Carrollton." The story that he added the name of the estate to his signature to the Declaration, as a distinctive badge of identity for that special occasion, belongs to the apocrypha of history. In fact, in writing to his friend Jennings, still in London, he used the signature, adding immediately after, "by which appellation, if you favor me with an answer, direct to me your letter." It was a family custom.

He was among the earliest to foresee the contest of 1776, and one of the bravest to meet it with word and action. He followed the proceedings of Parliament with intense interest, and by his letters from London was kept well informed of the temper of the King and Commons.

He came triumphant out of the contest with Dulany, carried on under the respective signatures of "First Citizen" and "Antilore," and received the thanks of his fellow-citizens of Maryland, ever after holding their confidence. It was due to his exertions that the Maryland delegates were instructed to vote for independence; he was foremost to advise the burning of the sea-vessel Peggy Stewart in broad daylight in Annapolis Harbor; and he from the first looked, as he said to his correspondent Mr. Graves of the British Parliament, to "the bayonet as the solution of the difficulties between the mother-country and her colonies, confident that, though the British troops might march from one end of the continent to the other, they would nevertheless be masters only of the spot on which they encamped."

No one more willingly, on the 2d of August, 1776, affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence; and the remark then made, "There go a few millions," was not unjustified by probabilities. Although Mr. Carroll's father was then living, the family estates were entailed under the old English law sub-

ject to forfeiture; and Charles Carroll of Carrollton was, it is said, the wealthiest of the signers.

From the signing of the Declaration to the year 1801 Mr. Carroll's life was a public one. In 1801, being an ardent Federalist, he retired to Doughoregan, and became a quiet though somewhat bitter spectator of the government of the Jefferson school, after having been a member of the first committees of observation, twice in the Convention of Maryland, twice appointed delegate to Congress, once chosen Representative to the Congress of the United States, and four times elected a Senator of Maryland.

He was of small stature, with high forehead, large aquiline nose, and gray eyes full of intelligence; his skin was so remarkably clear and thin that the blood could be seen meandering through every vein and artery. In his old age his hair was white, thick, and flowing, and he wore it brushed back from his lofty brow. He was an early riser, dressed with scrupulous nicety, and was animated and charming in conversation. He was not rhetorical, but a man of facts and logic, and a somewhat unenthusiastic speaker, but he wrote with dignity and ease. He rarely dined out, and his habits of life at home were regular, although his style of living was very handsome and generous. As many as twenty guests were often in the old manor-house at one time, and yet the domestic affairs went as if by magic, well-trained servants anticipating every want. The hospitality of Doughoregan Manor was noted not only at home but abroad. After Mr. Carroll's granddaughters, the Misses Catons, married—the one Lord Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland, and the others respectively the Duke of Leeds and Baron Stafford—very few Englishmen of note visited this country without calling on Mr. Carroll. The British Ministers at Washington were frequent guests; and Washington, Jackson, Taney, Decatur, Lafayette, and others, entered his door as intimate friends.

He spent his winters in Baltimore, his city home standing on Lombard Street, near Front. He survived his only son, who married Miss Chew, of Philadelphia, one of the beautiful daughters of Judge Benjamin Chew, and whose only son, Charles Carroll of Homerwood, inherited the manor. He divided the estate by will, and Doughoregan was bought by the second son, the Hon. John Lee Carroll, President, at a recent period, of the Maryland Senate, whose wife was a daughter of Royal Phelps, of New York.

"Belvedere" is another Maryland home of the Colonial period, which introduces the reader to a hospitable, hearty, bluff, curt, soldierly gentleman, of modest bearing and exceptional bravery—one of the most gallant officers, indeed, of the Revolution. The stately dwelling of the Howards of Maryland had a wide, regular front, with projecting portico and supporting wings, separated by recesses from the main building. On either side were iron-barred windows. From the low and spacious hall the suite of rooms were reached the windows



Belvedere, Maryland.

of which appear in the illustration. The principal apartment was nearly square, twenty-five feet by about thirty, while those on the sides were a trifle smaller. The windows opened to the floor, and on a colonnaded portico. The stairway, imported from England, was partly of iron and its woodwork solid mahogany. The whole aspect of the place was one of rest—old-fashioned comfort and rest.

Colonel John Eager Howard was born in 1752, and married a second daughter of Judge Chew, of Philadelphia, the sister of the wife of the only son of

Charles Carroll of Carrollton. These brilliant young women were reigning belles in Philadelphia during its occupation by the British; at the close of the war their mother attended the ball given to Washington, and, on returning, described to her daughter Margaret, who had refused to accompany her, in glowing colors the only gentleman present in whom she had been interested—a wounded officer, Colonel Howard, of Maryland. The young lady was curious to see the young paragon, and went to the next ball herself, losing her heart by the means. The result was their betrothal, and marriage soon afterward. She was the Miss Chew for whom André rode in the "Tourney" of "the Mischianza" Fête, and wrote a full description of the same, which is preserved in the family.

The house stood in what is now the most valuable portion of Baltimore, one hundred feet above tide, overlooking the city through its parlor-windows to the east and south, and beyond the placid Patapsco burdened with commerce. Its broad surrounding acres originally formed a beautiful park—the pride of the city—known as Howard's Park. Of the older citizens of Baltimore, and even of the younger generation, there are few who do not remember at least something of the glories of the old forest, of which a small body-guard of noble old oaks are among the remains of its ancient beauty. Colonel Howard contributed munificently of his grounds for public purposes, the Washington Monument, and some of the fine public buildings of Baltimore, having been erected upon sites which he had given.

The Howards are said to be of honorable and high lineage. The family escutcheon is the same as that of the Norfolk Howards, and, since one of the sons of "Howard Earl of Arundel" is known to have come to America, there is but little doubt of the identity of the Howard who, in 1699, obtained from the Crown the grant of the large tract in Baltimore County called "The Forest." His grandson, Colonel John Eager Howard, seems to have inherited the military spirit, independence, and resolution with which his ancestor took up arms against Monmouth a century before, and made himself so conspicuous by his gallantry in the field that Greene said, "He deserves a statue of gold no less than Roman and Grecian heroes." At Cowpens, Howard turned the fortunes of the day by charging without orders upon the advancing British column with the cold steel; it is said that he held in his hands the swords of seven officers, surrendered to him personally, and saved the life of the British general O'Hara,

who clung to his stirrup claiming quarter. After the war Howard was Governor of Maryland, and subsequently one of her Senators. He declined the post of Secretary of War offered him by Washington. Personally he was a man of medium size, long in the body, with a fine large head and prominent features; he was full-brained, calm and grave in bearing, and curt and incisive in utterance, with no eloquence, no pretension, and no disposition to court popularity. He talked but little, yet that little was always to the point, and he was on friendly terms with every one.

Belvedere was in the direct route North and South, and worthies did not in the good olden times rush through the country by rail; they tarried with hospitable hosts, such as the Howards and Carrolls, sometimes for days, while on their journeys to and fro. Here came the Revolutionary Williams; Smallwood; Gist and Smith, of the renowned "Old Maryland Line"; Judge Samuel Chase, the life-long friend of Colonel Howard; and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. From the South came Huger, Pinckney, Lowndes, and Rutledge; from the North, Adams, Winthrop, and Otis. Lafayette, in 1824, was entertained at Belvedere. And the quiet humor of Wirt; the dogmatism of William Pinckney tempered by the fine courtesies of social life; the sturdy common sense of Taney, yet—to use the felicitous phrase of a son of one of these, a true poet cut off in his prime—"o'er inform" the rooms through which they moved welcome and frequent guests. Nearly all civic ceremonies took place within the limits of Howard Park. One of the most imposing scenes in all its history occurred on July 20, 1826. Soon after sunrise the tolling of the bells in the city of Baltimore announced the profound grief of the people at the nearly simultaneous deaths of Jefferson and Adams. The flags of the shipping and of all public places, the closed doors of all the business-houses, the dark shrouding of the chaste and beautiful Battle Monument, from the beaks of whose eagles hung in sweeping folds the black streamers of mourning, testified to the general sorrow at the national bereavement. A procession, partly military and partly civil, was formed early in the day, and a long line of carriages followed with the clergy of different denominations. Then, drawn by six noble black horses, with plumed heads and housings of black cloth, came the funeral-car, bearing two large, shrouded coffins. After the car, as chief mourners, came Charles Carroll of Carrollton, John Eager Howard, and General Samuel Smith;

next the State authorities; then old, gray-headed men, who could tell of '76 as of yesterday; then the officers of the different courts and the municipal officers; then society after society, and long lines of youths and children, and seamen with their flags enveloped in crape; and, last, a crowd of citizens and citizen soldiery, filling the streets from side to side. The head of the column entered Howard's Park by the gate of Belvedere, wound through the woods until, after passing the crown of the hill, it descended into a natural amphitheatre below. In the center of this, surrounded by seventy thousand people, who looked down upon it, was the platform for the ceremonies, and over all the broad shadows of the spreading oaks.

It was the last public ceremony Colonel Howard took part in. He died in 1827, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the funeral procession (among the mourners was John Quincy Adams, President of the United States) which bore his remains to an honored grave was scarcely less imposing than the one in which, on that hot day one year before, he had played so conspicuous a part.

The Stockton mansion, Princeton, New Jersey, is a good example of the early homes of that province prior to the birth of the nation. The owner and builder, Richard Stockton, was one of the men who assisted at that birth, affixing his name to the immortal document, the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the most brilliant lawyers at the American bar, and a man who would never engage in a cause except upon the side of justice and honor. He had rendered himself excessively obnoxious to the British by his participation in the revolutionary proceedings of his time, and his home was visited and overrun while searching for him, and his portrait gashed in the throat. This barbaric injury, suggesting as it does a real act upon the flesh, lends a very curious interest to the placid and handsome face.

It is said that Richard Stockton was at first doubtful of the policy of separating from England, but in the end cordially supported the movement. In 1776 he was appointed by the Continental Congress one of a committee to inspect the Northern army and report its condition; after his return to New Jersey he was captured by the enemy, and confined in the common prison in New York. Congress interfered and procured his exchange, but the severity of the treatment to which he had been subjected caused his death in 1781.



The Stockton Mansion, New Jersey.

He was one of the notable seven who composed the first class that graduated from Princeton College on the memorable day when the Rev. Aaron Burr was elected its president. He studied law with Judge David Ogden, of Newark. In 1766 he visited England, where he was the recipient of distinguished courtesies, and where he succeeded in performing valuable services for the province of New Jersey. Upon his return he was escorted with great ceremony to his residence by the people, by whom he was much beloved. He was shortly afterward made a member of the Governor's Council of New Jersey, and appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. His son Richard (the father of the Commodore), born in this house in 1764, was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. For more than a quarter of a century he was at the head of the bar of New Jersey, and was esteemed one of the most eloquent orators of his day. He was in Congress for many years, and was several times talked of for the presidency. In 1825 he was a commissioner from New Jersey to negotiate the settlement of an important territorial controversy between that State and New York, and penned the proposed agreement appended to the report.

There is an engraved portrait of Commodore Richard Field Stockton, who was born under this roof in 1796, hanging in a little frame upon the wall in the quaint parlor. He is in full dress, erect, warlike, with his sword upon his left arm, and his huge gold epaulets swelling out a figure fine and commanding. His career was specially interesting. He entered the navy, in 1811, as a midshipman, and became aide to Commodore Rodgers on board the frigate President, winning honorable notice for gallantry in several battles while yet a mere boy. At nineteen he was first lieutenant of the Spitfire in the Mediterranean, and distinguished himself by boarding with a boat's crew an Algerine war-vessel. His life was a succession of daring and successful exploits. He was one of the first men in America to advocate a steam-navy; he had given much attention to gunnery and naval architecture, and finally originated a war-steamer, which was built under his immediate supervision in 1844, and, although pronounced impracticable by the naval constructors, it proved to be superior to any war-vessel at that time afloat, and furnished substantially the model for numerous others, not only in this but in foreign countries. The next year he was sent to the Pacific, where, with a small force, and amid many romantic and thrilling adventures, he conquered California, and established the

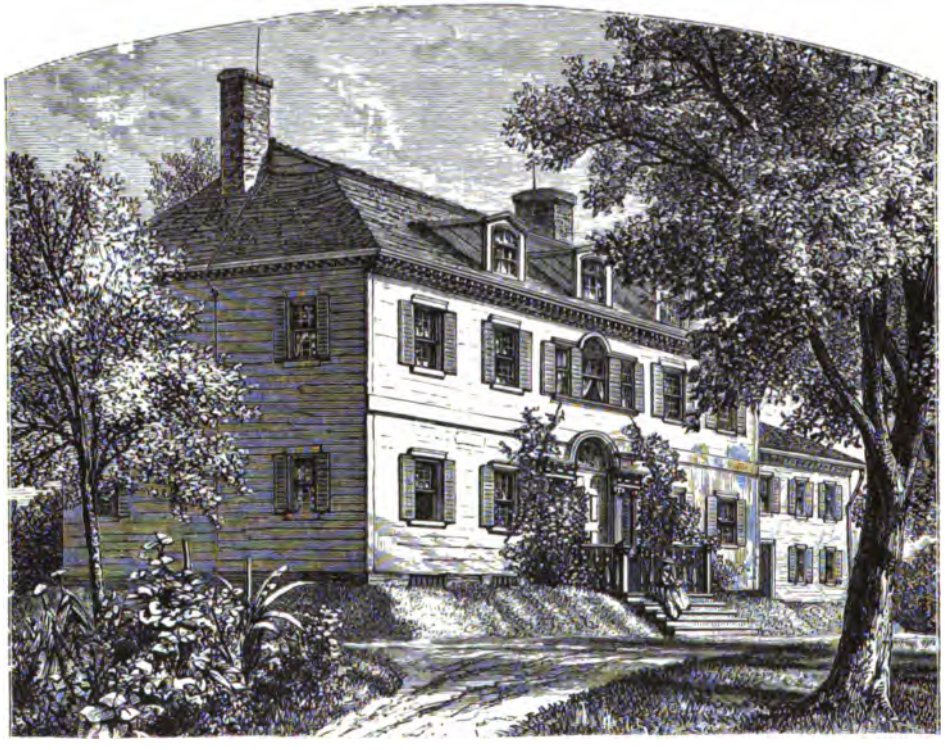
Government of the United States within her boundaries. He was afterward a member of the Senate of the United States, where, among many other noble deeds, he procured the passage of a law for the abolition of flogging in the navy.

The Ford mansion, at Morristown, New Jersey, is chiefly interesting from having been the headquarters of Washington during the winter of 1779–'80, and through the spring of the latter year. It was then a comparatively new house, built (1774) in a most substantial manner of brick, covered with plank. It stands almost three fourths of a mile eastward of the center of the town, on the old Newark and Morristown turnpike. Colonel Jacob Ford, who built the house, was an efficient officer in the army of 1776. His son, Judge Gabriel Ford—who graduated from Princeton, made law a profession, and subsequently occupied the bench of the Supreme Court of New Jersey for upward of twenty years—was a boy of fifteen, and his mother was a widow, when the army in December, 1779, encamped in Morristown. The winter was one of great severity. The bay of New York was so firmly frozen from shore to shore that British troops and cannon were moved across it on the ice to Staten Island. Snow was several feet deep. The Ford mansion was crowded, and Washington caused two additions to be made with logs, one for a kitchen on the east end, and the other for an office on the west; but they were not finished until late in January.

Late in December Mrs. Washington arrived, riding a spirited horse, and escorted by a guard of Virginia troops who were stationed at Trenton. For two days she had battled with the perils and discomforts of one of the most violent snow-storms she had ever known, and yet was in time to escape another, following swiftly, which Dr. Thatcher in his Journal describes as so furious that "no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life." The kitchen of the mansion was the warmest room, and around its roaring wood-fire the shivering inmates gathered. Washington wrote, "Eighteen of my family and all of Mrs. Ford's are crowded together in her kitchen, scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught."

On one occasion, some of the leading ladies of society in Morristown and its vicinity agreed to visit the wife of the commander-in-chief. They obtained from her a notice of the time when it would be convenient for her to entertain them. As they were to visit a great lady, rich and honored, they thought

it would be proper to appear in their best dresses. They accordingly attired themselves in silks and ruffles, and every appliance of art to make themselves appear elegant. And, so prepared, six of them were introduced to Mrs. Washington. She received them with great courtesy, and they would have felt perfect ease in her presence had they been plainly dressed and brought their knitting-work with them. They found her dressed in a very plain manner,



Washington's Headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

wearing a figured apron, and engaged in knitting. After the usual compliments were over, she resumed her needles, while the fingers of her guests were perfectly idle. She entertained them with pleasant conversation, and once during the afternoon remarked, as if half apologetically for her attention to her knitting, that, it was important for the women of America, of every class, in a time like that to be patterns of industry, and, while their husbands and sons and brothers were struggling for liberty in the field, to assist by the needle, the

spinning-wheel, and the loom, in acquiring a real independence of Great Britain, by doing without that which the Americans could not make themselves. The idle ladies felt the rebuke, though it was not given in the form of rebuke, and the example and the words of Mrs. Washington made a deep impression on their minds and led to better habits. 'There we were,' said one of these ladies, 'without one stitch of work, and sitting in state, while General Washington's lady was knitting stockings for her husband.'"

Washington's life-guards were housed in about fifty log-huts in a meadow a few rods from the house. They were commanded by William Colfax, of Pompton, the grandfather of ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax. Their alacrity in service was severely tested during the winter. The firing of a gun, at a remote point, would alarm the whole line of sentinels, and the life-guard would rush to the Ford mansion, barricade the doors, and throw up the windows. At each window five soldiers, with their muskets cocked and brought to a charge, were usually placed, and there they remained until the troops from camp marched to headquarters, and the cause of the alarm was ascertained.

"When the spring opened," writes Lossing, "good news from France—a royal promise of speedy and efficient aid from that kingdom, which Lafayette had procured—revived the hopes and spirits of all at headquarters and in the camp. It was supplemented in the middle of April by the arrival of the Chevalier de Luzerne, the French Minister, and Don Juan de Miralles, the diplomatic agent of the Spanish Court, who had been in the country about a year. These gentlemen remained at headquarters for some time, and during their sojourn no efforts were spared to make their visit agreeable. Baron Steuben, then Inspector-General of the Continental army, exhibited the discipline and tactics of the troops by a grand review; and a ball was given in honor of the guests at the Morris Hotel, which was attended by Washington and his wife, the officers and their wives who were then in camp, and the *élite* of Morristown society. 'I was permitted to accompany my mother,' said Judge Ford, 'and never had I seen anything half so attractive as that brilliant array of beauty, dresses, and movements of the dance. Pompey, a slave belonging to my mother, was the chief fiddler, and he came home with his pockets full of money, and his stomach full of goodies.'

"Public affairs were in such a critical situation in the spring of 1780, that

Washington called to headquarters several distinguished officers and civilians for consultation. Lafayette had arrived from France, where he had been on his noted mission in search of military allies, and he and eminent officers, American and foreign, were guests at Washington's table. The unbounded confidence which Congress reposed in the commander-in-chief made him very circumspect in the assumption of responsibilities, and, as preparations were to be made to receive and dispose of the expected allies from France, he felt a strong desire for the immediate coöperation of the civil power. He asked for a small committee of Congress who should have the executive powers of that body delegated to them, and in a communication on that subject he took occasion to say, 'There is no man that can be more useful as a member of that committee than General Schuyler.' The committee was appointed, and Schuyler, who was then a member of Congress, was placed at its head. For several weeks he was occupied with duties divided between Congress Hall and headquarters at Morristown. At the latter place he hired a modest house, and there enjoyed the company of his wife and his daughter Elizabeth, a charming girl about twenty-two years of age. Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Washington's favorite staff-officer, had been smitten with the charms of this young lady while in Albany some time before. The acquaintance was now renewed, and the gallant young West-Indian became the accepted lover of Miss Schuyler. His evenings were usually spent with her at her father's house, and not many months afterward they were married.

"Liberty Hall," the country home of Governor William Livingston, stands about a mile north of the railroad-station in Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the old Springfield turnpike—now called Morris Avenue. It is a well-preserved monument of colonial architecture and domestic geography, a combination of high ceilings and small windows, of numerous and spacious apartments, narrow doors and wide staircases. It has been raised one story, enlarged in the rear, and modern glass has taken the place of small panes in many of the windows, to meet the views of later occupants; but the great-grandfatherly fireplaces, with their antique brass andirons, still remain, only they are framed with marble mantels of a later generation; and the flavor and sacredness of the Revolutionary period pervade its entire height and depth. The little piazza and enormous

hall of entrance are tangled bobbins, from which might be reeled many a filament of romance for the weaver's shuttle. And the thousand and one little cupboards and blind cubby-holes in the paneling of the walls—artful contrivances of an age gone by—are alive with fascinating reminiscences.

The house was built in 1773. William Livingston bought some one hundred and twenty acres of land in this vicinity in 1760. During the next dozen years he brought the soil under a high state of cultivation, residing in New York City the while. His hobby was fruit-raising. He imported fruit-trees, chiefly from England, until he had sixty-five different kinds of pears; and plums, cherries, peaches, and apples, in still greater variety. He took so much pride in his Newtown pippins that in 1767 he shipped several barrels to a friend in London. He did not succeed well with grapes, but his vegetables were the envy of all agriculturists. He removed his family to "Liberty Hall" late in November of the same year of its erection. "We are going into cloister seclusion," said Susan Livingston, as she bade adieu to her city friends. The winter of 1774 was a long and very cold one for the climate; but there were cheery warmth, sweet song, and merry laughter, within the walls of the new homestead; and, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of the four young ladies, that they should be "buried from society in that sequestered part of the globe," the toilsome and muddy way from New York was kept well trodden by brilliant and ever-welcome guests.

William Livingston was the younger brother of Philip Livingston, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and also of Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Treasurer of the New York Revolutionary Congress. He was a graduate of Yale College, and a student of law in the office of the celebrated James Alexander. He was an apt scholar, took marvelous strides in legal knowledge, and plunged headlong into political and religious controversies even before he was admitted to the bar. And every year added to his life rendered him more independent in spirit and fearless in the expression of his opinions. He was in almost every instance arrayed on the side which had least to boast of power or present popularity.

"Liberty Hall" was the first refuge of Alexander Hamilton when he arrived, an unfriended stripling, from the West Indies, introduced to William Livingston by the celebrated Hugh Knox. The second incident that renders the man-

sion interesting was the marriage of John Jay to Sarah Livingston, April 28, 1774, whose proud and useful career is familiar to the world.

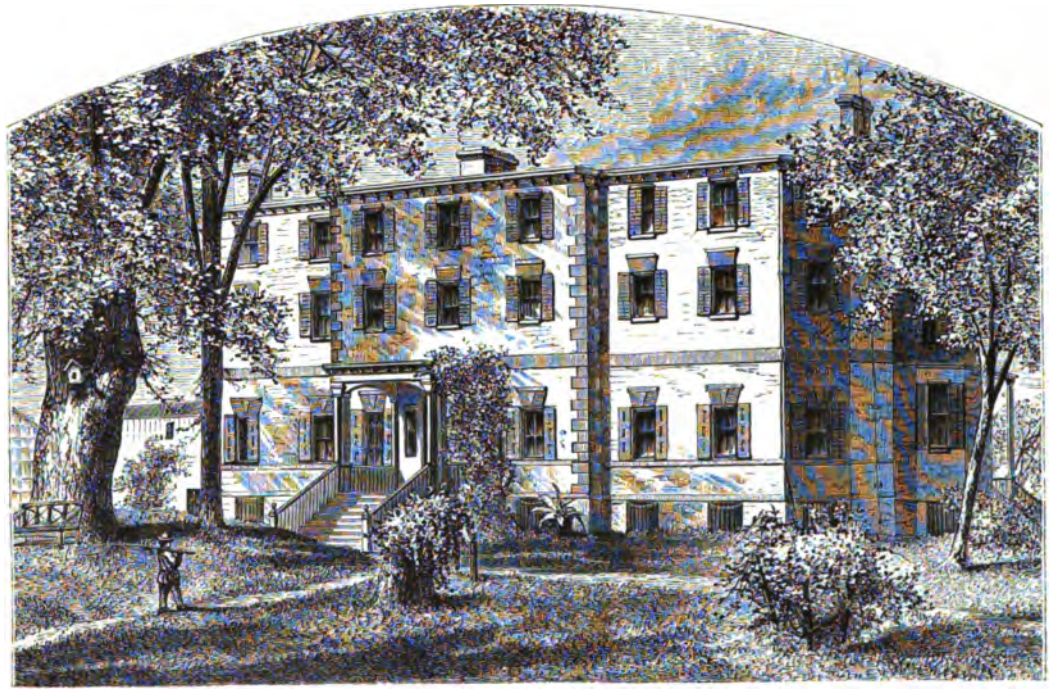
In the midst of the turbulence and the ferment of 1776, William Livingston was called from his seat in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to assume the Executive government of the State under its new Constitution. From that time his duties were as multifarious as they were difficult and perplexing. New Jersey was a frontier, and exposed to all the miseries of a frontier warfare. Petitions to pass over the lines were perpetual, involving ceaseless, troublesome, and invidious examinations into character and credentials. The people were robbed and distressed, and constant alarms of invasion kept the Governor overwhelmed with prayers for guards and pecuniary assistance, while at the same time appeals from the prisoners in New York for deliverance, and calls for fighting men and supplies, gave him no rest in body or spirit.

The refugees were more to be dreaded and feared than the British soldiery, and their inroads resembled very nearly the border feuds and forays in Scotland. They made many attempts to burn "Liberty Hall," and threatened the Governor's life with ugly determination. He was kept constantly on the wing, and subjected to the greatest possible inconvenience and danger. The Council of Safety, over which he presided, met sometimes at Trenton, sometimes at Morristown, and anywhere in the mountains and woods, as policy or prudence dictated. He had a house at Parcipany, where his family staid for a time, and, while visiting them, his movements were reported, and a party of refugees swooped down upon the place in the night. He had gentlemen guests, and, wishing to be sure of their prey, they concluded to lie in the grass until day light. When roused by the morning sun, the "Knight of the most Honorable Order of Starvation," as the Governor was called, had risen, and, wholly unconscious of the assassination plot, was galloping over the road, miles away, to meet some important appointment.

With a view solely to the protection of the place by her presence, Mrs. Liv ingston returned with her daughters from Parcipany to "Liberty Hall." And it was not long before their courage and self-possession were put to the sharpest test. A party of British troops crossed the bay at midnight with the avowed purpose of "clipping the feathers" of the "despot-in-chief of the rising State of New Jersey." A farmer's son, on a fleet horse without saddle or bridle,

brought the news of their approach to the Governor, who had just barely time to make his escape. His recent correspondence with Congress, the State officers, and General Washington, with other valuable documents, which would have been deadly ammunition in the hands of the enemy, he confided, in the moment of his hasty departure, to his daughter Susan. She crowded them into the box of a sulky, and had them taken to an upper room.

It was a snowy morning in February, and the roads were hard to travel.



"Liberty Hall," Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Consequently, the day had dawned before the British soldiers came in sight. Susan Livingston stepped upon the roof of the piazza, and stood with a bright-colored shawl thrown about her, watching for the red-coats. A horseman in front of the detachment rode hastily up and begged her to retire, lest some of the soldiers from a distance should mistake her for a man, and fire at her. She attempted to climb in at the window, and found it impossible, although it had been easy enough to get out. The officer, seeing her dilemma, sprang from his horse, ran into the house, and to the roof, and very gallantly lifted her through

the casement. She was a handsome young woman of magnetic presence, and, turning to thank her preserver, she inquired to whom she was indebted for the courtesy.

"Lord Cathcart," was the reply.

"And will you," she asked, with a sudden childishness of manner, "protect a little box which contains my own personal property?" then added, quickly, "if you wish, I will unlock the library, and let you have all my father's papers."

Her *ruse* was a success. A guard was placed over the box while the house was ransacked. There are cuts now upon the balusters of the staircase left by the angry Hessians as they found themselves checked in the work which they came to perform. They stuffed a large quantity of old law papers, of no possible use to any one, into their sacks, to which they had been directed with apparent reluctance by the young lady, and tramped back to New York. Some of the leaders of this expedition were heard afterward to remark that it did not seem possible that two such charming and amiable ladies (referring to Susan and Kitty Livingston) could be the daughters of the "arch-fiend" of whom they were in pursuit.

Meanwhile the son and brother, Brockholst Livingston, who was graduated from Princeton College in 1777, and made a captain in the army, and one of the aides of General Schuyler, before he was twenty, had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and, under a furlough from Congress, had sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Jay for Spain. It was he who, after the war, became so prominent a lawyer in New York, and was finally made a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In June, 1780, when the British made their memorable incursion into New Jersey, "Liberty Hall" met with another narrow escape. The Governor was at Morristown, and the men-servants all took refuge in the woods. The flames of Springfield, and of Connecticut Farms, were in full view, and soldiers were continually passing the house all that dreadful day. In the morning three or four officers had called, and had a short interview with Mrs. Livingston and her daughters. They went away so full of admiration at the coolness and intrepidity of the ladies, as to swear they should not be harmed. The Rivington "Gazette," the organ of British interest during the Revolution, said Susan Livingston gave one of the officers a rose, as a memento of protection.

At all events, the house was spared, and the inmates treated with courtesy.

Late in the evening some British officers called and announced their intention of lodging at "Liberty Hall." It was regarded as an assurance of safety to the family, and the ladies retired. About midnight there was a great hubbub, the officers being called hastily away by some startling news. There was firing all along the road. Presently a band of drunken refugees came staggering through the grounds, and, with horrid oaths, broke into the hall. The women-servants huddled into the kitchen, and the ladies locked themselves into one of the chambers. Their retreat was soon discovered, and, finding the door was about to be burst in, Kitty Livingston stepped forward and resolutely opened it. A drunken ruffian grasped her by the arm, and she, with the quickness of thought, seized him by the coat-collar. Just then a flash of lightning illuminated the scene, revealing the lady's white robes, as well as white, scared face, and the wretch fell back with an oath, "Good God! it is Mrs. Caldwell, whom we killed to-day!" Meanwhile the same merciful light showed to Susan Livingston the face of one of their former neighbors among the assailants, and, taking advantage of her discovery, she secured his intervention, and the house was cleared.

Governor Livingston wrote a letter shortly after this to his brother Robert, of Livingston Manor, in which, speaking of the contemplated visit of one of his daughters, he said: "I fear Susan will be troublesome in a house so full of company as yours; but my poor girls are so terrified at the frequent incursions of the refugees, that it is a kind of cruelty to insist upon their staying at home, particularly as their mother chooses her solitary life rather than expose them to such continual and disagreeable apprehensions. But she herself will keep the ground to save the place from ruin; and I must quit it to save my body from the provost in New York. But, by the blessing of God, we shall soon drive the devils to Old England."

Kitty Livingston was several times during the war for weeks in camp with Lady Stirling, who was Governor Livingston's sister. She was not, strictly speaking, a beauty; she was darker than Mrs. Jay, and slighter and more delicate than her sister Susan. But her vivacity and general information rendered her very attractive. She was a piquant and pleasing letter-writer, and kept Mrs. Jay informed of the condition of public affairs in America. Tidbits of gossip are sprinkled through her correspondence: on one occasion she describes the

wedding of her cousin, Lady Kitty Alexander, daughter of Lord Stirling, who was married to Colonel William Duer, at Baskingridge, New Jersey, 1779; and, at another time, she tells how lively it is in Morristown, and how their young friend Alexander Hamilton is engaged to Betsy Schuyler. She was often intrusted by her father with the forwarding of important documents to his European correspondents; and she always rallied him upon his ignorance of her character when he hesitated about imparting to her any unpleasant news. She was married at "Liberty Hall," soon after the close of the war, to Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore.

The end finally came, after a struggle of eight years. England's colors came down, and her loyal sons put their powder-horns into their packing-boxes. It was a costly victory which had been won, and many a tear fell amid the general rejoicings. From all quarters came together the limbs and fragments of dismembered families. But charred and silent ruins greeted very many of them in place of the happy homes they had left. Governor Livingston returned to the peaceful possession of "Liberty Hall," one of the most profoundly grateful of men. The afternoon sun again streamed through his library, which was the great west room of the mansion, and he entered with peculiar zest into all the pleasures and affairs of his family. Society was reconstructed upon pretty nearly the old basis, and dinners, and *fêtes*, and charming reunions, taxed his high-bred hospitality, and made him young again. There were love-romances on the piazza and stately weddings in his parlors, and he grew merry and slightly corpulent amid it all. But his mind was ill at ease about the new nation, which stood like a young child trying to take its first lesson in walking.

Individual pecuniary ruin, a national debt, an impoverished country, a government which had not power to enforce the payment of taxes, or settle conflicting claims, and no harmony of action among the sovereign States, which had simply leagued together to resist a common enemy, made rather a dubious outlook. After much visionary scheming came a convention, which framed a constitution. Prominent among the fifty-five learned and dignified men who assembled in Independence Hall was Governor Livingston, representing New Jersey. He had aged materially since we met him in the same place eleven years before, and intense republicanism had cropped out even in his toilet. He was now dressed in a plain suit of black. "Remember, gentlemen," said he, "our busi-

ness is to define for centuries, perhaps for ever, the just limits of individual liberty and public sovereignty."

Washington was on familiar terms with Governor Livingston, and was often entertained at "Liberty Hall." Mrs. Washington, while journeying in her private carriage from Mount Vernon to join her husband in May, 1789, was entertained at "Liberty Hall." This last was a marked occasion. The mansion was decorated with flowers, and Governor Livingston's children—a gifted gathering of men and women—were present to help do the honors. The guest-chamber occupied by Mrs. Washington was over the library. The one set apart for the use of Mrs. Robert Morris was over the hall in the center of the front of the mansion. The following morning President Washington and suite met Mrs. Washington and her retinue of attendants, and escorted her to New York.

"Liberty Hall" was shortly in mourning. Mrs. Livingston died in July, and a few months later Governor Livingston completed his useful and eventful life. Few public men have inspired warmer personal friendship, or been consigned to the tomb with more touching tenderness and genuine respect.

"Liberty Hall" soon passed into the hands of strangers. It had a romantic episode. It was purchased by Lord Bolingbroke, who ran away from England with the schoolgirl daughter of Baron Hompasch, leaving an estimable wife to break her heart.

Other changes came swiftly. The Governor's brother, Peter Van Brugh Livingston, had a daughter Susan, who married Congressman John Kean. She was left a widow, during which period she purchased "Liberty Hall," and took up her residence there. She afterward married Count Niemcewicz, a Polish nobleman and poet. The beautiful country-seat became once more the center of attraction for statesmen, scholars, and celebrities. It has ever since been in the possession of the Kean family. The mantle of proprietorship rests at present upon the shoulders of Colonel John Kean, the grandson of the Countess Niemcewicz, great-grand-nephew of Governor Livingston, and brother-in-law of Hon. Hamilton Fish.

II.

LATER PERIOD.



Residence of the late General Worth.

DURING the last three decades of the eighteenth century, and one or two in the beginning of the nineteenth, domestic architecture in America was in a sort of transition state. Existing styles were more frequently copied than

new forms and features introduced. Solidity of foundation, enormous chimneys, gambrel-roofs, wide entrance-halls, spacious apartments, and a bald exterior, disappeared only by slow degrees before the march of modern invention with its Gothic points and verandas, its patent heating apparatuses, and bay-windows. At the same time a subtile preparation was in progress for the more pretentious villa of recent years. Many of the structures of this period are now the homes of gentlemen of taste and refinement. Some of them are rich with the indications of antiquity, while others have undergone repairs and alterations, appearing in new roofs, windows, and wings, until, like Sydney Smith's ancient green chariot with its new wheels, axles, and springs, there is little to show just where the old ends and the new begins. They present a unique combination of characteristics which are neither colonial nor modern, and yet partaking of the elements of both.

An effort for strictly scientific architecture may be traced in a class of stately dwellings that were erected about this time at various points along the shore of the Hudson and in Virginia, as at Arlington, opposite the city of Washington. An example is the mansion which was the temporary home of the late famous General William Jenkins Worth, on the road to Troy above Albany. In following Greek prototypes almost as much space was devoted to porticoes and colonnades as to rooms. The fashion soon declined, for it was better adapted to public than private buildings. Faultless pediments, Doric and Ionic columns, and the window tracery of temples, were by no means the expression of domestic feeling; it was impracticable to make cheerful homes of reduced copies of the Parthenon. The illustration introduces us to a large, square, roomy edifice overlooking the Hudson, the broad portico of which with its Ionic columns extends across the entire front. The view from this point is one of the finest on the river, and the grounds are delightfully shaded with handsome old trees, the forest-growth of centuries. General Worth was born in Hudson, New York, in 1794, and died in San Antonio, Texas, in 1849. His distinction, so pleasantly associated with this old-time mansion, was honestly earned. He was in the military service of the United States for a period covering some thirty-six years, including the War of 1812–'15, that with the Florida Indians of 1840–'42, and a conspicuous figure in the Mexican struggle of 1846–'48. He was a man of imposing martial presence and agreeable manners,

as brave and chivalrous as an accomplished tactician. The house which he owned and occupied for a few years when not in active warfare is hardly less a monument to his memory than that which has been erected by the city of New York in his honor on the little triangle at the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, fronting Madison Square, and beneath which his remains are interred.

Montgomery Place, standing upon an elevation overlooking the Hudson from the east and almost directly opposite the Catskills, has less of architectural individuality than many of the homes of America, but it is a mansion which has recently passed its one hundredth birth-year, and in point of romantic interest, historical associations, and local charms, is almost unsurpassed in this country. It was built by the wife of General Richard Montgomery, who fell in the unfortunate expedition of the Americans against Quebec in December, 1775. She was of the notable family of Livingston, the sister of Chancellor and Edward Livingston, two of New York's prominent jurists and statesmen. And what gives the place additional attraction is the fact of its having been the home of Edward Livingston himself after the death of Mrs. Montgomery. He had been sixteen years in Congress, Secretary of State to the nation, Minister to France, and a lawgiver known and revered in all civilized countries, when he retired from public life, and resigned himself to the enjoyment of domestic happiness under this roof.

Mrs. Montgomery had bought the property—several hundred acres of land—from an old Dutch farmer just prior to her husband's departure for Canada. It had originally formed a part of the Schuyler patent. It was a few miles south of the Livingston Manor. The mansion was projected in the autumn of 1775, and completed in the spring, a few months after the death of General Montgomery. He never saw it; but in one of his last letters to his wife he remarked: "I long to see you in your new house, and wish you could get a stove fixed in the hall; they are the most comfortable things imaginable." Hon. William Jones, the nephew of Montgomery, superintended the erection of the edifice, giving as a plan that of his father's (Lord Ranelagh) house in Ireland.

The views from all sides of the mansion are beautiful. The river below is very wide, and so full of little islands that it reminds travelers of the English

lakes. To the north a stretch of picturesque scenery for forty miles completes as fine a picture as the most exacting artist could desire. And yet the home-landscape of rich woods and lawns, with the receding mountains beyond, the half-hidden valleys threaded with dark, intricate, and mazy walks, the bold and noisy waterfalls dashing down romantic steeps, and a pretty lake gleaming from an avalanche of shadows, is so restful that you almost consign yourself to the five or more miles from the landing of private roads and rambles, with their cozy nooks and rustic seats, without any care for the beautiful beyond.

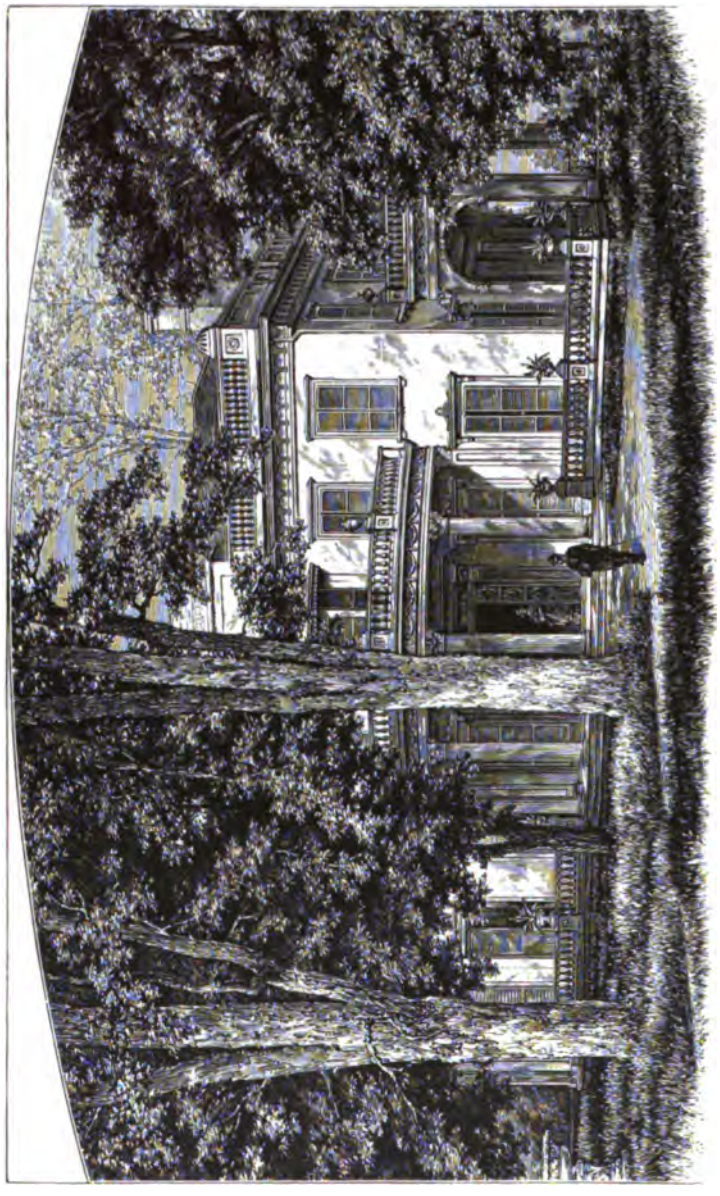
The main part of the house is about sixty feet in length by fifty feet wide. The wings were added by Mrs. Edward Livingston in the early part of the present century. At a still later date an elegant Corinthian portico was added by Mrs. Barton, the daughter of Edward Livingston. All the additions have been made with such singular taste that the harmony of the original structure is preserved intact. A broad veranda with an Italian balustrade extends around two thirds of the house. The northern wing, or pavilion, is a delightful summer parlor, and constantly used as such; it is furnished with china, chairs, and vases, and marble table.

The entrance-hall is peculiar. It is a sort of antechamber. The frames of the doors are of the most unique description, with old-fashioned inverted columns, such as belong to the architecture of the seventeenth century. The library is just as it was furnished by Mrs. Montgomery one hundred years ago in old Beauvais tapestry. The most prominent object of interest within this apartment is a bust of Edward Livingston, by Ball Hughes. Numerous family portraits cover the walls.

The drawing-room is next to the library. The decorations were, by order of Mrs. Edward Livingston, in imitation of one of Mrs. Madison's rooms at the White House, which was greatly admired at that period. The only portrait in this apartment is that of Mrs. Edward Livingston herself. It represents her in the heyday of her youth and beauty, at the age of about seventeen. The dress is that of the Empire, and resembles the pictures of the court beauties at Versailles. The countenance is remarkable for the mind which shines through the perfect outline and symmetry of feature.

To those who are familiar with the principal events of Mrs. Livingston's life this portrait possesses a rare fascination, and seems pervaded with that mag-

netic influence which has rendered her personal beauty, remarkable culture, and many gifts and graces, historical in the annals of the higher social life of Amer-



Montgomery Place.

ica. She was born on the island of St. Domingo, in 1772. Her father, Jean Pierre Valentin Joseph d'Avezac de Castera, was a scion of the French nobility,

and one of the wealthiest and most important and influential men on the island. Louise (Mrs. Livingston) was precocious as a child, and educated with her brothers. She studied the classics both ancient and modern while a mere infant, as it were, and retained them in her memory through life. Her brother Auguste was near her own age and her student-companion. Louise was married at the age of thirteen to M. Moreau de Lasse, a French gentleman of fortune, who took her to reside in Jamaica. At eighteen she was a widow in the home of her parents. Then came the Revolution, with all its tragic scenes. Her father was killed; her mother, almost broken-hearted, resolved to remain and protect the plantation; and Louise, with a little sister six years old, an aged grandmother, and an aunt with two young lady daughters, attended by a few faithful slaves, crept through a dense forest in a circuitous way, concealed themselves a day and a night in the underbrush, and finally reached a boat which had been engaged to take them to an English frigate, that had agreed to furnish them the means of escape. The boat, with its precious freight, was but a few rods from the shore when it was detected by a band of negro desperadoes, who fired, killing instantly the aged grandmother and one of the slaves. The remainder of the party reached the frigate, and after a long and perilous voyage, and confusion and distress and the most thrilling incidents at sea, were finally landed in New Orleans. They were penniless, but sold their jewels, rented a small cottage, and took in sewing for a livelihood.

New Orleans at that period was a somewhat primitive town. It had, nevertheless, a cultivated social circle, meeting informally every week. The D'Avezac name was well known, and the young widow and her cousins were cordially received into the clique, and quickly became stars of the first magnitude. Madame Moreau was frank, easy, and winning, was fond of music, painting, and sculpture, and possessed a poetic fancy, which gave coloring to her thoughts and opinions. She was the recipient of homage from the most gifted and learned, and was admired and courted by all. It was here that she made the acquaintance of Edward Livingston. They were married on the 3d of June, 1805. Their home in New Orleans was the central point of attraction for the learned and the gay, and the resort of every foreigner of distinction who visited this country. Their breakfast-table, spread upon the broad veranda, and shaded by orange- and fig-trees, was often enlivened by literary readings. Their do-

mestic circle was a charming one, and none were admitted within its confines, and listened to the clear and silvery voice of its fair young mistress as she talked law and literature, but carried away memories destined to live for ever. In the course of years the wheel of destiny removed Mrs. Livingston to Washington. Her husband occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States for ten years, and was then appointed Secretary of State. During this latter period she assisted the ladies of President Jackson's family in presiding at the White House. She accompanied her husband to Paris when he went to fill his appointment as Minister to France. She was received in the most cordial and flattering manner by the royal family. The Queen and Madame Adelaide became excessively fond of her, and invited her often to visit them unceremoniously. She was esteemed the most gifted as well as beautiful woman at the French court. After the return of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston to America, they took up their abode at Montgomery Place, which had descended to him from his sister, Mrs. Montgomery, where he died. Mrs. Livingston continued to reside at Montgomery Place to the end of her romantic life, more than a quarter of a century after her husband's death.

Up stairs is the little law library from which Edward Livingston wrote the great penal code which rendered his name illustrious all over the civilized world. The desk of the great lawgiver is sacredly preserved, besides the books which bear the marks of use as well as antiquity. His fishing-rod and fishing-tackle hang in the very places where he last left them; and his hat rests upon its accustomed hook.

The drawing-room opens into the dining-room with old-fashioned *portes à deux battants*. In the dining-room you find a large collection of family portraits. Chief among them are those of Chancellor Livingston, Edward Livingston, and General Montgomery. The latter is the only original portrait of the hero of Quebec which we have in this country. It represents him when a young man of about twenty-five, a captain in the British army. The countenance is frank, gallant, and handsome, and indicates a generous and amiable temper.

After Mrs. Edward Livingston, Montgomery Place was owned and occupied by her daughter, Mrs. Cora Livingston Barton. It is now in the possession of the collateral descendants of Mrs. Edward Livingston, Mr. Carlton Hunt and his sisters.

"Bedford House," the seat of the Jays, in Westchester County, some forty-five miles north of the city of New York, was built soon after the Revolution. It stands upon an eminence overlooking a wide extent of rolling country, about midway between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. It is one of the most commanding in situation, as well as picturesque in surroundings, interesting in association, and unpretentious in its arrangements, of the "Homes of America." The prospect from the mansion embraces valleys of rare beauty stretching off in the distance, to where a circle of hills seems to girt the region —a landscape varied with sunny slopes, graceful undulations, and bits of river peeping through rich foliage, and dotted with farms and villages. The Hudson, fifteen miles away, is just hidden by the line of hills upon its eastern shore, conspicuous above which tower the Highlands opposite, with Dunderberg resting against the western sky. The whole scene is one great nest of cloud-shadows in the summer days. And nowhere are sunsets more gorgeous. Crimson blazes along the western hills, gradually changing into orange and purple, and finally merging into a deep, glowing brown, while the heavens pale and darken, and the softness of shade creeps over all above and below.

The Jay property extends over eight hundred acres, and, although railways have long since cut their capricious way through the country to the east and to the west of it, no car-whistle has ever penetrated its rural quietude. The mansion is four miles from the station, and a half-mile or more from the main road; it is reached by a private avenue, which winds artistically up a smooth elevation, curving and bending about venerable oaks, maples, birches, and umbrella-elms, passing well-cultivated gardens, and finally cuts a circle in a wide velvet lawn, and terminates under the shadow of four superb lindens in front of the dwelling.

A hall sixteen feet wide extends through the entire building, the rear door opening upon a background of hill crowned with oaks, chestnut-trees, and gigantic willows. The walls of the entrance-hall are hung with rare old paintings, among which are the portraits of De Witt Clinton, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, James Monroe, William Jay, son of the Chief Justice, the Hon. John Jay, and the present owner of the estate. Here is, also, a remarkable unfinished painting, by Benjamin West, of the signing of the definitive treaty between this country and England, containing portraits

of Chief Justice Jay, Franklin, Adams, Laurens, and Temple Franklin. The artist was evidently obliged to pause in his work through inability to obtain the portrait of David Hartley, the English commissioner.

Two large parlors at the left extend through the house, and are connected by old-time glass doors. There is a quiet elegance about the antique appointments in keeping with the structure itself, which charms, while the variety bewilders. A broad divan, with heavy Oriental coverings and pillows, curious cabinets and tables, ancient mirrors, rare porcelain, exquisite vases, and fireplaces, with the brass andirons and quaint bellows of eighty years ago, divide attention with masterpieces of art upon the walls, and the faces of men who helped to fashion our national structure. The portrait of Chief Justice Jay in his robes of office, by Stuart, is one of the best paintings ever executed by that artist. It represents Jay in the vigor of his manhood, about the time when he, through exceptional foresight, diplomatic ability, and firmness, obtained the three most important and valuable concessions ever gained by the United States from foreign countries—the navigation of the Mississippi, the participation in the British fisheries, and the trade with the West Indies. The portrait of the beautiful wife of the Chief Justice, who was the daughter of Governor William Livingston, the master of "Liberty Hall," illustrated on a former page, also graces this apartment, and is a gem in itself, independent of the historical interest which clusters about one so distinguished as a leader in the social circles of the infant republic. Ancestral pictures hang upon every side. Governor William Livingston as a boy, in full-sleeved coat and elaborate costume of his time, with sword hanging by his side; the strong, expressive features, in wig setting, of Augustus Jay, grandfather of the Chief Justice, who settled among us at the time the Huguenot movement sent so much of the best blood of France to our shores—a study, the brush of a master-hand having done justice to the refined and accomplished character of the man; and, in the back parlor, one of Huntington's finest productions, a life-size portrait of Mrs. John Jay, the present mistress of "Bedford House"—are perhaps the three most notable in this gallery of treasures.

The dining-room, upon the right of the entrance-hall, some twenty feet square, is invested with the same air—antique and artistic. High, old-fashioned sideboards, elaborately carved, straight-backed chairs, tall silver candlesticks,



Bedford House, Residence of the Honorable John Jay.

quaint mirrors, and the rarest of ancient porcelain, are overlooked by the works of Trumbull and Stuart, and some of the old masters. Trumbull's "Alexander Hamilton" is the best portrait in the room, and rarely any picture of the great financier reveals more distinctly the nature which inspired such warm attachments among his friends, and such bitter hatred among his foes. The Patroon, Van Rensselaer," and "Judge Egbert Benson," by Stuart, are choice mementos of a period which we never tire of reviewing. A bust of the Chief Justice, finely cut, stands upon a marble pedestal in one corner; and a painting, which represents his wife in a picturesque hat, with two children by her side, hangs upon the opposite wall. Among the other portraits of interest are those of Peter Jay and his wife, Mary Van Cortlandt, the father and mother of the Chief Justice; it was through this lady that the large landed estate in Bedford came into the Jay family, it being a part of what was formerly Cortlandt Manor.

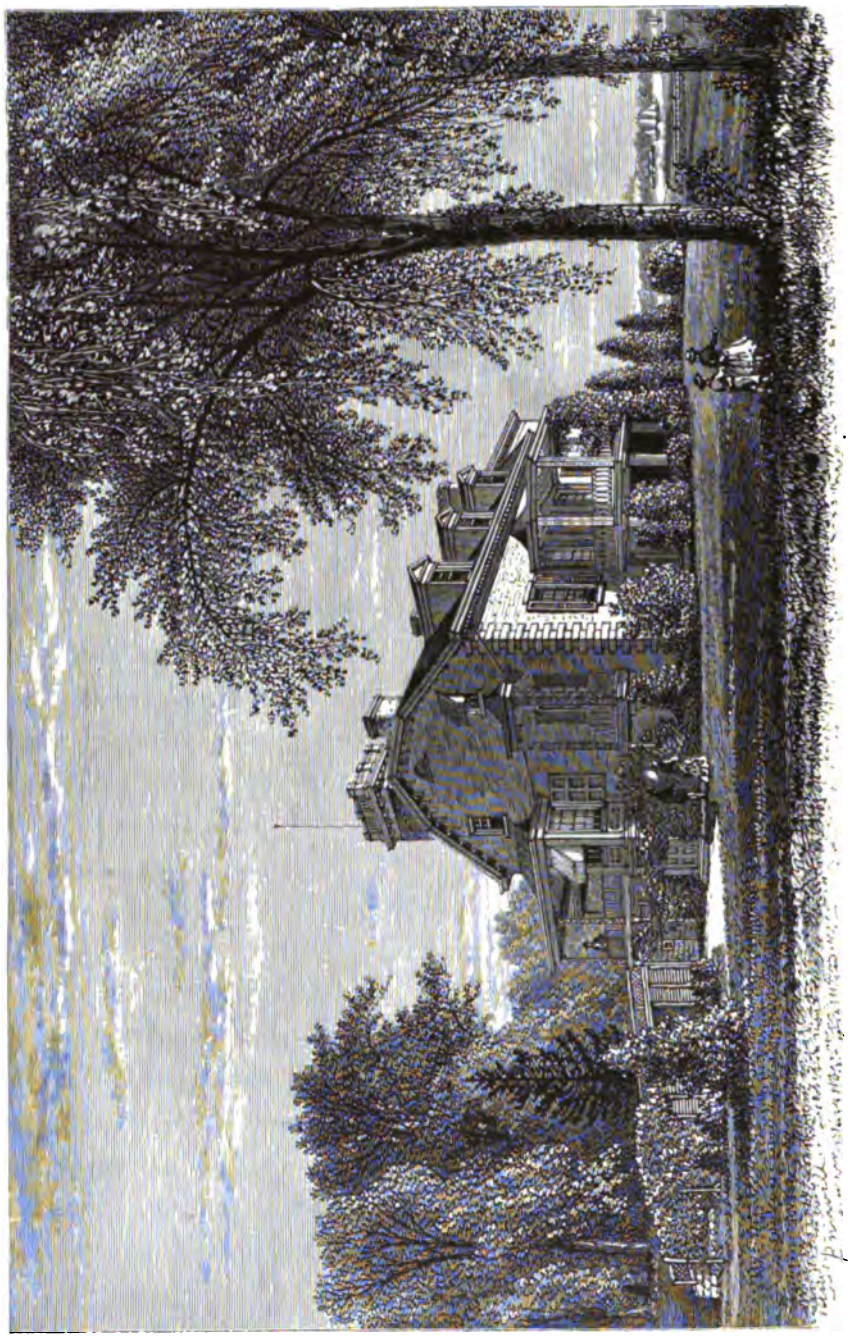
The library occupies one of the wings of the mansion, which were added by the Chief Justice when he retired from public life in 1801, having served his country faithfully in every department of legislative, diplomatic, and judicial trust, and been twice Governor of his own State. He resided here in the enjoyment of his family, his books, and his friends, for a full quarter of a century. It was then a two days' journey to the city, and a mail-coach visited the retreat not oftener than once a week. But the man who had conducted to a successful conclusion the definitive treaty of peace with England, and then virtually filled the office of prime minister to a new nation, regulating the whole foreign correspondence of a government which was experimenting upon its first effort to stand alone—the proposal of plans and treaties, and instructions to ministers abroad—and afterward worn the ermine of the chief judicial robe, was not likely to be forgotten by a grateful people. The walls of "Bedford House" echoed from time to time to the voices of his distinguished associates, and notable Europeans sought him, as a species of homage to public virtue. The library is some twenty-five feet square, with windows on three sides. One division contains the favorite authors of the Chief Justice, weighty folios of Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattel, and other masters of the science of international law, standard theological and miscellaneous works, and the classic authors of antiquity. Some of the curious heirlooms in the way of furniture deserve

mention, particularly four stiff antique chairs, which came from the old Federal Hall, in Wall Street, where Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. The floor is nearly covered with a superb India rug, with all its artistic irregularities; the same table is in use, by the present Mr. Jay, which his grandfather, whose name he bears so honorably, placed in this room; and over the mantel may be seen Huntington's famous "Republican Court."

Creeping over this side of the house is a wistaria, filled with a profusion of blossoms, and honeysuckle climbers adorn the pillars of the wide veranda, while rose-bushes peep over the railing. Upon the wooded height in the rear is a pretty school- or summer-house of stone, which the Chief Justice built for his children. The barns, carriage-houses, and the farmhouse of the tenant who has the supervision of the property, are off a little distance—beyond shrubbery, and a clump of locust-trees—to the northeast, upon the outskirts of a fine garden.

"Morrisania," the seat of the Morrises, comprising originally about three thousand acres of land north of the Harlem River, was so named by Captain Richard Morris, an English gentleman of fortune who came to New York about 1661, and obtained a grant of the property from Governor Stuyvesant, with baronial privileges. His son Lewis was the famous Chief Justice of New York and Governor of New Jersey under the Crown, who married Isabella Graham, granddaughter of the Scotch Earl of Montrose. Their two sons were Lewis, who was a Judge, Speaker of the Assembly, and Counselor to the Governor, and Robert Hunter, Chief Justice of New Jersey and Governor of Pennsylvania under the Crown. Lewis, the Judge, had four sons, all remarkable men: Lewis signed the Declaration of Independence; Staats Long married the Duchess of Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, and became a full general in the British army; Richard was Chief Justice of New York from 1779 to 1790; and Gouverneur, the younger son, whose mother was of the scholarly French family of Gouverneurs, was the distinguished Morris of the Revolution, whose name is so intimately associated with that of Jay, Hamilton, and the other striking and individual men of that epoch.

The Morrises were of a strong and gifted race, original, peculiar, and fearlessly republican in spirit. Gouverneur Morris stands out amid his contempo-



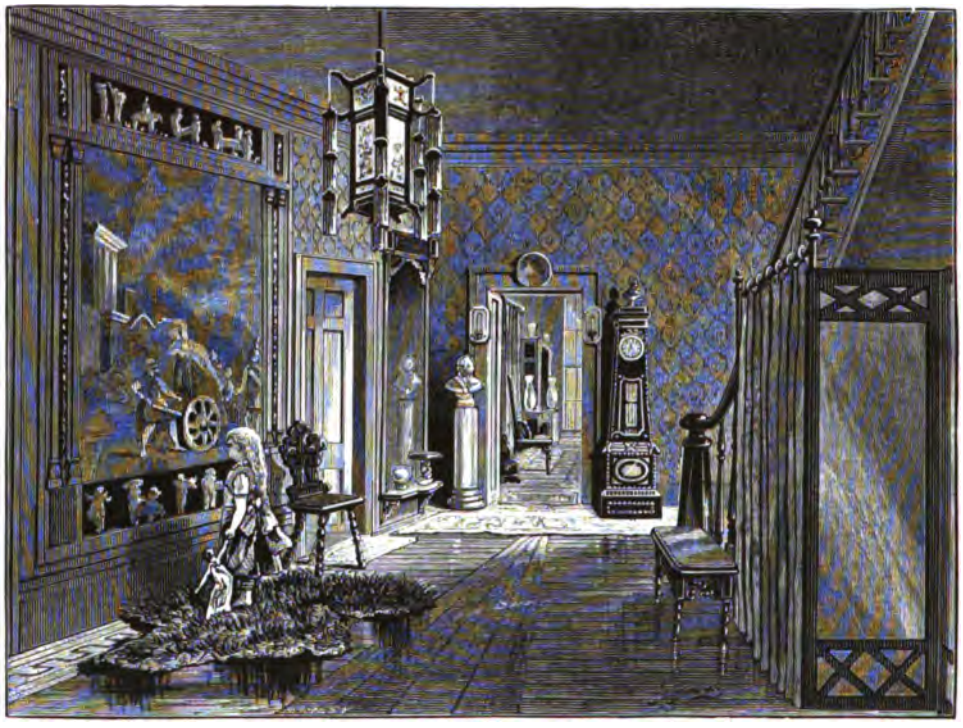
"Old Morrisania," Morrisania.

raries, broad, generous, gay, witty, with both popular and commanding talents—a man whom men respected and whom women admired. He went through life eating the sunny side of the peach, but not throwing away the stone, a mixture of self-indulgence and self-control, of warm blood and of cool brain, dashing, enterprising, aristocratic, and always in positions of trust.

In all generations the Morrises have been men of wealth, and have erected many mansions. The one now designated as "Old Morrisania" was built by Gouverneur Morris in 1800, shortly after his return from France. The design was from a French château. It is situated on the Harlem River just where it joins the East River, and is nearly opposite the vexed waters of Hell Gate, although islands intervene. It stands to-day with some of the apartments as Morris left them, and with much of the old furniture still in use which graced his rooms in France. It is one of the few historical houses of our country which have been continuously in the hands of descendants of the original family.

With great natural skill in argument and aptitude for the practice of law, Gouverneur Morris began early to exhibit his genius, eloquence, and versatility. His first essay in college was a treatise on "Wit and Beauty." Ere he had reached his eighteenth year he was writing upon political subjects with much force and elegance for one so young. A pamphlet deprecating the evils of paper currency as a mischievous pretense for putting off the day of payment, which he produced about that time, would not be inappropriate in this enlightened age. Three months before he was twenty he was admitted to the bar. His aristocratic family connection, his good looks, his extraordinary and precocious talents, had all been fighting his battle for him, and he knew that he could step into a large practice at once, but his active spirit demanded a wider sphere. Perhaps he thought, with Valentine, that "home-staying youths have ever homely wits." He longed to go to England, to form his mind and manners on some worthy model. "Nothing is so dangerous," says this wise, witty, flattered boy—"nothing is so dangerous as that vain self-sufficiency which arises from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us." A boy of twenty who knew enough to say that was beyond being hurt by the fact itself. But his mother, his friends, and his small fortune, kept him at home for a few years. He went into his profession industriously, and worked manfully.

Fortunately he remained in this country, and was a member of the first Provincial Congress of New York in 1775, serving on the various committees with such well-balanced judgment as to command the respect of men twice his age and experience. He rendered most valuable assistance in the building of the curious fabric, so strong and so weak, so vague and so peculiar, which we call the American Republic, and which has been, in spite of its mistakes, so



Entrance Hall, "Old Morrisania."

marvelously successful. He became a warm friend of Washington, a vigorous member of Congress, chairman of three committees for carrying on the war—the Commissary's, Quartermaster's, and Medical Department—and in a multiplicity of ways displayed an energy that was simply gigantic. He wrote essays on all subjects, particularly the revenue and the currency, practiced law for his support while in Congress, and was concerned in almost every patriotic endeavor of the period—all this before he was twenty-eight years of age.

Then came an accident which would have crushed a less indomitable will. He was thrown from a carriage in Philadelphia and broke his leg. His physicians advised immediate amputation. It was said later that this was a proof of unskillful management and rashness of decision. Be that as it may, he bore it with courage, elasticity, and cheerfulness. A clergyman called on him to advise patience, telling him that perhaps this sad event might improve his character, and diminish the inducements to lead a gay life which otherwise surrounded him. "My good sir," said Mr. Morris, "you argue the matter so handsomely that I am almost induced to part with my other leg." A plain wooden leg was fitted to the stump, and carried him through the rest of his life. He was tall and personable, and proud of his remaining leg, which was very handsome.

He visited Morrisania after the peace, for the first time in seven years. In writing to his uncle he speaks of drinking his health "in a bottle of Cape wine which has stood on the shelf for twenty years." The Morrisania estate had claims for depredations committed by the British army during the war, which were afterward paid to the amount of eight thousand dollars.

He sailed for Europe in 1788, and, reaching Paris and visiting Lafayette, records in his diary that one of the famous nobleman's little daughters sang for him, after dinner, a song of his own composition. A popular writer asks, "When did this busy young American statesman find time to write songs?"

The diary of his life in Paris reads like an historical romance. He was present at the opening of the States-General at Versailles, which has been called "the first day of the French Revolution," and writes, under date of May 4, 1789:

"I can not help feeling the mortification which the poor Queen meets with, for I see only the *woman*, and it seems unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness. Madame de Chastellux tells me a sprightly reply of Madame Adelaide, the King's aunt, who, when the Queen, in a fit of resentment, speaking of this nation, said, 'Ces indignes Français!' exclaimed, 'Dites *indignés*, madame.' Poor Marie Antoinette!"

He was appointed Minister from the United States to the Court of France in 1792, thus adding ambassadorial honors to those which he had won for himself.



Library, "Old Morrisania."

It is really curious, in looking over the full records of this illustrious man, to observe the aid, pecuniary and otherwise, which he extended to distinguished persons. He lent money to Madame de Lafayette, to Louis Philippe, to the Duchess of Orleans, and to hundreds of others less distinguished. Among his papers are found to-day letters from many titled personages to whom he extended his liberal hand. Of his efforts for the escape of the King and Queen, and his noble care of the trusts committed to him by them, history is full.

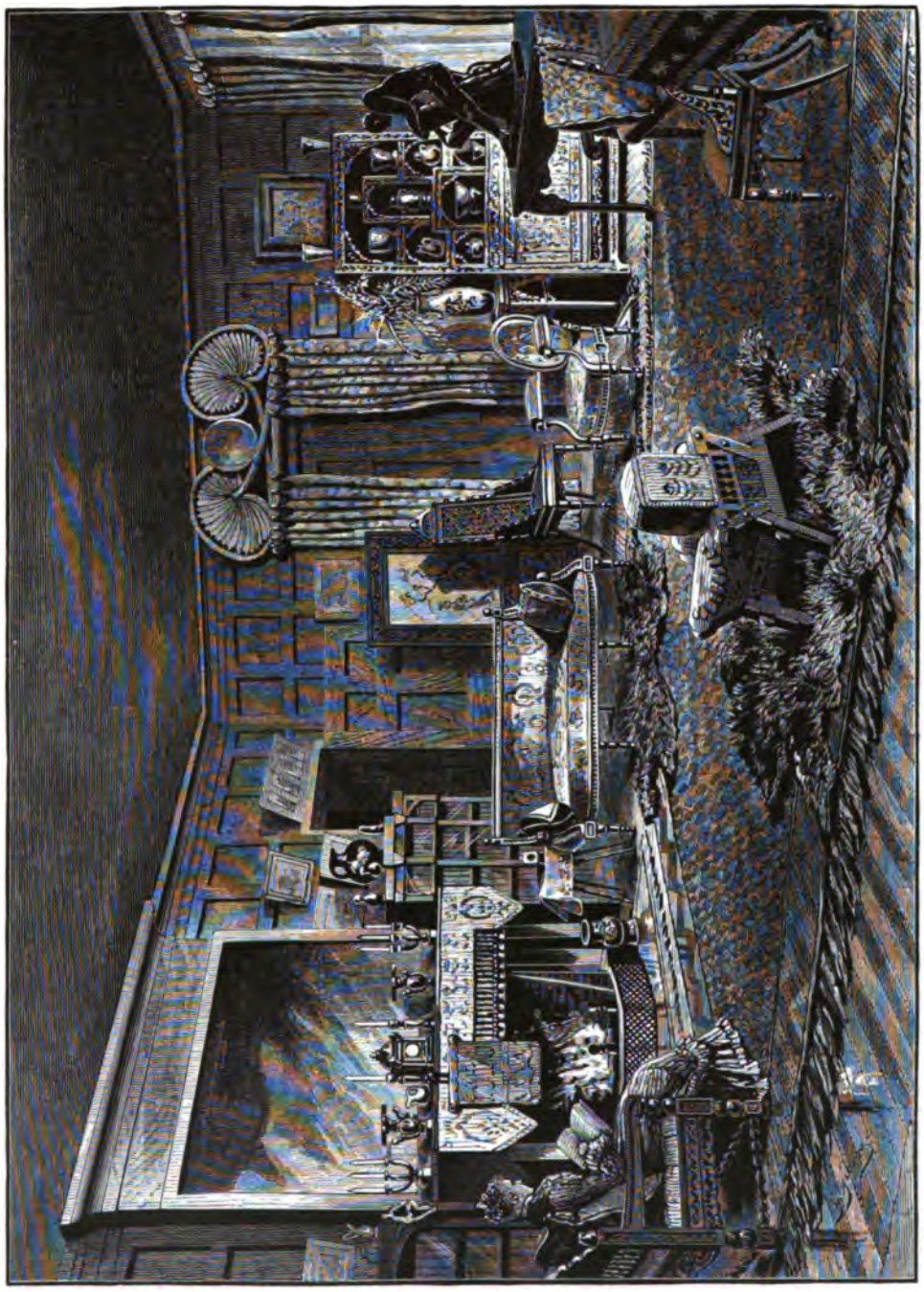
In the library of his Morrisania home (the floor of which is parquet imported from France, as indeed are all the floors of the mansion) may be seen the desk at which he wrote his letters and dispatches during the Reign of Terror; also the secret drawer where he deposited the seven hundred and forty-eight thousand livres which the poor weak King sent him to aid in the Monciel scheme for the project of removing the royal family from Paris—money which did no good to the depositors, and which must have been an inconvenient charge to the Minister. We find him later paying back the money left in his hands to the unhappy Duchess d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI.—she who bore in her sad face until death the marks of indelible grief. This fine old desk is of mahogany, dark with age, and is brass-bound. It is said to have been a present to Mr. Morris from some of the royal family whom he so well served. There are three or four other pieces of furniture of the same date and history. The old desk leads now a luxurious and tranquil existence in the midst of quiet domestic bliss, serving the lady of the house, silently, as she writes her graceful notes of invitation or of friendship, as it did her grandfather when he wrote letters of encouragement and helpful sympathy to a queen, besought Austria to relieve Lafayette from the horrors of Olmütz, defended himself against the intrigues of Tom Paine, corresponded with the Bishop d'Autun, Madame de Staël, or the Duchess of Orleans, wrote those rose-colored epistles, no doubt, which belong to one side of the character of this pleasure-loving, gallant, gay man, who followed out Luther's motto amid his full career of usefulness; and where he recorded the sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution, until even his beloved journal had to be given up; and he wrote at this same desk these words: "The situation of things is such that, to continue this journal would compromise many people, unless I go on as I have

done since the end of August, in which case it must be insipid and useless. I prefer, therefore, the more simple measure of putting an end to it."

The library is wainscoted and ceiled with Dutch cherry panels, also imported, and was in the early days hung with white-and-gold tapestry, like Marie Antoinette's boudoir at Versailles—tapestry which has long ago succumbed to "Chronos' iron tooth." A deep bay-window commands the sunset, and modern taste has hung a Chinese lantern in the window, indicative of that march toward the East which humanity is always making. This lantern, with the prehistoric dragon, and the curious reversed perspective of the Chinese, the circled emblem of the serpent, with his tail in his mouth—all is suggestive of philosophical reflection; it seems to say, "So do we go back whence we came, nor pause except for a moment to think over even the French Revolution, but as one of the hideous and bloody tints which the monster shows as he slowly creeps away."

The reception-room, twenty-two by thirty, and fourteen feet high, is also a paneled room, with mirrors built into the wall in true French style. Here stands a gilt sofa which might have come from Versailles—rumor has it that it was given by Marie Antoinette to Mr. Morris; chairs of the same set accompany it. It is recovered with a modern tapestry, which records the taste, although it can not equal the magnificence of white silk, embroidered in gold, which originally covered it. The modern Eastlake judicious restorations have kept much that was good in this fine old room; have respected the memories of 1789; but have added the freshness and comfort of to-day. Morrisania is very fortunate in its present ownership; the furniture, and tapestries, and bronzes, and china, do not miss the fairy fingers of a queen and her court, nor decay in uncongenial solitudes. These *meubles* play their part as well in the republican simplicity of our new land as their owner once played his in the fastidious circles of an hereditary nobility. Like him, they are sincere—all that they pretend to be.

Of his house at Sainport in France, where he lived during his ambassadorship, and whither he had retired to escape the horrors of the Revolution and the disorders of the capital, Morris writes this interesting description: "My prospect is rural, not extensive. At a mile and a half on the southwest are the ruins of baths which once belonged to the fair Gabrielle, favorite mistress



Reception-Room, 'Old Morrisania."

of Henry IV., and at half of that distance, in the opposite direction, stands on a high plain the magnificent pavilion built by Bouret, who is here called an *homme de finance.* He expended on that building and its gardens about half a million sterling, and, after squandering in the whole about two millions sterling, he put himself to death because he had nothing to live on. I think you will acknowledge that the objects just mentioned are well calculated to show the vanity of human pursuits and possessions."

Morris made no such mistake at Morrisania; his expenditures were judicious, within the means of a now ample fortune gained by his own intelligence and industry. His biographer says: "Nature had fully accomplished her part in affording him one of the finest sites in the world, embracing a beautiful variety of grounds, a prospect of intermingled islands and waters, and in the distance the changing tints of Long Island Sound. The plan of his house conformed to a French model, and, though spacious and well contrived, was suited rather for convenience and perhaps splendor within than for a show of architectural magnificence without." The house was afterward improved by Morris's son, who succeeded him, and its present appearance is much more picturesque than it was when Morris left it; according to a print in the possession of the family, it then had a square and rather barren look.

Morris wrote to Madame de Staël, who proposed visiting this country: "As soon as you arrive you will come to Morrisania, partake what our dairy affords, and refresh yourself. In the beginning of July you shall set out to visit your lands and the interior country, and return by the middle of September to repose after your fatigues, to gather peaches, take walks, make verses, romances; *in a word, to do what you please.*"

That last phrase shows that Morris was a model host; indeed, contemporaneous history speaks of the boundless and elegant hospitality of this house, a character which it has never lost for an hour since. But, accepting a position as Senator of New York, he was obliged to leave his delightful American-French château to reside for a time in Washington.

He writes the following humorous accounts of life in our new capital in 1800 to his illustrious friend the Princess de la Tour and Taxis: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect, for we can walk

here as if in the fields and woods, and, considering the hard frost, the air of the city is very pure. I enjoy more of it than anybody else, for my room is filled with smoke whenever the door is shut. If, then, you are desirous of coming to live at Washington, in order to confirm you in so fine a project, I hasten to assure you that freestone is very abundant here, that excellent bricks can be burned here, that there is no want of sites for magnificent hotels; that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to this place, that the wealth which is the natural consequence must attract the fine arts hither; in short, that it is the very best city in the world for a *future* residence. As, however, I am not one of those good people whom we call *posterity*, I should like very well to remove to old Ratisbon, because I should then have the happiness of seeing *you*, and of repeating to you with my own lips the assurances of my respect and attachment."

At Morrisania were received the French princes Louis Philippe and his brothers, whom the generous-hearted Minister had aided with loans from his private funds. Every distinguished stranger who came to America was received at Morrisania. Morris writes to Madame de Damas in 1809: "I can walk three leagues if the weather is fine and the road not rough. My employment is to labor for myself a little, for others more; to receive much company, and forget half those who come. I think of public affairs a little, read a little, play a little, and sleep a great deal. With good air, a good cook, fine water and wine, a good constitution, and a clear conscience, I descend gradually toward the grave, full of gratitude to the Giver of all good."

"A good cook" was ever a necessity with this man, who knew how to live; and we see in his dining-room at Morrisania full preparations for the great event of each day—dinner. This room is of singular shape—a half octagon, paneled, like the rest of the house, in dark wood. It commands a beautiful prospect of river and sound. It is hung with family portraits, and possesses one of those records of his early Revolutionary experience in both countries—a *dumb waiter*, such as was placed near each guest, that the servants should not be admitted to overhear the conversation. At the age of sixty-four Mr. Morris married a lady with the beautiful name of Annie Carey Randolph, who became the mother of his only son. In 1816 he died calmly, cheerfully, bravely, as he had lived. His remains were interred on his own estate at Morrisania.

The mansion at Morrisania to-day stands amid fine old trees; a circle of elms of great beauty and height forms an attractive group from the front entrance. Curious, gnarled, old cherry-trees produce excellent subjects for the pencil of the artist; a perfect lawn, green until snow covers it, surrounds the house. Tasteful verandas break agreeably the monotony of its gray, time-honored walls. The roof is improved by a turret which has been added since the death of Mr. Morris, but it still has its French look unimpaired.

Upon an eminence some distance inland from the Sound, surrounded by handsomely shaded grounds, and overlooking Fleetwood trotting-park, stands the residence of William H. Morris, built in the early part of this century by the late James Morris, the father of the present proprietor. The property was a portion of the Morrisania estate which belonged to Lewis, the signer of the Declaration of Independence—elder brother of Gouverneur. James was his fourth son, known in Westchester as "Sheriff Morris," from having held that office about 1820; he married Helen Van Cortlandt, the youngest of the two daughters and only children of Augustus Van Cortlandt of Cortlandt House, Lower Yonkers, who was descended through Jacobus Van Cortlandt and Eve Philipse from the Van Cortlandts and Philipses of old feudal New York. Augustus Van Cortlandt was the first cousin of Chief Justice John Jay (his mother was Frances, the sister of Peter Jay), and when the Revolution broke out was Clerk of the city of New York; remaining loyal to the crown, he was obliged to make sudden choice between ignominious flight or prison fare; and, until he could reach the British army on Staten Island, was concealed for a considerable time, writes Judge Thomas Jones, in the cow-house of a Dutch farmer at Bedford, Long Island, the conscientious man (Lefferts) going backward when he carried him his meals, that in case of necessity he might safely swear that he had not seen him.

When James Morris was about to build this great, square, elegant mansion, he submitted the plan of it to Peter Jay Munro, the celebrated lawyer, who was a near relative of Mrs. Morris, asking him to examine it carefully and give his opinion. Munro noticed that Morris had left no place for stairs to the second story and called his attention to the fact. "By G—! I never thought of that," was his quick rejoinder. It was an instance of the vein of whimsicality



Residence of William H. Morris.

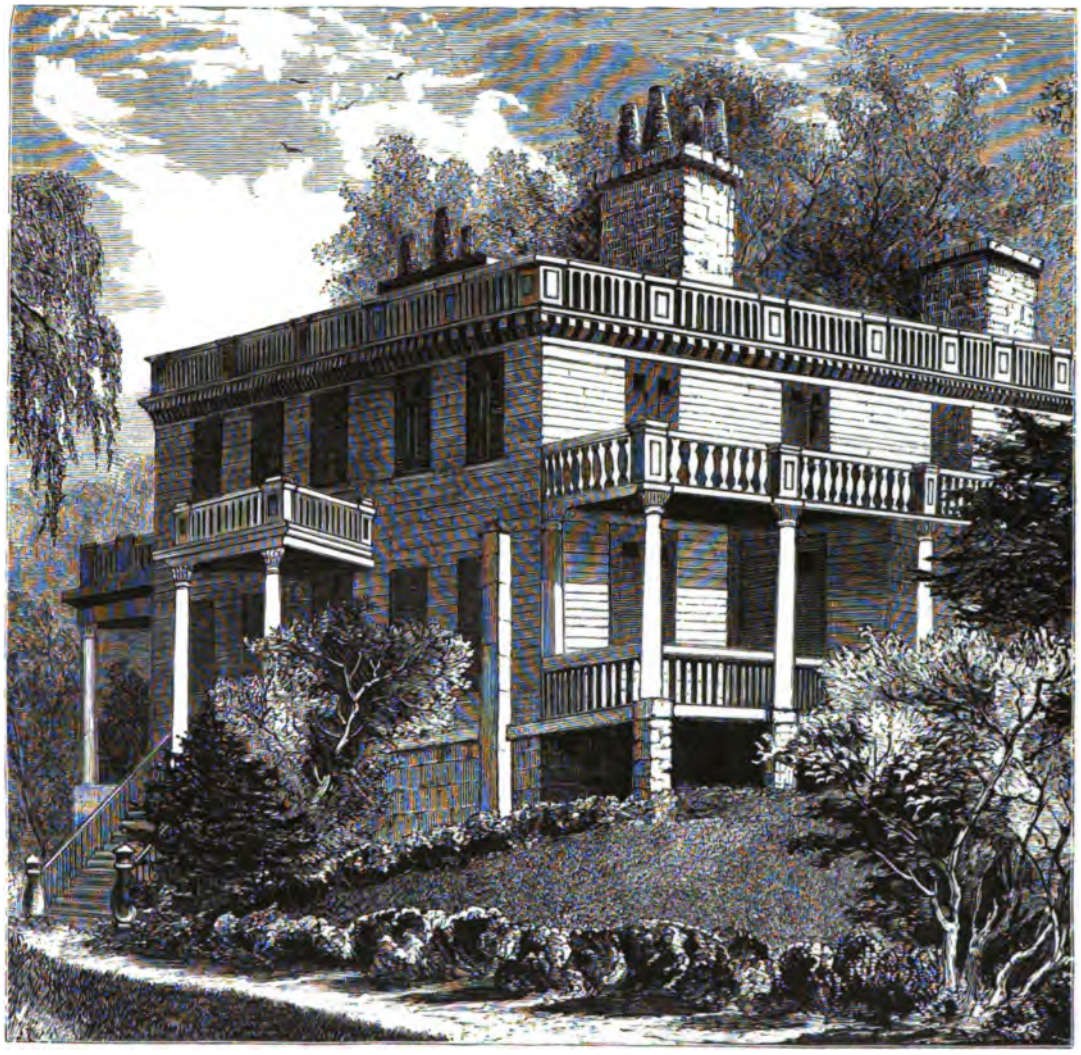
which crops out occasionally in the Morrises even to this day. It is superfluous to add that the house was graciously accorded the regulation staircase. It was finished in the most approved manner, and has ever been one of the substantial homes of affluence and luxurious comfort which abound plentifully within easy distance of the metropolis.

While Gouverneur Morris was building his home in Morrisania, Alexander Hamilton was planning and projecting a country seat on the upper part of Manhattan Island, which he called "The Grange," from the ancestral seat of his grandfather in Ayrshire, Scotland. The house is situated upon an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above and about half way between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, on what is now known as Washington Heights. It commands, through vistas, delightful views of Harlem River and Plains, East River, Long Island, and the fertile fields of Morrisania. It is just within the outer lines of the intrenchments thrown up by the Americans in 1776. At the time of its erection it was completely in the country, some eight miles north from the city limits.

Hamilton completed and removed his family to this mansion in 1802. It stands now, in an architectural point of view, precisely as he left it on that fatal morning when he went to Weehawken to meet Aaron Burr, with the exception of the wear of Time's bleak winds for three fourths of a century. It is a square wooden structure of two stories, with large, roomy basement, ornamental balustrades, and immense chimney-stacks. The timber for the house is said to have been a present from Mrs. Hamilton's father, General Philip Schuyler, whose Albany home has been illustrated on a former page. It is constructed in a style befitting the character of the illustrious man who was to dwell under its broad roof, its rooms spacious and numerous, and its workmanship solid and substantial. The doors of the drawing-rooms were mirrors; and until recently a quaint, old-fashioned, round dining-table, which was made for the dining-room by order of Hamilton, has remained as one of the fixtures of the house.

While living here Hamilton generally drove to and from the city in a two-wheeled carriage with a single horse. His family consisted of his wife, five sons, two daughters, and a young lady, the orphan daughter of an officer

who was killed in the Revolutionary war; this young lady was educated and treated in all respects as his own daughter. He took great pride in his home, and devoted much time to its embellishment. He attended personally to the



"The Grange," Residence of Alexander Hamilton.

arrangement of the grounds, the planting of flowers, of shrubbery, and of trees.

One of the most remarkable features of the place is a grove of thirteen



Thirteen "Union" Trees planted by Hamilton.

majestic gum-trees which General Hamilton planted with his own hand on the lawn a few rods from the mansion, about a year before his death. These trees were to symbolize the thirteen original States of the Union, and were named after them respectively.

"The Grange" was the residence of Hamilton's family for some years after his death, but it finally passed into other hands. William G. Ward became its owner in 1845, and since his death it has been in the possession of his heirs. It has stood vacant, often for many seasons in succession, and in the mean time the city has been creeping up and around it, and the whole face of Manhattan Island changed.

And yet one can hardly contemplate this touching relic of the soldier, statesman, and jurist—whose career is perhaps better known to the people of to-day than that of any other man save Washington, and whose fame is identified with the beginnings of our republic—without seeing, through the mind's eye, the slight, erect figure, with well-poised head, powdered hair thrown back from a fine forehead and collected in a club behind, fair complexion and flushed cheeks, his singularly expressive features sometimes grave and thoughtful, and again lighted with intelligence and sweetness. His genius for the solution of financial problems was exceptional; and there were point and originality in his views, and electricity in his movements. He belongs to the history, the science, and the art of government, and his position is established by the universal verdict of mankind. He came to America in the crisis of our affairs, bringing from the Antilles the Scotch strength of his father and the French vivacity of his mother, the blood and brain of two mighty races; and, when our Constitution went into effect, was called to the chief control of the Treasury, his practical management establishing the national credit. As an individual he probably inspired warmer attachments among his friends and more bitter hatred in his foes than any other man in American history.

The home of the Adamses, father, son, and grandson—John Adams and John Quincy Adams, the two Presidents of the nation, and Charles Francis Adams, who occupies the mansion at the present writing as a summer residence—embodies several distinct periods. It came into the possession of the Adams family immediately after the Revolution. It was built much earlier by a rich English planter who had made a fortune in Jamaica, but the changes and additions have been so many and various that it would be somewhat difficult to point out the original structure.

John Adams was at the Court of St. James as the first Minister from the new Government of the United States when his agent purchased this house. Returning from his residence abroad he took up his abode within its walls, subjecting it to many alterations in accordance with his cultivated taste. From here he went to take his place, first as Vice-President, then as President, of the Union. And in one of the rooms of this dwelling the great statesman, who possessed the grand historical sense which sees civilization in its continuity as

well as the combination of its laws and forces, passed away at the age of ninety-two, just fifty years to a day after he had signed the Declaration of Independence, and forty-three years after he had affixed his signature to the definitive treaty of peace with England.

This apartment is preserved in the same condition in which it was left by him. The bedstead is an old-time, massive, four-post article of furniture, with curiously carved legs, an importation from Holland.

The mansion descended naturally to his son John Quincy Adams, who made further additions and improvements. Among the many portraits which adorn the rooms is one of this second President Adams, by Copley, painted in England when the subject was a young man of twenty. The coloring is superb. There is another portrait of the same, painted by Stuart, at a later date, as also the well-known Stuart portraits of the first President Adams and his wife Abigail Adams, and many others of exceptional merit.

There is a portrait here of Washington in military garb, by Edward Savage, a painter little known in this country. Samuel A. Drake writes of the picture, "it possesses but little merit beyond that of being an undoubted likeness, as attested by John Adams; but the artist had no genius for coloring, nor for those touches that put life into a face. Another portrait, of Lady Washington, by the same hand, with a head-dress 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' hangs beside that of the General. Savage was in this country about 1791. He also painted General Knox, and engraved copies of this work on copperplate."

One of the apartments of the house is wainscoted from floor to ceiling with mahogany which has aged into a deep rich color harmonizing with the pictured tiles, fire-irons, and antiquated furniture. The great, cheerful, deep fireplaces are suggestive of bygones; nearly all the famous men identified with the early life of our nation must have discussed events within the circle of their light and hospitable warmth.

John Quincy Adams died, like Pitt, in harness. He was a man of extraordinary physical and intellectual vigor. He was an early riser, taking long walks before other people were astir. His studies for the day were usually finished before he took his breakfast. He wrote and talked admirably. When he was Minister at Berlin he wrote the "Letters on Silesia," published in London in 1804, from which Carlyle quotes in his "Frederick." The day before



The Adams Homestead.

his last illness he composed a piece of poetry to a young lady of Springfield. His letters to his sister were models in beauty of thought and expression; and his conversation was fascinating and instructive to a degree which few men have equaled. Born in the day of colonial vassalage, he lived to see his country strong and prosperous.

When stricken down on the floor of the House, he had in his hand the memorial of M. Vattemare relative to his collection. The House was considering a joint resolution of thanks to General Twiggs and other officers of our army in Mexico. The members arose in confusion, and Mr. Adams was carried into the Speaker's room. This was the 21st of February. The Senate adjourned, on motion of Mr. Benton, as soon as the news of Mr. Adams's illness reached the chamber. Mr. Clay entered the room and held the dying man's hand a long time without speaking, while the tears rolled down his rugged face. All present were much affected. The Mexican treaty, but just arrived, was forgotten. On the 23d John Quincy Adams passed away. Daniel Webster, then a Senator, wrote the inscription for his coffin, and his remains were laid with the ashes of his ancestors in the old churchyard of Quincy.

The annals of the Adams family present some interesting coincidences. Father, son, and grandson have been Ministers to the same court. Francis Dana, who was the first envoy of the United States to St. Petersburg, accompanied the elder Adams to Paris as Secretary of Legation in 1779. John Quincy Adams was our Ambassador to the same court during the invasion by Napoleon. Charles Francis Adams passed his boyhood with his father at St. Petersburg, and was also with him in England from 1815 to 1817, and from 1861 to 1868 filled the position of Minister to England, which his father and grandfather had done before him.

The library of the elder Adams was given by him to the town of Quincy, thus founding the Adams Academy. He also gave the lot on which it stands, on condition that the institution should be erected on the site of the birthplace of the two Quincys and John Hancock.

A wing or separate building of stone has been added to the house by Charles Francis Adams as a library for the reception of his father's valuable books and manuscripts. The shelves are filled from floor to ceiling with priceless treasures. The busy pen of the statesman and man of letters has produced many stout volumes from this storehouse, which are welcome to all Americans.

The house is as deep as it is long; its rooms are numerous as well as spacious, and its hall of entrance is wide and attractive. There is an air of substantial comfort about the whole place It stands on a gentle elevation to the

right of the railway-track approaching Quincy from Boston. It is shaded by a broad veranda, and surrounded by fine old oaks and elms, with a turfy lawn descending from the rear of the dwelling by a natural slope to a brook which courses along under the willows and down to the sea.

A charming combination of the antique and modern in domestic architecture, and a home which appeals directly to the sense of the beautiful, is that of the late William Cullen Bryant at Roslyn, Long Island. It is set within a nook of exquisite loveliness upon the hilly shore of Hempstead Bay; and the mansion, gardens, grounds, and distant fields, all show how perfectly nature and art may be wedded in one harmonious whole. Cedarmere is like the finished and impressive poems of its master.

The house is nearly a century old, having been built by a Quaker in 1787. Mr. Bryant purchased the property about thirty-three years ago, and it has since undergone great transformations. It is a large, square structure, with the old-fashioned gable-roof, modern bay-windows, attractive verandas, and antique balconies. It is so embowered with handsome, rare, and stately trees, and so artistically ornamented with honeysuckle, codea, clematis, and other aspiring vines, that but a mere suggestion of its style can be obtained from the approach.

The entrance is in the center, and a broad hall lined with choice pictures extends quite to the rear of the building, where a quaint, old-time door, cut open in the middle, leads to a smooth, velvety lawn, decorated with mounds of bright-colored flowers. The staircase is of the pattern in vogue before the Revolution, and teems with historic associations.

The parlor, a large, restful apartment, with two graceful bay-windows commanding a long stretch of out-of-door beauties, is upon the left, and the dining-room upon the right of the entrance. In the former are two ancient cabinets built deep into the wall, one upon each side of an antiquarian fireplace, with tiled jams, brass andirons, and massive hearthstone; they contain valuable curiosities and interesting heirlooms, which are treasured with scrupulous care. The furniture is so tastefully blended that no one feature stands out prominently before the mind; but the soft cushions, dressed in cool chintz, the fine paintings and engravings, and fresh-cut flowers, declare the perfect embodiment

of personal comfort and the refinement of high culture. The appointments of the dining-room are in the same rare good taste. Pictures and books and flowers occupy every spare place, and seem exactly fitted to the space they occupy. A broad bay-window overlooks a magnificent rhododendron, and a bit of bewitching landscape beyond, while a smaller window upon the eastern side reveals glimpses of a leafy and picturesque hillside.

The poet's library and study-room is in the northwestern corner of the mansion. It is separated from the parlor by an immense forefatherly chimney. The original fireplace has disappeared in favor of a patent fire-frame, where curling flames dance merrily in chilly weather; but the Dutch tiles, with their Scriptural references, remain. The room is of the same size as the parlor, and it has two bay-windows courting the sunshine and the magnolia-shades, with patches of water-prospect, and romantic and wooded undulations upon the opposite side of the bay. The entire walls to the ceiling are lined with books. Nearly all that genius has created or industry achieved in the way of letters has found its way to these shelves. A large library-table occupies the center of the room, and is strewed with periodicals and literary novelties. In the western bay-window stands a small writing-desk, which, like the pen of the poet and the scholar, seems to have caught inspiration from the ceaseless hum of rustling foliage and the poesy of birds. Pictures and choice engravings upon easels, coaxing arm chairs, and brilliant rugs, add to the subtile charms of this incomparable room, from which has emanated so much of the best thought in our language.

The upper rooms are large and luxurious, and nearly all of them open upon balconies, commanding views which are a perpetual fascination. Of the guest-chamber, directly over the library, a recent writer has drawn this brief picture: "Easy-chairs and sofas, curtains in daintiest chintz, matching the oak furniture, which appear to be the spontaneous product of the carpet, a little bookcase filled, a table before it with inkstand and fancy pen-wiper, and works of art."

The chief glory of Cedarmere, however, is in its grounds and surroundings. From the house no fences or boundaries can be seen, only vistas of exceeding beauty reaching off to where the trees and mountains seem to come together, or the water dwindles to a point bridged with overhanging foliage.

A fanciful, artificial lake glimmers from below the house, between which



Cedarmere, Summer Residence of William Cullen Bryant.

and the bay an irregular embankment has been constructed, which is filled with trees and shrubbery. The Quaker proprietor of Cedarmere, many years ago, gathered the hill-side springs into this basin for the practical purpose of running a small manufacturing establishment, little dreaming that it would be converted into a "joy for ever" to the admiring eye. The garden, spreading over an acre, or possibly two, is disposed along the slope between the house and the bay, and is encircled on all sides by grand old trees and luxuriant shrubs. It is filled with the choicest specimens of floral culture. Here and there fruit-trees of gentle birth and foreign lineage, such as the persimmon, the Portuguese quince, the Chickasaw plum, and the Chinese sand-pear, which decline the associations of a common orchard, flourish in haughty isolation without casting ever a grim shadow among the flowers. Grapes abound. In the lower part of the garden seven or eight varieties are cultivated under glass, and there are at least ten other varieties in different places.

Mr. Bryant was a skilled horticulturist, and in his various and extensive travels never omitted an opportunity of securing the products of other climes, and experimenting upon their culture at Cedarmere. As a natural result, the garden itself is a remarkable and instructive botanical cyclopædia, as well as a continual artistic surprise.

On the southern edge of an extensive and well-regulated strawberry-patch, near the foot of the slope, is a unique little mill which contains saws and machinery, with power to force water into a reservoir upon the top of the hill. It is nestled in shrubbery and oppressed with vines, and has the outward appearance of a summer-house.

The trees of Cedarmere, to do them justice, would require a special article to themselves. Like the plants, they have been brought from all quarters of the globe. They present a curious combination of natural wildness with artificial planting. Not far from the house stands a Turkish oak, indigenous in the islands of the Archipelago and throughout Greece; and by its side, as if jealous of so much foreign arrogance, sulks an old American oak, with a head broader than the height of its trunk; in the immediate vicinity another member of the oak family offers leaves destitute of flexible points or bristles. In the remote boundaries of Cedarmere are some gigantic natives of hoary age. A huge black walnut, for instance, is some twenty-five feet in circumference,

and about one hundred and eighty feet high. It is supposed to be at least one hundred and seventy years old. It has several branches equal in size to giant trees. Along the road to Glen Cove, Mr. Bryant formed a sort of belt to his property by planting several thousand European larches—similar to the American hackmatack. One high point of land overlooks even many of the trees, and from it is obtained a magnificent view of the Sound seven miles distant, with the village of the Methodist camping-ground in the intervening space.

It is a walk of miles to visit the various points of interest with which Cedarmere abounds. Cottages, pretty and picturesque, spring upon the rambler from the most unexpected quarters, each presenting a different phase of architecture. There are some eight or ten, all of Mr. Bryant's building, and designed for members of his family or personal friends. The handsome dwelling of Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, is just to the north of the one illustrated, hedged in by weeping-willows and stately elms. Fruit, shade, ornamental, and forest trees are in every part of this vast domain; standing singly, standing in rows, standing in clusters, as if they had been distributed through some convulsion of the elements, without order or method. And yet the most consummate method is discernible in their arrangement. They become a study the moment it is remembered that the hand of the poet himself planted the greater part of them. And they acquire a sacred charm through the knowledge that under their shade the gifted Bryant drew inspiration for some of his noblest works.

Within the classic shades of old Cambridge, Massachusetts—

> "Somewhat back from the village street,
> Stands the old-fashioned country seat"—

the home to which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow so pleasantly alludes in his pretty domestic poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs." It is a great, square, substantial, unpretending, two-story structure, with a front of some fifty feet in width, overlooking the placid river Charles, as it winds through a meadow, one fourth of a mile distant. Upon both sides of the edifice are spacious covered piazzas, where guests may loiter in the hot summer days, inhaling poetry from the sun-charged air as perfumes are breathed from floral gardens. The house



Home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

is situated about half a mile west of the university for which Cambridge is noted, in the center of a plot of some ten acres of ground. On either side of the walk from the gate is a closely trimmed lawn, and on the sides and in the rear of the mansion are clumps of tall, wide-spreading elms, with lilac and other bushes and shrubs scattered here and there near the

boundaries. Admitted to the entrance-hall, your eye lights directly upon the antique, massive staircase, with the clock upon the landing, as shown in the sketch, and your mind runs naturally into the rhythm of your host:

> "And from its station in the hall,
> An ancient timepiece says to all,
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'"

The library is a long, spacious room upon the main floor, filled with handsome bookcases, one of which is located between two Corinthian columns at the end of the apartment, and all are teeming with wealth of various lore. A few shelves contain strictly literary curiosities; and evidences of taste and scholarship are upon every side. A small table by the window which opens upon the garden is the customary seat of the poet. The connecting room in front—the smaller of the two rooms—is more distinctively the "study" of Mr. Longfellow, and it is also the favorite resort of the family circle in winter. It is a repository for books as well as the library, and is strewed with the graceful detail of an elegant household. Upon its walls hang crayon portraits of Emerson, Sumner, Lowell, and Hawthorne.

This "study" possesses a charm over all the other rooms of the mansion from having been used as the dining-room of Washington for nine months, when this mansion was his residence during the siege, prior to driving the British out of Boston in March, 1776. The apartment in the rear (now the library) was his council-room and private sitting-room, and from here he sent forth every morning his orders for the day. The room directly above the study was his bedchamber. When Mrs. Washington arrived she converted the spacious drawing-rooms, which had already been the scene of innumerable receptions and old-time banquets, to cheerful and constant usage. Sixty or more years later, the poet, coming into possession of the house, embalmed with dainty verse its historic memories:

> "Once—ah, once!—within these walls,
> One whom memory oft recalls,
> The Father of his Country dwelt,

And yonder meadows, broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room,
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

The precise age of this interesting mansion is not known. It was generously built by Colonel John Vassal, a colonial aristocrat, some years before the Revolution, although it has since been enlarged. Vassal had made a fortune in the West India trade, and married the daughter of the rich Isaac Royall before consigning himself to Cambridge, domestic felicity, and the exercise of a lordly and generous hospitality. After his death and burial, with due pomp, in the churchyard, where his moss-grown tombstone may still be seen, his son reigned in his stead. The latter was living upon the estate in a grand style when the war rendered the vicinity of Boston dangerous for the devotees of royalty, and he hastily closed his house and left the country. The Massachusetts colony promptly confiscated the property, and assigned the residence to Washington for several months.

With the return of peace the house fell into the hands of Thomas Tracy, a personage who was notable for lavish expenditure, and banquets at which a hundred guests were seated. He was the owner of ships, and sent privateers scouring the ocean for golden sands. He came to grief at last, and no more vessels anchored in Boston Bay laden with riches from every zone. Servants drank no more costly wines from carved pitchers, and the light of the pretty illumination upon this one chapter in the history of the house was completely extinguished. Joseph Lee, the brother of Mrs. Tracy, afterward dwelt here for a long period, and then the property was bought by Andrew Craigie, apothecary-general of the army. He was a man of social tastes, and liberal while his money lasted. He enlarged and repaired the mansion, built a bridge over the Charles River, constructed a summer-house and an aqueduct—both of which have disappeared—and gave dinner-parties every Saturday, on one occasion,

according to tradition, entertaining Talleyrand. He failed, and after him Mrs. Craigie, wishing to retain the mansion, let rooms. Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Willard Phillips, and Worcester, the gentle and genial lexicographer, were among her lodgers. Here came Longfellow soon after his second European visit and his appointment to a professorship in Harvard College, and was shortly quartered snugly in the historical chamber over the "study," in which he wrote "Hyperion" in 1838–'39. In 1843 he purchased the property, and has ever since resided in the stately old dwelling. It is consecrated, as it were, to the delicate rendering of universal emotions through the little facts of life strung into fitting measures for the exquisite music of the soul. Thus with its antiquity, its legends and its lore, its romance, its history, and its poesy, the home of Longfellow is one of the most precious gems in the galaxy, and will ever hold a prominent place in the great American heart.

"Elmwood," the residence of James Russell Lowell, is not far from that of Longfellow. It stands on gently rising ground a considerable distance back from the avenue, and has such a snug and dreamy air that it looks even more like the ideal abode of reverie and poetry than its neighbor. It was built over a century ago by Thomas Oliver, the last royal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, a man of letters, courteous, affable, and of large, amiable nature, as denoted by his design of what was then esteemed the finest mansion in the neighborhood of Boston. It is substantial, square, roomy, aristocratic-looking, and a fine example of the type of domestic architecture which flourished in many portions of New England and New York during the half century immediately following. A miniature forest is scattered about the lawn, consisting of noble elms, fruit-trees, and choice shrubs; so thickly, indeed, is the place hemmed in during the summer that the mansion can scarcely be discerned from the street. A high gate leads to a long, broad walk, bordered on both sides by shrubs and flowers; and at the back and on either side of the house are orchards, gardens, and shrubberies. The grounds comprise about thirteen acres, and adjoin Mount Auburn Cemetery upon one side.

In this house Lowell was born, and here he has always lived. Never was poet more lovingly content with his home. He has sung its praises in some of his most captivating strains. Like Longfellow, he catches from his windows

charming glimpses of the river Charles across the marshes, which inspired the lines—

"Below, the Charles—a strip of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out at his next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

Approaching the house by the broad walk, a very tall and ancient elm is passed—the pride of the poet, the centennial of which he has thus quaintly celebrated in verse:

"And one tall elm, this hundredth year,
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who, with an annual ring, doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows, with his palatial mass,
The deep canal of flowing grass,
Where glow the dandelions sparse,
For shadows of Italian stars."

Broad stone steps lead to the portal, within which is a glass door, giving a glimpse of the cozy hall beyond. The interior of "Elmwood" has all the old-fashioned elegance and air of comfort to be found in houses of its age and style. On the right is the drawing-room, furnished in the solid and rich fashion of the last century, and with many ornaments chosen with a poet's taste. Passing along the hall to the rear, Lowell's study and favorite "den" is reached on the left. It is a fascinating room, with its great, open fireplace and spacious chimney, where enormous logs blaze on winter nights; its windows shaded, and looking out upon the flowers and plants; its bronzes, vases, relics of the war, and many literary and artistic curiosities; its air of confusion; its tables and writing-desks littered with books, papers, pamphlets, meerschaum-pipes, pens, and little conveniences; its large easy-chair, from which many an eloquent discourse has proceeded to familiar friends on politics, letters, and art; and its book-shelves, choked up with rich and various lore. Another smaller



"Elmwood," Residence of James Russell Lowell.

study opens from this, with desks, books, and portraits—a room but little used.

The pictures which Lowell has woven into the texture of his minstrelsy have been drawn directly from Nature. His descriptions of scenery are full of local coloring, as in his "Indian Summer Reverie" he portrays the gay and careless tanglement of shrubbery just by his house:

"O'er yon low wall, which guards our unkempt zone,
Where vines, and weeds, and scrub-oaks intertwine
Safe from the plow, whose rough, discordant stone
Is massed to one soft gray by lichens fine,
The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves;
Hard by, with coral beads, the prim black-alders shine."

The ancestors of Lowell were among the most eminent of the early settlers of New England. The founder of the Lowell family in Massachusetts was Percival Lowell, who settled in Newbury in 1639. Hon. John Lowell, the poet's grandfather, was a lawyer, member of Congress, and one of the framers of the State Constitution. Rev. Charles Lowell, the poet's father, the distinguished divine who preached in Boston for half a century, purchased "Elmwood" of the famous Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and Vice-President of the United States, whose residence it had been for many years. It was this clerical author who refitted and restored the house, making numerous important additions, and planting many of the stately elms from which the estate has been named. The poet was named after his father's maternal grandfather, Judge James Russell.

The plain, square, white dwelling of Ralph Waldo Emerson, purchased by him in 1835, is of a similar antique pattern, although erected many years later than that of James Russell Lowell. Situated in Concord, Massachusetts, one hour's railroad ride from Boston, and scarcely ten miles from the university at Cambridge, encircled with rural beauties, it lifts its venerable head like a severe, unimaginative picket guard, invested with a city rather than a country air. A thick grove of pine- and fir-trees almost brush with their branches the panes of glass in the library-windows. Upon one side of the house is a smooth lawn upon which a graceful rustic summer-house long stood, the handicraft of Amos Bronson Alcott; upon the other is an ample pear- and apple-orchard; in front a row of thick-leaved horse-chestnuts flourish, now nearly half a century old; and in the rear the land slopes gently to a little streamlet which flows into the Concord River but a short distance away.

The site of the house is not historical. No legend, as far as known, ever

entwined itself about a root or a branch belonging to the estate. Concord itself enjoys the fame of having been one of the spots where the first collision occurred between the British and Americans in 1775. And an eminent figure in the history of Hawthorne's "Old Manse" is said to have checked the stream of talk while entertaining distinguished guests upon his doorstep, to answer the question of a servant:

"Into what pasture shall I turn the cow to-night?"

"Into the battle-field, Nicodemus—into the battle-field!"

But the home of Emerson has no lot or part in the Revolutionary distinction of this tranquil and attractive New England village. It stands not far from the public square, at the junction of the old Lexington turnpike and the road to Boston. Even its prospect is limited. The level, lonely pastures, the placid, curving river half sleep amid the turf and shrubbery; the quaint, old-fashioned houses, varied now and then by newer and more showy buildings; the shaded streets, the trim, unambitious gardens, the blue lake with its "depths profound," the swells or ridges of land which border the meadows and give the town from a distance the appearance of having fallen by chance among wooded hills, and the smiling fields—form a restful and heart-satisfying landscape, easily seen upon the pages of its master, though not from the windows of the mansion. And literally true are the following lines:

> ". . . . dell and crag,
> Hollow and lake, hillside and pine-arcade,
> Are touched with genius."

At the same time this snug, unpretentious, convenient, and thoroughly built country residence is the bower of the literary artist, from whatever source inspiration may be drawn, and through its charmed portals well the precious results of contemplation and poetic impulse.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is of clerical blood and birth, having had a minister for an ancestor in every successive generation for eight generations back, either on the paternal or maternal side. His grandfather, Rev. William Emerson, built the "Old Manse" a few years before the Revolution, to which he brought his bride, the daughter of his predecessor in the Concord church, Rev. Daniel Bliss. It was here that the Rev. William Emerson, of Boston, the father of



Residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ralph Waldo, was born. The latter's birthplace was Boston, in 1803, but Concord was the paradise of his boyhood, he spending much time at the "Old Manse" with his grandparents. The scenery was congenial, and his subsequent choice of a home natural. His writings have no imported flavor.

The most interesting room is the library. It is square, and gravely plain. There are no architectural bookcases, but two sides are lined to the ceiling with choice tomes arranged upon simple wooden shelves. A large fireplace, with high brass andirons, occupies one end, over which is an antique mantel supporting busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and

a curious little idol brought from the Nile. Above this hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates." In the center of the room stands a large mahogany table covered with books, and by the morocco writing-pad lies the pen which has had so great an influence for twenty-five years upon the thought of two continents. Within these study-walls have occurred many of the famous "Conversations" of Mr. Alcott, and here came Henry David Thoreau, the naturalist and scholar. He lived three years in the family of Emerson. Then he built him a little house with his own hands in the berry-pasture, alongside of Walden Pond. Emerson, Alcott, and a few others helped him raise the structure. He was known in his studious retirement as an oddity, but was appreciated by Emerson, and often welcomed in this study.

Hawthorne resorted frequently hither while dwelling in the "Old Manse"; and Margaret Fuller, William Ellery Channing, the celebrated divine, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Lord Amberley, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Higginson, George William Curtis, Bret Harte, and hundreds of others who have made for themselves world-wide reputations in poetry, art, literature, or politics, have been from time to time familiar visitors under this roof.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes: "Though Mr. Emerson is often assigned to the class of metaphysicians or philosophers, yet the actual traits of his intellect clearly rank him rather among poets or literary men." And yet, speaking of his methods and structural defects, he goes on to say: "Even in his poems, his genius is like an Æolian harp, that now gives, now willfully withholds its music; while some of his essays seem merely accidental collections of loose leaves from a note-book. Yet as one makes this criticism, one is shamed into silence by remembering many a passage of prose and verse so majestic in thought and rhythm, of quality so rare and utterance so delicious, as to form a permanent addition to the highest literature of the human race."

The home of Amos Bronson Alcott, one of the intellectual lights and striking personages of Concord, is in the immediate vicinity of that of Mr. Emerson, even as the names of the two great thinkers are inseparably associated. It is the veritable farmhouse under the hillside on the Lexington road, which Hawthorne takes as the abode of one of his heroes in "Septimius Felton." It

has long since received from the artistic hand of the ideal reformer and transcendentalist such alterations and additions as have converted the plain cottage into a picturesque home for scholarship and literature. It is cozily nestled



Residence of A. Bronson Alcott.

among beautiful elms, while orchards bloom and sweet pastures stretch away on either hand. Until recently the domain was shut off from the street by a unique rustic fence of Mr. Alcott's own construction—a kind of work of which he makes a pastime, and executes with exceptional taste and skill.

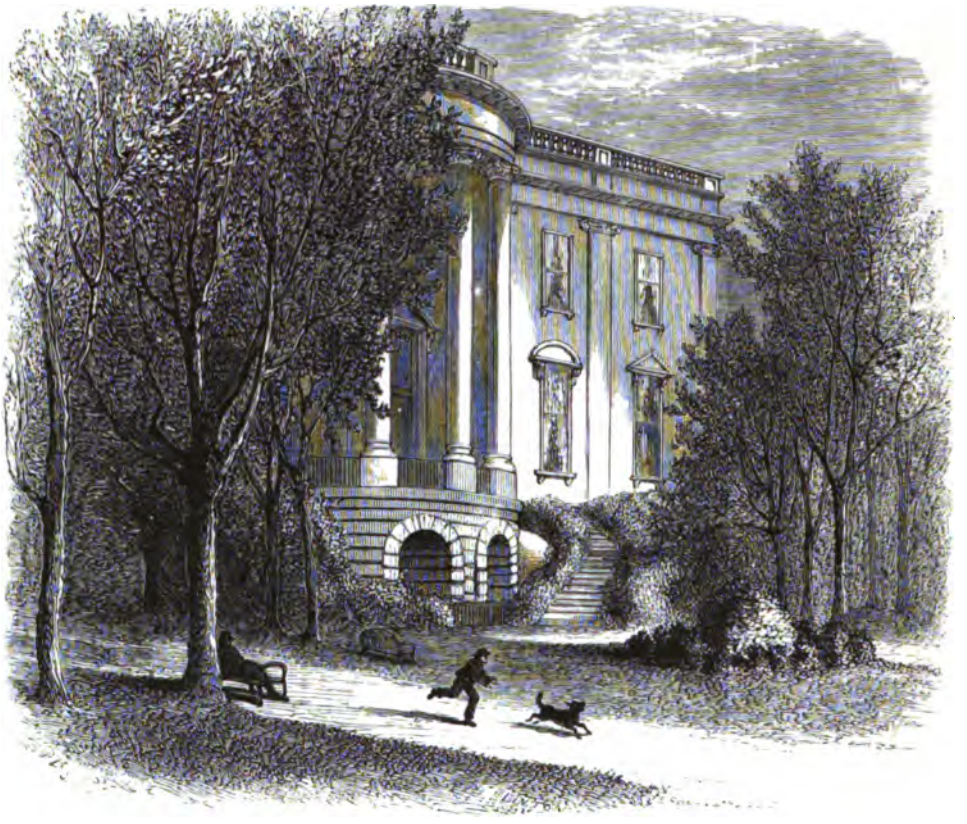
The house is low-studded but spacious, with an abundance of room. It is specially rich in odd nooks and corners, and it is ornamented and furnished in a manner which indicates the refinement and varied gifts of its occupants. The presence of an artist is revealed at a glance. It has been said of Mr. Alcott that "his best contribution to literature is his daughter Louisa," author of "Little Women" and other works which have carried her fame to the world's end; but the rising star of his younger daughter Mary in the profession of art is the secret of many of the graceful attractions of the old homestead. The prospect from the front of the house is open and pleasant: in the rear it is overtopped by the familiar pine-wood of the Concord landscape, and gentle hills and sequestered pathways afford many a charming ramble.

Mr. Alcott was born in Wolcott, Connecticut, in 1799. He says he was educated on the "Pilgrim's Progress." He borrowed the book of a neighbor, and after keeping it six months returned it—and then borrowed it again! This he did every six months until the book was given to him. His memory is unrivaled. He is chiefly distinguished for his conversational powers. He is a tall, well-proportioned, sunny old gentleman of eighty well-rounded years, with long, silvery hair, a merry twinkle in his eye, and life and animation lighting up his countenance with every new topic of discussion or disquisition.

The "White House," at Washington, the official home of the President of the United States, illustrated in our frontispiece, is a striking example of the tendency of the national taste during the early years of our republic toward the severely classical in domestic architecture. This edifice was projected, and the corner-stone laid with appropriate ceremonies, in 1792. It was destroyed by the British in 1814, and rebuilt after the original plan in 1815. It occupies the center of a twenty-acre lot situated upon an elevation forty-four feet above the level of the Potomac River, the grounds cultivated in keeping with the dignified aspect of the mansion itself. Two large gateways constitute the entrances from the avenue, and a broad drive and a foot-walk sweep in a symmetrical semicircular curve past the main portico.

It is built of white stone, and has a frontage of one hundred and seventy feet, with a depth of eighty-six feet. The grand northern portico is graced by ten massive Ionic columns, comprehending two lofty stories, and the whole

building is crowned by a stone balustrade. An outer inter-columniation for carriages to drive under enables guests to alight under shelter, and the middle space between the columns on either side of the portico is provided with a flight of steps for visitors who walk. The southern front of the house over-



Southern Front of the White House, Washington.

looks the Potomac, a portion of which is shown in the accompanying sketch; it is finished with a lofty, semicircular projecting portico with six Ionic columns resting upon a rustic basement, which being above-ground, the façade is really three stories.

The central northern door opens into a spacious entrance-hall elaborately frescoed, forty by fifty feet deep; a sash-screen divides this hall into two unequal parts. Upon the right is a small reception-room, upon the left a staircase

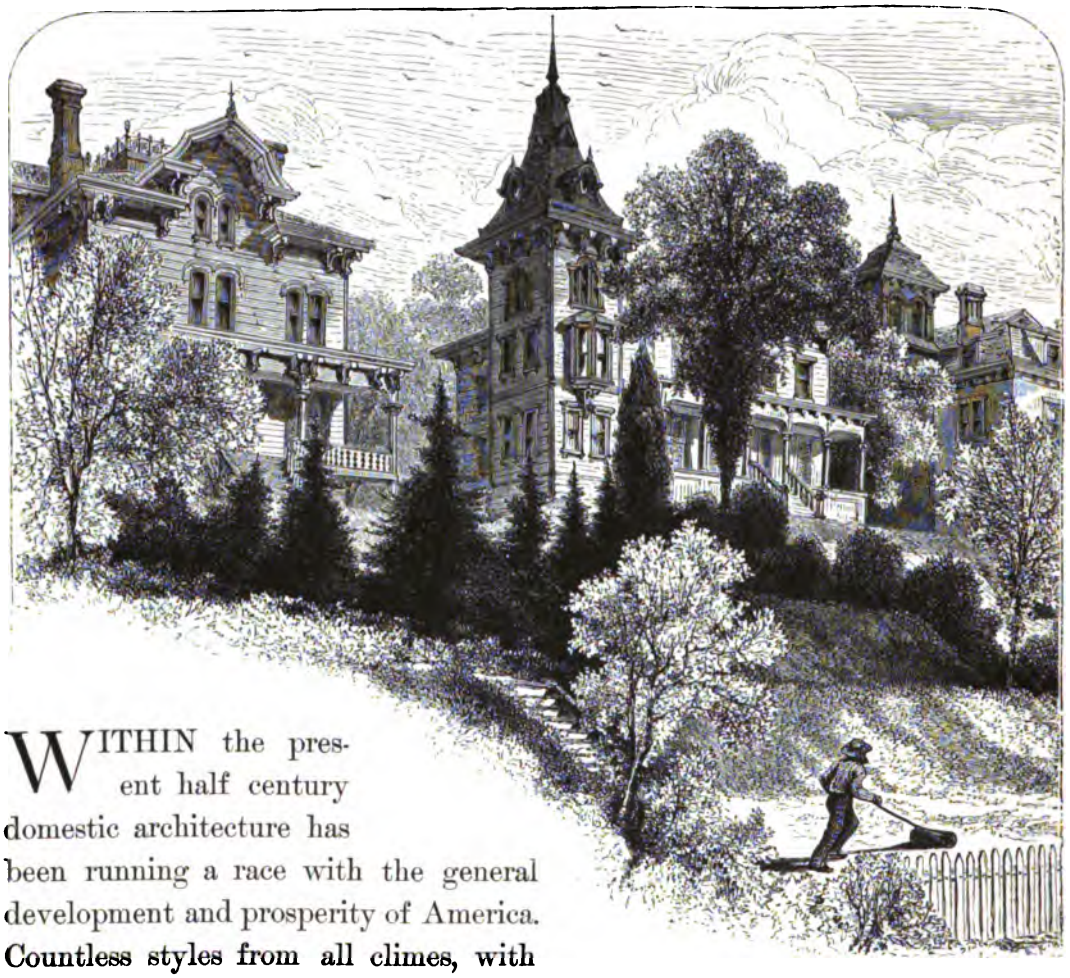
leading to the anteroom of the President. Inside the screen the hall leads directly to the famous East Room, forty by eighty feet, and twenty-two feet high, the decorations of which are of the Grecian order. The Blue Room, where the President and his wife hold public receptions, is a splendid apartment, thirty by forty feet, finished and furnished in blue and gold. The Green Room is of less size, connecting the Blue Room with the great East Room. The Red Room is the family parlor, and is located directly between the Blue Room and the State Dining-Room. The latter is a stately apartment, thirty by forty feet, with a dining-table for thirty-six covers.

The President's household occupy the second floor, with the exception of the Cabinet Room at the east end, anterooms, etc. The library is a great, cheerful apartment over the Blue Room, where intimate personal friends are entertained informally. Seven large and handsomely furnished sleeping-apartments are also upon this floor. The servants' quarters are in the commodious basement, as are also the kitchens and store-rooms. The private dining-room of the President's family is on the first floor at the right of the main entrance, just beyond the little reception-room. Its appointments are elegant and in exceptional good taste. The conservatory is connected with the southwestern part of the structure, and is reached by a passage from this floor.

When the Executive Mansion was erected, the city of Washington was invested with a courtly tone, and the new house was styled "The Palace." The flavor of royalty clung to the manners and mode of speech of the early heads of the government. Mrs. Madison was approached as "The Queen," and in her day every recognized form of etiquette was rigidly observed. Mrs. Monroe first carried into execution the custom of never returning visits. It was John Quincy Adams who, finding a social revolution imminent, drew up the formula which has ever since regulated the etiquette of the social superstructure. Mrs. Hayes in the present administration adheres strictly to the conventionalities of her station, and presides over the presidential home with unostentatious elegance and stately grace. As we study the characteristics of the home which the nation has erected for its Presidents, we seem to be brought in palpable connection with the long train of distinguished men and women who have from time to time dwelt under its broad roof.

III.

MODERN PERIOD.



WITHIN the present half century domestic architecture has been running a race with the general development and prosperity of America. Countless styles from all climes, with modifications and abbreviations, have been made subservient to the convenience and tastes of a mixed population. Cottages and villas combining the beautiful with the practical and useful in design, and as variously adorned as the idiosyncrasies of the human character, dot the length and breadth of our land. Many of these are in themselves the expression of sentiment, self-respect, and artistic culture.

One feature of the striking departure of recent years from the old-school severity of architectural form and outline is the adaptation of building to site. Beauty that is not original and independent often arises from association, as individuality is one of the cardinal principles of domestic taste. Nature has contributed largely to the embellishment of America. When a house is placed amid scenes of grandeur and sublimity with harmonious results, we are apt to attribute the complex and pleasurable emotions produced to the nature of the architecture alone. The same structure, however, denuded of its surroundings, would unquestionably lose its special charms. Not a little of the romance and poetry hovering about villa residences depends upon the accessories of vines, creepers, shrubbery, and foliage, as well as the happy fitness of architectural plan to the peculiarities of landscape. The shores of the Hudson River, "the Rhine of America," are rich with picturesque and beautiful homes which seem to have caught up and developed in outward form and in interior arrangement the very spirit of the scenery. The Palisades, a wall of solid rock twenty miles long, are graced with country-seats, one of which, constructed of stone, in quaint keeping with its granite foundation, is so arranged that the windows of every apartment command magnificent views up and down the noble river; even the staircase winding into a unique tower is agreeably varied with restful landings emphasized by oriel and balcony. The natural slope of the dizzy height is converted into a factor of the general effect, the sky-lines rising in broken forms culminating in the tower as the ground-lines descend; thus the dwelling partakes of the imposing character, as if a product, of the rugged cliffs themselves.

While the Palisades represent grandeur, the sloping hills about the Tappan Zee merge into repose. The beautiful villa of Albert Bierstadt, the great landscape artist, is situated upon an eminence overlooking this scene. It is in Irvington, twenty-four miles from New York City. It is some three fourths of a mile from the river's edge, and in the immediate foreground is Washington Irving's far-famed Sunnyside, and the homes of Moses H. Grinnell, of Philip R. Paulding—one of the finest specimens of the pointed Tudor style of domestic architecture in this country—and of many other persons of wealth, prominence, and æsthetic tastes. It is a large, substantial house, built of rough blue-

stone gneiss, crowned with towers, surrounded with galleries, and adorned with oriel-windows, at once picturesque, unusual, and sincere.



Residence of Albert Bierstadt.

Mr. Bierstadt was five years in selecting the site for his dwelling. It no doubt commands one of the best views on the Hudson, taking in, beyond the placid Tappan Zee, a landscape of hill and dale and water reaching fully thirty

miles. De Tocqueville, the political economist, during a visit to Irving, was conducted to this spot, and pronounced the view one of the finest he had ever seen in any country.

Being an artist, Mr. Bierstadt naturally built his house to paint pictures in, and one half of it is given to studio. This room is three stories in height, starting from the second floor; on the same floor is a library, separated by doors twenty feet high, curtained with striped Algerine stuff, one side of which is composed entirely of glass. When thrown together, library and studio embrace a length of seventy feet. The studio is finished in wood, with oiled pine floors. A large, cheerful fireplace, surmounted by a picture, graces one side of the room, while a gallery running across the end enables the artist to obtain distant views of his own work. The furniture is of carved oak, and the decorations chiefly from the owner's own brush.

Looking northwest from this studio, Mr. Bierstadt painted "The Home of Irving," one of his choice contributions to art, a picture subsequently purchased by the gentleman who had formerly owned and improved the site of the artist's villa. It is an autumnal scene pervaded by a deep poetic sentiment, and with much tenderness of expression. It embraces the stately trees and the ripe foliage in the near view, gradually receding to the dreamy shades of Sleepy Hollow and other points of legendary and historic interest, no single object receiving undue attention, but all blended with artistic sense, together with the shining waters of the Tappan Zee, while above and below the romantic river winds its quiet way through the narrowing valley to the blue mountains, fading into a soft mist among the Catskills. Over all the buoyant clouds float in a sky of azure, reflected in the placid Hudson with marvelous truth. The glory of the picture is in the perfect balance of its composition, and in the accuracy with which the prospect from the studio-window is transferred to the broad canvas.

Above the library, and holding the highest oriel-window, is an artist's bedroom. By an ingenious contrivance this communicates with the gallery over the studio, and a sliding door admits the occupant into the beauties of the room below. The parlors and sleeping-apartments all open upon wide verandas and balconies, from which the cultivated eye may rapturously survey Nature's great landscape-garden.

A name which we ever invoke with grateful remembrance is that of Washington Irving. He called the Hudson River his "first love," and, after many wanderings and sojournings in foreign lands, and seeming infidelities, returned to adore it above all the other rivers of the world. His choice of a home was upon the site of his boyhood's haunts, and amid the early inspirations of his muse.

Sunnyside lies hidden with jealous foliage, its open, sunlit lawn so affectionately embraced by protecting trees and shrubbery as to deny all vagrant observation. When Irving first took up his abode here, thirty-three years ago, the river-shore was not profaned by a railroad, and he was nearly alone in his picturesque seclusion; now every inch of the adjacent country is gardened and villaed, yet all so charmingly under the rose that it is like the discovering of birds' nests among the forest-leaves to pursue explorations. The absence of dividing walls, and the deceptive, elfish, winding walks and carriage-drives lead you constantly astray; while you think you are roaming over the grounds of one estate, you suddenly bring up among the flower-beds of another. The edifice is delightfully unique, and totally unlike any other home in America. Irving speaks of it as being "one of the oldest edifices for its size" in the country, "and, though of small dimensions, yet, like many small people of mighty spirit, valuing itself greatly upon its antiquity." It was a Dutch cottage which he purchased and remodeled into a captivating abode. It is cut up into odd, snug little rooms and boudoirs, according to the signs of promise from the peak-roofed and gable-ended exterior. The eastern side of the house is overgrown with ivy presented to Irving by Sir Walter Scott, of the famous stock of Melrose Abbey.

Sunnyside is like a place bewitched with thrilling memories of great and gallant deeds, and with the enchantment of song and story. The legends so gracefully woven about every striking feature of the lovely scene, overflow with quaint humor, harmless superstition, and pensive sentiment. Irving's pen-portraiture of the peaceful valley, whether in weird fiction or poetic history, is as singularly truthful as the brush of Albert Bierstadt. The whole bias of Irving's genius was artistic, and the color thrown into his pictures is indelible. When he tells us that Sleepy Hollow won its name from a charm laid by a rival sachem upon its original lords, a charm so potent that the warriors sleep

to this day among its rocks and recesses with their bows and arrows beside them, we can hardly resist watching for their waking. As for Ichabod Crane, who has not made his acquaintance, and, becoming interested in the blooming Katrina, been shocked with the sequel—finding it difficult to be persuaded that



"Sunnyside," Home of Washington Irving.

these personages were only the phantasies of the brain? And where is the reader who has not thirsted for a taste of cool water from the mysterious spring which the wife of one of the first settlers of the region brought from Holland in a churn? Irving says she took it up in the night from beside their

house at Rotterdam, unbeknown to her husband, being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country.

The success attending the republication of Irving's writings proves the permanent value of a clear, direct, simple, and natural style. His felicities of theme, thought, and expression have won for him a place in national affection which can never be superseded. Literary composition was usually a slow and laborious process with him. "The Sketch-Book" contains the widest variety of examples, touching every chord of feeling, of any of his famous works. And yet nothing, not even his irresistible drollery, was dashed off with the traditional flow of genius; his was the laborious though unseen art which conceals art.

Sunnyside, both in unity and detail, was in its palmy days a striking reflex of Irving's character, and it might almost be said of his physique and manner. Its modest proportions accorded with the figure, erect and healthful, which scarcely reached the middle stature of manhood. Its dignified air, its mischievous hiding-places, its dreamy stillness while apparently full of thought, its pretty fancies and surprises, its unconscious way of observing all things far and near while apparently in remotest seclusion, its reserve without coldness, creating instinctively a respectful deference, and its twists, turns, and vagaries, were in harmony with the freshness and fullness of invention, individuality of conception, honest manliness of thought, and whimsical yet refined and delicate humors of its illustrious master.

Napoleon III. was at one time a visitor to Sunnyside, and Daniel Webster was some days a guest in 1842, bearing Irving's appointment and credentials as Minister to Spain.

Upon one of the billowy ridges in the mystic precincts of Irvington stands the imposing mansion of John Earle Williams, a picturesque structure by no means discordant with the well-balanced irregularity of the landscape, though of somewhat erratic architecture. It suggests about equally the Elizabethan cottage, the Gothic lodge, and the Swiss chalet. It was built by a gentleman who was killed by lightning while standing in the front door, and was afterward improved by Mr. Williams. An ingenious architect has wrought the combination with excellent effect, and no incongruity appears. The granite con-

struction has the aspect of great durability and strength. The grounds of the mansion slope from woods in the rear to a wide expanse of field inclosed by a low granite wall, while near the house flowers blossom from tasteful beds, and choice shrubbery is nurtured tenderly.

The first impression given by the edifice is a mass of turrets, points, and



Residence of John Earle Williams, Irvington.

eaves—an old Warwick cottage modernized and Americanized, for instance, with a mild trace of the peaked turrets of Normandy thrown in. The front of the house is highest at the southwest corner, the walls and the roof almost equally dividing the altitude. The outlook from every window and from every point of the grounds includes a series of beautiful landscapes of the river and

its environs; the Tappan Zee, the hazy town of Nyack, with its roofs silvered by the sun, and the frowning Palisades changing in hue as the spells of cloud and sunshine vary. Each window is indeed the frame of a picture in which Nature expresses herself, and obviates the great master's art—expresses herself not only in one key alone, but in all her variety of moods, and especially those that are lovely.

The interior is the embodiment of refined common sense. Its drawing-rooms, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and play-rooms are all inexpressibly cheery and radiant with the spirit of domestic life. They are richly furnished and decorated, but elegance is subordinate to comfort and utility. It is essentially a home.

The entrance-hall is spacious, and finished in oak, pine, and walnut, the floor uncovered except by mats and a few skins. An old and exceedingly handsome cabinet-clock of foreign handiwork stands opposite the door, and a few elegant vases are distributed among the corners. The principal sitting-room is finished in butternut elaborately carved, and upholstered in warm, bright, suitable colors. A little retiring-room is called the "Growlery." Long, rambling passage-ways lead everywhere and nowhere, and are most delightfully bewildering. Art-treasures are variously disposed through the house, including works of R. Swain Gifford, Eastman Johnson, Colman, Kensett, and other American artists, with one genuine Salvator Rosa.

In this romance-inspiring atmosphere of historical incident is the summer residence of Cyrus West Field, the projector of the Atlantic Cable. The mansion was built by John A. Stewart, President of the United States Trust Company, and without any striking peculiarities is a good example of a class of substantial American homes which embellish the continent. The situation is exceptionally attractive. The river here seems like a thing of life, and the echo of wonder that rang through these hills from the prow of the adventurous craft which first stirred its waters two hundred and seventy years ago seems tossing along its beating bosom, ringing more audibly now than then as the dweller upon its charmed shore commands the lightning to convey his morning salutations to friends in London, Paris, or any other portion of the Old World. The name and the fame of Cyrus W. Field have gone to the remotest corners

of the earth. He not only succeeded, after thirteen years of unceasing labor and two disheartening failures, in stretching the electric cable from one continent to the other, crossing the Atlantic in person fifty times during the period, but he has since been actively interested in establishing telegraphic communica-



Residence of Cyrus West Field, Irvington.

tion between Europe, India, China, Australia, and with the West Indies and South America. He is a son of Rev. Dr. David D. Field, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at which place he was born in 1819.

Crowning conspicuously a steep, grassy lawn upon a picturesque height two or three hundred feet above the level of the Hudson, in Tarrytown, just north

of Irvington, is an imposing dwelling of peculiar architecture, known to the inhabitants thereabouts as "The Castle." Its site would have been well chosen for the old feudal or castellated architectural style which prevailed so generally in foreign countries at periods when the necessity existed for private fortifica-



"The Castle," Residence of William B. Hatch, Tarrytown.

tions; and in its elements of structural solidity it compares favorably with its prototypes in older countries than America. Indeed, what it lacks in association and tradition is more than compensated for by the magnificence of its location, which the fairest views on the Rhine or in the Highlands of Scotland do not excel. It is always visible from the river, and is a notable landmark to tourists traveling by steamer, but in summer it is completely hidden by a profusion of foliage from the village below.

This mansion is literally kindred to the earth and elements, the building-stone having been quarried from the rocky soil upon which it stands. The walls have a uniform thickness of twenty-six inches, the stone having been all fitted to seem irregular, presenting an extraordinary degree of elegance; the portico, which is revealed in the sketch, is of heavy granite, and one of the finest in America. It was projected in 1859 by John T. Herrick, a wealthy



"The Castle" at Night.

flour-merchant, since which time over two hundred thousand dollars have been expended upon it, and with such exceptional taste that it is an object of beauty as well as princely grandeur.

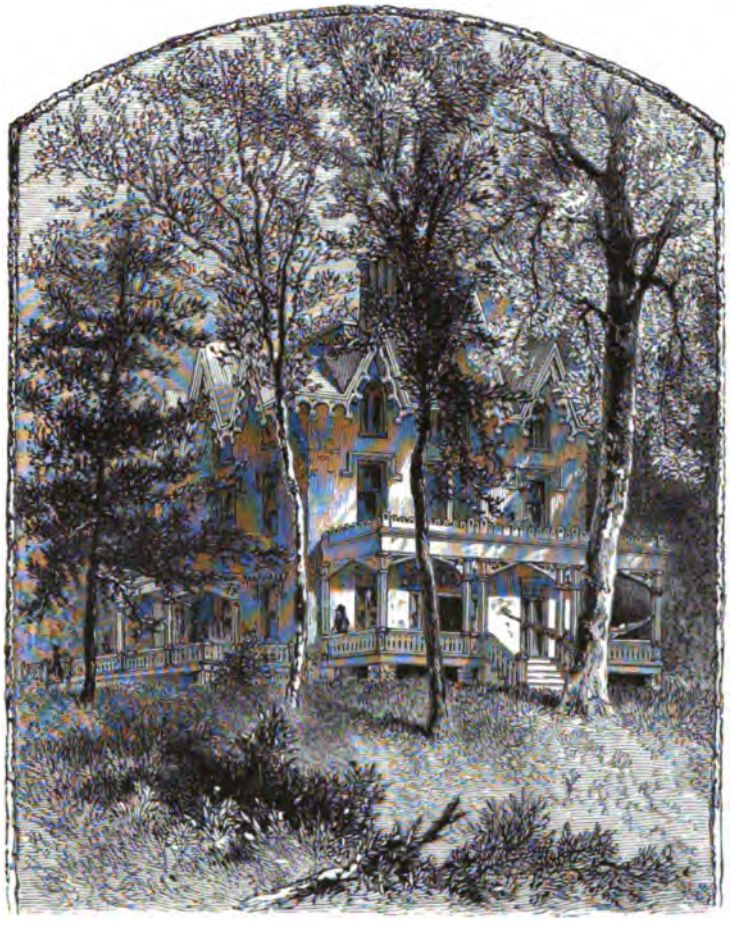
The house fronts the south, and measures from end to end about a hundred

and eighty feet, exclusive of balconies. The main entrance leads into an immense hall, eleven feet wide, twenty-six feet long, and forty feet high, opening on the first floor, where are situated the main apartments. The parlor is round, and its handsomely frescoed ceiling is supported by groined arches, irradiating in the Gothic style from a cluster of twelve pillars in the center; and three alcove-windows look northward, southward, and westward upon the incomparable prospect from Croton Point to the sharp escarpment of the Palisades with their abutments of detritus. There is a charming reception-room upon one side of the entrance-hall, and a billiard-room upon the other. The dining-room is a stately apartment measuring twenty-two feet by nineteen, exclusive of a bay-window which is eight feet deep and fifteen wide, and looks upon as lovely a view as ever blessed mortal sight. It is furnished in solid carved oak and green morocco. The breakfast-room, with its diamond-pane windows and atmosphere of cozy warmth, is a gentle reminder of the sedate quiet and comfort of an old English hall. The library opens from the dining-room, and the smoking-room opens appropriately from the library; and the wine-cellars on the basement floor open through doors with hollow panels ingeniously devised to hold cigars and tobacco. The modern furnace sends hospitable warmth into every room, each furnished, however, with an open grate in addition to the furnace-radiator, the mantels being all of separate patterns and material, one of the most unique being of black petrified wood, the grain of which is seen in veins of yellow and pink. The house and views culminate in a grand tower sixty-five feet from the ground, commanding on a clear day an uninterrupted stretch of forty or fifty miles of landscape beauties of every variety comprehended in the panorama. The approach to "The Castle" is sufficiently wide to drive six carriages abreast.

The hills of Tarrytown are planted with villas many of which are marvels of beauty, surrounded as they are with lawns and gardens, and adorned in every manner which wealth can afford and fancy suggest. The town is an ancient burgh, mossed and lichened with traditions and historical reminiscences. Irving says, "There is a story that in the olden time its name was given to it by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern

on market-days." Thus even its ancient attractions are in a certain sense immortalized.

About two miles to the north of "The Castle" is a pretty detached villa which was formerly owned and occupied by General Fremont. It was erected



Former Residence of General Fremont, Tarrytown.

by General James Watson Webb, United States Minister to Brazil for several years, who after dwelling here for a time sold the property to its later military master. It is of a pleasing though unpretentious order of architecture, and a fair specimen of the suburban home. The exterior ornamentation is of wood, which is used lavishly. Fine old forest-trees encroach lovingly upon the bal-

cony, shading the house on the brightest day. The grounds are picturesquely uneven, and the view quite as beguiling as that of other points of the same altitude in the vicinity.

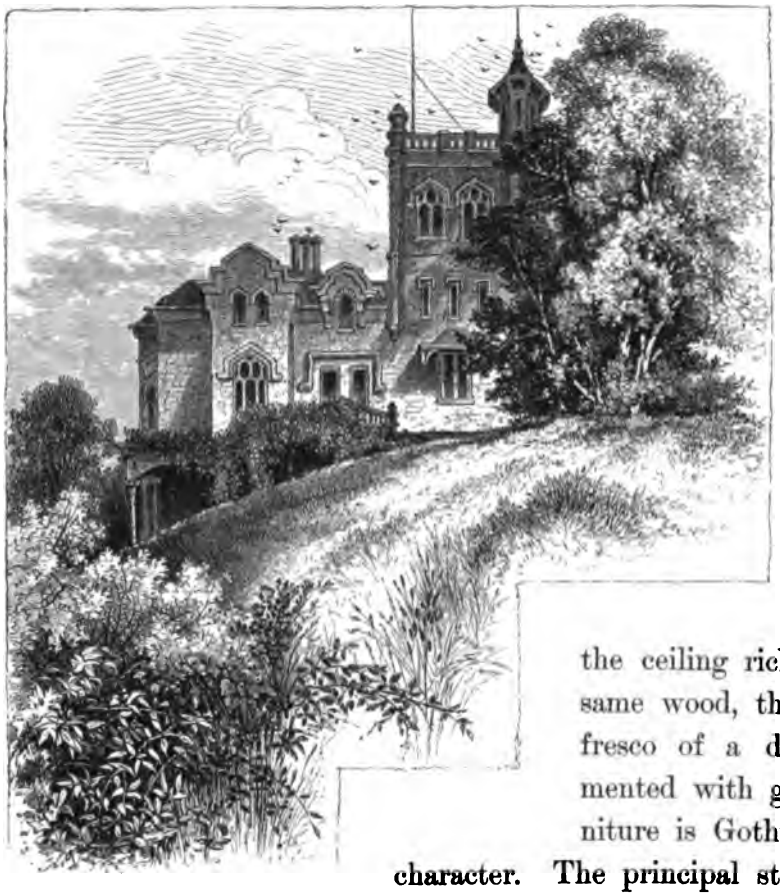
Rockwood, the beautiful home of the late William H. Aspinwall, near Tarrytown, challenges comparison with the best homes of any country. It may not boast of an avenue of trees ending in a Gothic church which dates back five hundred years, as is the privilege of the demesne of the Marquis of Westminster at Eaton Hall, who enjoys a fortune which has been carefully nursed for him since the days of William the Conqueror, but it is a noble villa-estate, and would be esteemed worthy of a distinguished place even in England among those of the opulent gentry which have been ripening for centuries. It stands in a park of about two hundred acres, with a front of a mile on the bank of the Hudson, and two lodges and entrance-gates upon the road.

The structure has an extremely castellated appearance, and reminds the traveler fresh from the Rhine of those majestic outlines with which the hand of man has crowned Nature's charming heights in that part of the world. It is built of gneiss of two shades, the walls being of cold gray, while the sills and chimneys are of a warm dark gray. It is in the latest style of English Gothic architecture, having perpendicular traceries in the windows, and other fine peculiarities of that order. It was designed by an English architect, and is not only a fine specimen of mechanical skill, but a work of art and architectural propriety. The eastern front is one hundred and forty feet in length, flanked by a grand tower eighty feet high, twenty-eight feet square, and is lighted by richly decorated windows in every story. This front is otherwise diversified by the carriage-porch mantled with ivy, and the bay-window of a delightful sitting-room which rises to the whole height of the house, and which is also pierced by handsome windows. Beyond the main building the connecting range extends for a height of two stories, and this is again flanked on the northerly end by the wing three stories high. The other fronts of the house architecturally correspond with the one described.

The drawing-room is lighted with two bay-windows; the ceiling is pan-



Rockwood, Residence of the late William H. Aspinwall.



Rockwood, from the South.

eled with walnut, and has appropriate designs in the panels painted expressly for Mr. Aspinwall in Paris. The library is about twenty by thirty feet in size, and its somber, rich beauty is beyond the reach of pen. It is finished with walnut bookcases, the ceiling richly paneled with the same wood, the ground painted in fresco of a deep-blue color ornamented with gilt rosettes; the furniture is Gothic, and of the finest character. The principal stairway runs at right angles to the hall, and is elaborately finished in the Gothic style with carved balustrade. The dining-room is even larger than the library, and is handsomely dressed in oak to correspond with the library and drawing-room; it has a large bay-window which connects with the butler's pantry by a concealed door. A billiard-room inclosed in glass extends on the west front across the dining-room and hall.

Under the generous rule of Mr. Aspinwall, the lawn, which is remarkable for the variety and beauty of its surface, and for the fine specimens of trees with which it is covered, received exceptional attention and care. The greenhouses are extensive, and an apparently illimitable forest extends to the north and east. The mediæval windows, the carefully masked chimneys, and the grand and lofty tower, produce an exceedingly English

effect. The great size of the dwelling, together with its elevated position, and its extensive outlook, renders it one of the most striking and effective



Lodge at Rockwood.

in the country. The lodge, which we illustrate, with its handsome gateway, and vases filled with cactus, is a pleasing feature of the place.

In contrast with the baronial elegance of Rockwood, Idlewild, the picturesque home of N. P. Willis, might be likened to an exquisite poem, or, in the author's own words, "to a wise man's inner life illustrated and set to music." The site was little more than a craggy wilderness ravine—"the bed of a wayward torrent"—when it first came under the notice of Mr. Willis. He writes: "As I fell in love with it, and thought of making a home amid the tangle of mountains, my first inquiry as to its price was met with the disparaging remark

that it was of little value; only an idle wild with which nothing whatever could be done; and that description of it stuck captivatingly in my memory—idle wild! idle wild!"

It is about sixty miles above New York, and just beyond the grand gorges



"Idlewild," Residence of the late N. P. Willis.

of the Highlands, near where Newburg Bay stretches itself out for a nap in the sun. It is perched two hundred feet higher than the majestic river seen in the distance, and looks along and into deep glens where the wild brooklet dances and leaps in mad mirth, and over the roofs of the little village of Corn-

wall below into the weird shadows of the Highland Pass. The house is of the Gothic order of architecture, with certain variations for picturesque effect; it is built of brick, and painted yellow. It abounds in gables and pinnacles, oriel-windows and piazzas, and it is so well fitted among the evergreens as to secure a whole gallery of scenic pictures from the world below. In designing his home Mr. Willis was more interested in accommodating the structure to the fancies of his genius than in studying architectural angles. It represents two lives, as it were, "one in full view, which the world thinks all; and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing. You see its front porch from the thronged thoroughfare of the Hudson; but the grove behind it overhangs a deep-down glen, tracked but by my own tangled paths and the wild torrents which they by turns avoid and follow—a solitude in which the hourly hundreds of swift travelers who pass within echo-distance effect not the stirring of a leaf." Thus wrote the poet from his own especial sanctum, a miracle of boudoir enchantment, a study into which few were permitted to enter, and where he concocted his thunder or wove his spells to bewitch the great human family.

The whole interior of Idlewild was free from frescoes or carved moldings; but dainty pictures and choice treasures in marble and bronze, mantel, and bracket, and table, spoke of the wealth of taste rather than the poverty of means which eschewed superfluous ornamentation. Books were everywhere, for Willis was a reader, even though he made the world around him—its physical beauty, its feeling and action—his chief study, and daily life his library and teacher.

The modest little edifice, with stately air in its exalted position, stands upon the verge of a broad lawn in the midst of a domain of seventy acres, the pathways, drives, and entrance-gate all fashioned by the same artistic mind and in sweet, unconscious harmony with the other features of Idlewild. It possesses to a marked degree the characteristics of its projector, the magnetic influence, fanciful vagaries, and eccentricities growing from a singularly unique and original style, and yet ever under control, and never overstepping the pale of well-balanced judgment. The writings of Willis were, indeed, like the bubbling outspring of a natural fountain which flows cheerfully and freely if it flows at all. His powers were not lessened by physical fatigue, and he never repeated

himself; but his fancy, like a prism, turned every ray of light it encountered with a point and force quick and dazzling as the lightning, and as if by magic he invariably led his readers and admirers captive.



"Claverhurst," Summer Residence of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

Claverhurst, the summer home of the world-renowned nightingale, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, is embowered appropriately in trees, and is mostly piazza, which shows that, like all birds, its fair occupant loves the open air. It is a cozy nest, "built to music," and by music, and is properly harmonious in every detail. Situated in a serenely quiet nook on the banks of the Hudson, near Cold Spring, it is a bower of beauty, and, like the life of the famous musical artist, without spot or blemish. Miss Kellogg was born in South Carolina,

though of Northern parentage and ancestry. Her father is a man of remarkable ingenuity in mechanical invention; her mother possesses unusual gifts in music, also a talent with the pencil, and even skill in the cutting of cameos. Clara Louise is their only child. When she was a year old they removed to New Haven, Connecticut, where they resided fifteen years, and then removed to New York City. The maiden's musical genius was soon known and appreciated; but her energy and intense industry in obtaining her musical education, learning at the same time the French and Italian languages, contributed more



Lodge at "Claverhurst."

to her subsequent successful career than even her passion for art. She is severely conscientious as an artist, and ardently enthusiastic, which, together with a well-trained and retentive memory, and a voice of great compass and purity, has rendered her a favorite everywhere, and her womanly worth and loveliness of character invest her picturesque cottage with exceptional interest.

The home of the late Hon. H. G. Eastman, at Poughkeepsie, is a handsome Italian villa, embracing several charming rooms, a picture-gallery, and a grand *salon*, which can be made very stately in effect when the owner chooses. The

grounds are literally a handsome park, hundreds of evergreens and choice trees having been planted and nourished until the plantation has quite an ancient



Residence of the late H. G. Eastman, Poughkeepsie.

appearance. The white-marble gate-posts and outlines to fountains were brought from the marble-quarries in Vermont. One fountain with thirty-eight jets ornaments the lower boundary of the park, and gold-fish swim in the basin.

Birds from Florida are domesticated among the trees, and fill the aviary in the grounds.

The lawn is nine acres in extent, and a miracle of greenness for the dry climate—a fact which Mr. Eastman attributed to his having brought the sod from swamps, with about two inches of the local soil attached. The domain is surrounded by a stone wall, with marble coping two thousand feet in length. In summer Mr. Eastman was wont to throw his park open to the public, and provide musical entertainments; in winter he was equally hospitable with his fine skating-grounds. He declared that he never had the slightest injury done his property—not a flower plucked or an apple stolen—through this open-handed generosity, a pleasing proof of the wisdom of confidence.

Bounding one side of this park Mr. Eastman built a row of houses in the English Renaissance style, of Philadelphia pressed brick, with Ohio-stone copings, while iron was used for the Mansard roofs. It is called "Eastman Terrace." In the outer and interior decorations illuminated tile was employed; an iron image of the Sphinx adorns the entrance to the terrace, which, could she solve the riddle for which we have so long waited, would hardly tell a more curious story than this of a country place having in eight years become so like what in older countries it would have taken fifty or more years to accomplish. Mr. Eastman was an admirable type of the self-made American; his wealth was won by his own hands, and his public spirit put him in the van of all projects for the improvement and adornment of his native city. He was for several years Mayor of Poughkeepsie, and enjoyed at all times the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens.

Massena, the home of John Aspinwall, is a stately mansion, built originally for John R. Livingston. The design was by Brunel, an exact copy of the château of Beaumarchais, in France. In architectural symmetry it is unsurpassed. A costly and heavy succession of arcades around the piazza give the whole edifice an effect as striking as it is dignified and pleasing. The great entrance-hall opens into the library, which is octagonal in form, in the center of the building; it was once a billiard-room with a dome, still defined from without by a tower and cupola. Livingston sacrificed the dome in order to multiply upper bedrooms, but the room is very handsome and well proportioned as it is, and far

more comfortable than before. It is furnished with carved black-walnut book-cases and a large, carved black-walnut mantel-piece and chimney-place, in the ample space of which a wood-fire blazes on winter nights.

The library opens to the west into the glass-room, or projection, illustrated



"Massena," Barrytown.

separately, which stands out like a temple, with its arched windows, and forms a charming feature of the establishment. Here flowers are the principal ornament. Hanging baskets filled with smilax and lycopodium are suspended between the arches, and *étagères* of plants stand all about. A miniature fountain

cools the air in summer, and gold-fishes float contentedly in a pretty marble basin. The view through the arches is superb—looking down over the terrace and front lawn to the river, which at this point is very wide and beautiful—the Catskill Mountains showing in the distance. Cruger's Island and Magdalen's Island produce in the Hudson just below the effect of a succession of lakes. The picture is simply enchanting.

From the library also open the drawing-rooms, both of which are of large, elegant, and tasteful proportions, and the dining-room, which is wainscoted heavily with black walnut, the ceiling frescoed in sea-green and gold. Many



Glass-Room. "Massena."

works of art collected by the late Mr. Aspinwall in Europe adorn the walls, among them being a genuine Greuze. Richly carved furniture and buhl cabinets give to this room an appearance of great luxury. Vases filled with rare exotics are scattered over the house at all seasons of the year in due succession, each season contributing its peculiar treasures.

The edifice is about a hundred and sixty feet in length. It is built of wood inlaid with stone. The grounds are extensive, and embellished with a thick growth of native forest-trees. Large masses of rock are also to be seen here and there adorned with mosses and ferns. The lawn is exceedingly handsome

and extensive, affording a suggestive example of landscape gardening; sheep may be seen grazing at intervals, although the grass is kept trimmed with scru-



Lodge and Gate at "Massena"

pulous care. The fine trees are protected from injury by hurdles, and order and method prevail on every side.

The lodge at the entrance-gate of Massena is a pretty Gothic cottage of stone, very complete in its appointments, itself a handsome residence. The gate is of iron, with gray-stone pillars, and the carriage-drive smoothly graveled. There are two approaches to the mansion, of which the most beautiful is a mooted question.

Mrs. Aspinwall has recently erected a memorial chapel on her land for the use of the poor, and also a parish school. The spire of the little chapel is seen through the trees from the house, and is not unlike the picturesque spires that abound throughout the Austrian Tyrol. The name Massena was given to the estate by Mr. Livingston in honor of Marshal Masséna, during the French consulate.



Home of Frederick E. Church.

Frederick E. Church, the distinguished-landscape painter, after carefully studying the shores of the beautiful river, selected a site for his home upon a hill nearly six hundred feet in elevation, some three miles below the city of Hudson, opposite Catskill. His cultivated artistic eye hit upon a point where

the glories of the Hudson may almost be said to have culminated. In the deep valley flows the river between high and wooded banks. To the south it suddenly broadens to a width of two miles, forming a beautiful lake with picturesque shores. Here is the grandest and most impressive view of the Catskill Mountains. In the distance rise various mountain-chains, including the Highlands at West Point, sixty miles away. At the east is a long, meadow-like valley forming the base of Blue Hill, a mountain of eight or nine hundred feet elevation, and about two miles distant, beyond which is the Taghanic Range, partly in Connecticut and partly in Massachusetts. At the north the river reappears, divided by Mount Merino; on the east bank lies the city of Hudson; on the west, Athens. A glimpse of the river is seen near Albany, and beyond lie the more southern mountains of Vermont. A variety of hill-forms and small bodies of water give striking variety to the great panorama.



View from the Grounds of Mr. Church's Residence.

The house is built in the Persian style, so far as our climate and requirements permit. The walls, two and a half feet thick, are constructed of some rough stones, which are beautiful in color and quarried on the place. The cut-work is partly of light brown-stone and partly of blue-stone. The upper part

of the principal tower is constructed of red, yellow, and black bricks, arranged in characteristic patterns. These bricks are introduced elsewhere in the main structure, in order to produce a pleasing variety of color, as also an effect like mosaic-work. The main doorway, of light brown-stone, has a border of mosaic tiles. The cornices, which are very bold, are richly painted in colors and gold, the designs being conformable to the style of the house. The roofs are covered with green, red, and black slates, arranged in appropriate and elaborate patterns, relieved by a few gilt slates.

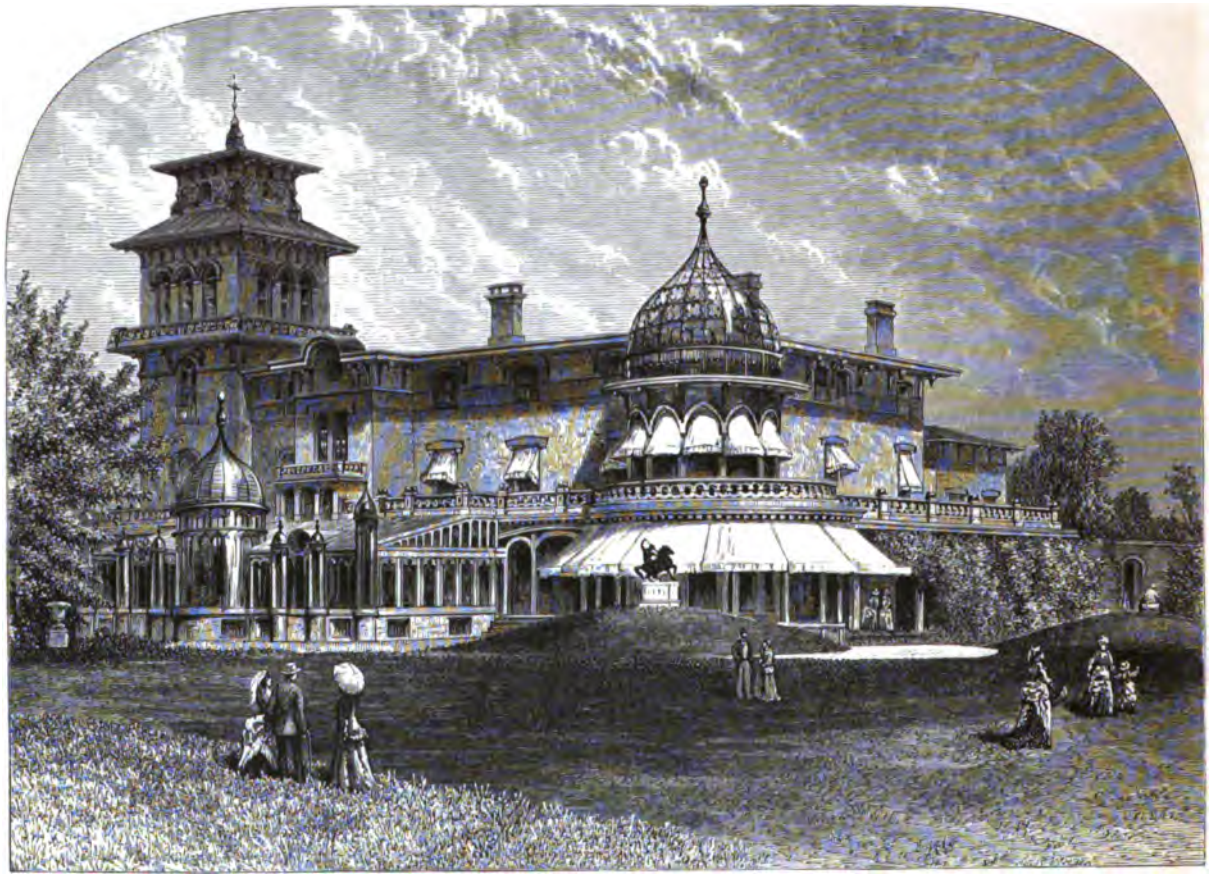
The main feature of the interior is a large central court or hall, cruciform, which opens into various rooms. The picture-gallery, with a ceiling eighteen feet high, permits the introduction of four lofty windows to the north, giving an even and admirable light. The partitions throughout the house are of solid masonry, and, as the house is fixed on the firm rock, strength and durability are gained seldom to be found in our domestic architecture.

Mr. Church designed the house himself in all its details, consulting with Mr. Vaux, the eminent architect. The building is certainly very unique, and is wholly an individual structure, departing distinctly from precedents in America.

Among the many beautiful homes in and about Hartford, Connecticut, "Armsmear," the villa of Samuel Colt, the world-renowned inventor, is one of the most interesting. It is situated about half a mile from the city, upon the shore of the mild and lovely Connecticut—a river which in its quiet windings through sunny valleys offers striking contrasts to the region of the Hudson. The site of the Colt property was originally a low meadow overflowed by the river at high water, and comparatively worthless. Samuel Colt conceived and executed the wondrous dike, two miles long, seventy feet broad at base, and as wide on the top as the streets of Hartford, bounded by a green ribbon of willows, which reclaimed a full square mile of territory. And he not only erected a gigantic armory thereon, and a Swiss village for his employees and others, but he perfected the home shown in our illustration.

The mansion itself, unique and costly as it is, carries out no decided principles of architecture: like the mind of its originator and builder, it is bold and unusual in its combinations. It is spoken of as an Italian villa, and the im-

pression is deepened that such is the truth by the Uffizi dogs—marble guardians of its portals—which burst upon the view through an archway of foliage into the grounds from the street. But the lofty, solid tower, and substantial, home-like aspect are distinctively English, and the capacious dome in the rear,



Armsmear, Residence of Mrs. Samuel Colt.

quaint pinnacles, minaret effects, profusion of balconies, and light, lavish ornamentation everywhere, indicate a severe touch of the Oriental. It is constructed of stone, and, however contradictory in its architectural features, is massive, majestic, and refined.

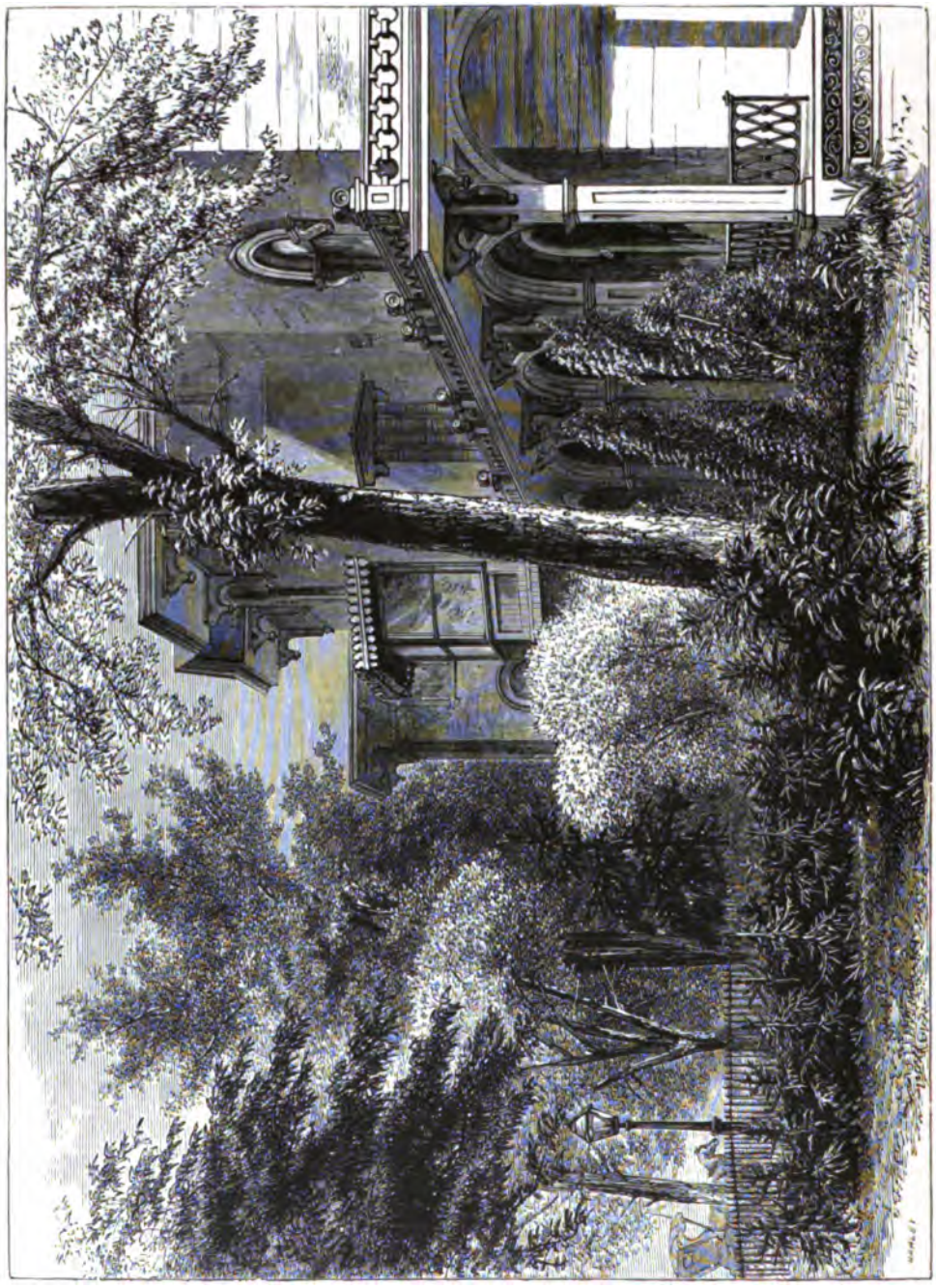
The most charming room is the conservatory. This is inclosed with the finest and heaviest of plate-glass, the panels, six feet high, set in foliated arches of

iron, painted red, yellow, and royal purple. Above exquisite chandeliers, themselves hanging baskets of fragrant flowers, a central dome is capped with a golden apple. Both parlor and library open into the conservatory, and from nearly all the rooms in the upper story one may look down into its flowery depths.

The picture-gallery is a stately apartment, used also as a reception- and ball-room. The portrait of the founder of Armsmear—a singularly handsome man—is one of the most prominent objects of contemplation. He was born in 1814. When a boy of fifteen he sailed away before the mast for India, and in his enforced solitude of shipboard cut out with his penknife the model of a revolver. He returned to work, to think, to be baffled, disappointed, and abused, but to still pursue this one central idea of his brain until he achieved a fortune of over five millions, and became the invited and honored guest of kings and emperors. In 1835 he took out the first patent for revolving fire-arms. In 1837, during the Florida war, his revolvers were first successfully used. During the Mexican war a demand sprang up, and he commenced their manufacture at Hartford. They have since been adopted as cavalry arms by most civilized nations. The genius of the great inventor has been recognized throughout the world. In this room are the cases containing the superb presents he received from foreign potentates: the gold snuffbox from the Sultan of Turkey, date 1850, which bears as many diamonds on its top as there are days in the year, set in silver on a pale-blue ground; the jeweled snuffbox from the present Emperor of Russia; a ring in dark-blue enamel bearing the imperial cipher in diamonds of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia; another, more glittering and gorgeous, from the Czar Nicholas; and one, a "stone of fire," from Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. Gifts in gold and silver from the two kings of Siam should also be mentioned, Turkish orders of nobility, two or three dozen medals of honor from kings and queens, royal institutes, societies, etc., together with curiosities gathered from every quarter of the known world. The following is a copy of a letter from the successor of Haroun-al-Raschid to Colonel Colt, dated April 10, 1861:

"Sultan Abdul-Medjid, son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan, may his victories be perpetuated!

"The object of this present noble and royal sign, of this illustrious and brilliant world-subduing imperial monogram, is as follows:



Armsmear.—Southwest Corner of the Mansion.

"The possessor of the present imperial sign, Colonel Samuel Colt, being an American citizen of talent and great attainment in arts, and, moreover, entertaining sentiments of a friendly nature for my sublime Government, I have conferred on him my imperial decoration of the fifth class, and in testimony of the same I have issued this illustrious *Berat* (diploma) in his favor, in the latter decade of the blessed moon of Ramazan, and in the year of the Hegira 1277, in this well-guarded city of Constantine."

Here, too, is the beautiful cradle made for his first-born son from the famous wood of the Charter Oak, shaped like a canoe. It was the gift of Hon. Mr. Stuart, the last proprietor of the old tree, and the form was chosen as a compliment to Colt for having said to a committee from the British Parliament that he had "paddled his own canoe," a remark which created quite a sensation in that lofty body.

The fine taste of Colonel Colt is revealed in all the details and appointments of his mansion. An octagonal boudoir, designed as a morning-room for his wife, surrounded by a delightful veranda, commands one of the most lovely, serene, and English of views—a view which has been compared to that of Richmond Hill so celebrated by Walpole and Pope—a long, green, perfect lawn, a fountain, and an artificial lake three hundred and eighty-eight paces in circumference, in which stand two water-nymphs and a bronze colt, conduits both of fountains, all bounded apparently by an endless wood, through whose green branches a fairy sail may often be seen, as the Connecticut, masked by the trees, betrays itself, as an angel might by its wings. To the left are the famous greenhouses, which have been fancifully said to cover a mile; thirteen graperies produce the choicest varieties of Chasselas, Barbarossa, black Hamburg, and other grapes, in quantities amounting to at least a ton yearly. Strawberries, figs, nectarines, peaches, and other choice fruits, flourish in great abundance. The walks and carriage-drives are laid out with judicious precision, every turn affording glimpses of deer-parks, flowers, shrubs, willows, glass houses, water, woods, distant mountains, and the near river.

Beyond all this luxury the towers of the great armory, which during the Crimean war furnished two hundred thousand pistols to the British Government alone, may be dimly seen; also the outline of the pretty Swiss village, which grew out of the planting of willows by the dike that their interlaced



Armsmear—In the Grounds.

roots might defend the earth; these fantastic Swiss cottages are built of both brick and wood, with staircases outside, and swarm with Swiss inhabitants, who make the cool wicker-work chairs and couches so thoroughly appreciated in warm climates. Mrs. Colt has erected a memorial church to her husband and children upon this unique estate, which from turret to foundation-stone is a work of art. The largest and most important of the windows is to the memory of SAMUEL COLT. It is a picture of Joseph standing amid his sheaves, in the height of his prosperity. The stained glass is exceptionally fine in quality and color; the ornaments of the doorway, even the sacred mottoes in stone, are with a bold fancy fashioned out of the various parts of the revolver, and of the engines used in its manufacture. This church is supported by Mrs. Colt for the use of the armorers and laborers upon her property.

Samuel Colt was the inventor of a submarine battery of great power and efficacy, and one of the inventors of the submarine telegraph cable, in addition to the particular invention which led to his wealth and distinction. He was proud of Hartford, his native city, and was constantly inventing schemes for her benefit. He not only rescued an amphibious swamp and transformed it into a square mile of beauty, but brought five thousand industrious, useful inhabitants to her borders; and he gave, among numerous wise and liberal gifts, a splendid hall to the ancient town.

The suburbs of Boston are peculiarly rich in homesteads and homes, and, in varied natural beauty as in the adornments of the architectural and gardening arts, they have been often, and not inappropriately, compared to the seductive haunts about Paris. Within easy reach of the city every phase of marine landscape may be enjoyed. Silvery, shelving beaches, coves of gracefullest curve, bold promontories jutting far out among the waves, rude masses of jagged rocks with yawning fissures and gurgling gulfs, pretty verdant islands, little capes grown with tree and bush to the water's edge, lofty natural terraces with perpendicular sides reaching down to the sea, with here and there long stretches of beach, offer peculiar attractions to those whose tastes tend seaward. The most striking feature of the north shore is the bold, rocky, and irregular promontory of Nahant. In full view of frowning masses of varicolored rocks at this point, which seem to have been hurled up in fantastic



Residence of H. Cabot Lodge, Nahant.

piles by some convulsion of the earth, many of the wealthy citizens of Boston have erected charming and picturesque dwellings. What were a few years ago dreary wastes, with scarcely a shred of vegetation to hide the baldness of the underlying rocks, are now close-cropped lawns of dazzling greenness and mossy softness; and the cliffs are crowned with substantial and stately homes.

The Lodge mansion of the sketch stands upon the extreme end of the

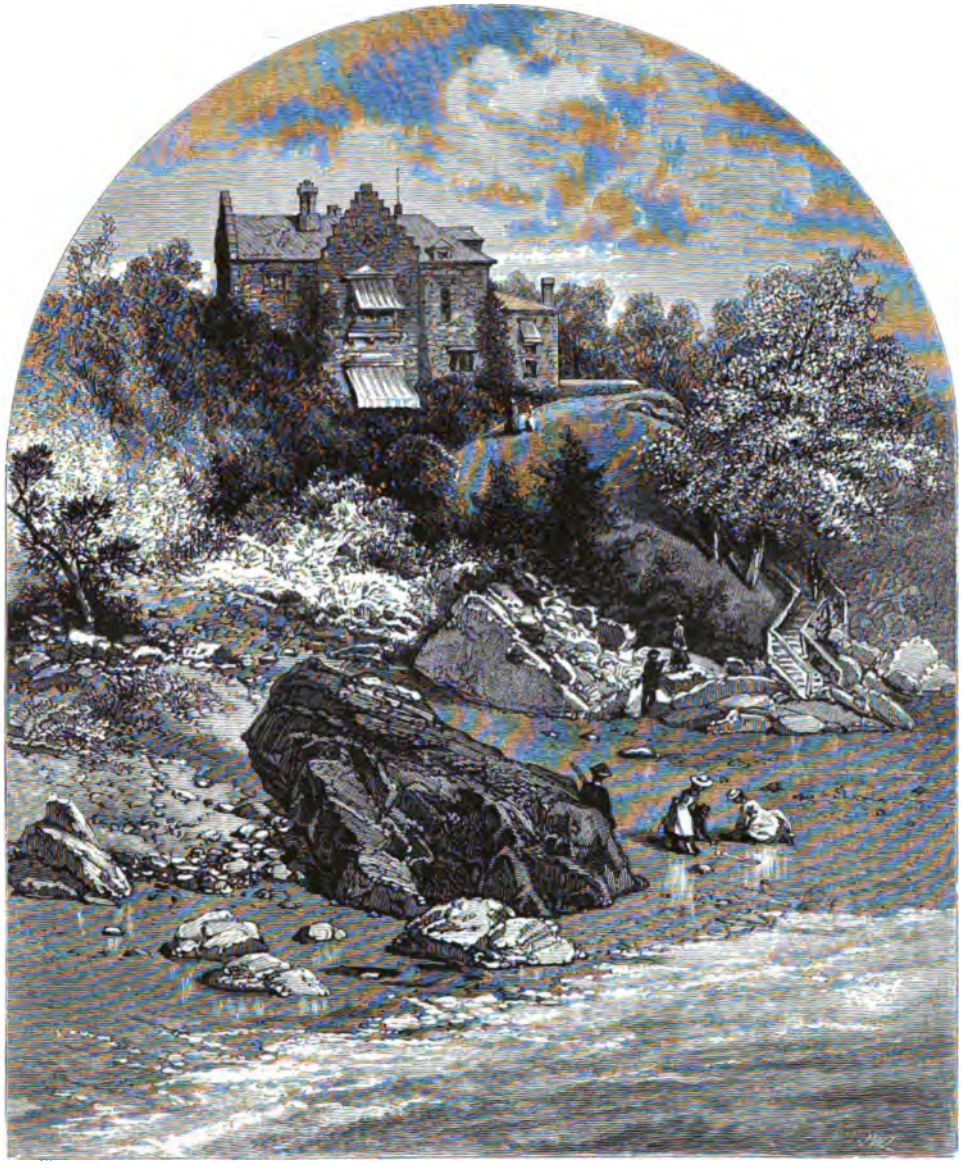
promontory—the old site of an hotel from 1819 to 1861, which was unfortunately burned. This residence was projected by John E. Lodge, an eminent citizen of Boston, who died in 1867, and it was completed by his son, the present occupant. The situation is unsurpassed for the beauty and extent of the sea-view. The cliffs near by rise from the ocean almost perpendicularly some forty or fifty feet, and with many a sudden and jagged jut, displaying every variety not only of form but of color; sometimes wearing hues of the richest red and purple. Just below the mansion is "Pulpit Rock"—a vast block, about thirty feet in height and nearly twenty square, standing out boldly in the tide. On the top is an opening, forming a seat; but, from the steepness of the rock on all sides, it is difficult of access. The upper portion of the rock bears a striking resemblance to a pile of great books. It is not difficult to fancy the pile as the pulpit of a Titanic preacher, with the tomes spread out, ready for his advent and exhortation. Almost within sight of the window, too, is a "natural bridge," which, archwise, crosses a dark, deep gorge, beneath which the waters boil and bubble against the rocks; and within a little distance is "Caldron Cliff," a gorge overhung by the rocks on either side, in which the water roars and rages, especially during a storm, with an almost overwhelming fury. From the south side of the edifice the sight embraces the city of Boston in the hazy distance, rising in a sort of cone to the gilded dome of the State-House at the summit; and between lies the curving strand of Chelsea, while the beautiful harbor, with its many islands, its forts, its lighthouses, and its broad, sweeping coasts, forms a rare and pleasing picture. Beyond Nahant the shore stretches off in a northwesterly direction, varied now and then by a tame though attractive beach, like that of Lynn or Swampscott, until it reaches the eccentric and barren peninsula of Marblehead, so celebrated in history, and vividly described by Hawthorne. From Salem the shore runs nearly west, and is singularly picturesque, with rich evergreen vegetation growing profusely, in many places quite to the water's edge, notwithstanding the storm-blasts; between Beverly and Manchester it has come to be familiarly known as Beverly Farms.

Among the oldest and most picturesque homes in this sequestered nook is the Dexter mansion, built a quarter of a century ago by Franklin Dexter, the

son of Hon. Samuel Dexter, who was appointed by President Adams successively Secretary of War (1800) and of the Treasury (1801), and had charge for a short time of the State Department of the United States. It is one of the few stone residences to be seen on the coast. Of the ancient Tudor style of architecture, three of its sides are fronted by conical façades, broken in the castellated manner, as seen in the illustration. The stones of which the house is built were gathered wholly in the immediate neighborhood; and, in collecting them for this purpose, Mr. Dexter endeavored to retain the moss which clung to them. In this he was not very successful; but the effect produced by these once moss-grown stones, combined in a structure of the old English style, gives it an appearance of being much older than its actual date. Perched as the house is on a fine eminence just above the sea, with a pretty little beach far below, and the noble panorama of waters, promontories, harbors, towns, and islands spread out before it, it really seems like a hoary castle built by some Swiss or Rhenish baron who had strayed hither to hold his state in solitary grandeur. In front is a neat terrace, with a soft lawn, and bounded beyond by a balustrade; while the house is closely surrounded on every side, except that which looks toward the ocean, by a thick growth of evergreens. The interior, broken up into many compartments, is at once quaint and cozy, with an old-time air in striking contrast with most of the newer houses in the vicinity.

A notable peculiarity of Beverly Farms, which is reached from Boston in about an hour by railroad travel, is that the sea is hidden from sight by thick foliage until you come actually upon it. The borders of the ocean are broken into a great number of hills and vales, the former being mainly rocky, yet almost invariably covered with an abundance of flourishing evergreens. On little eminences, sometimes on dignified hills, or perched upon ledges, peeping from the thick clusters of trees, may be seen the turrets and roofs of the numberless mansions standing in the center of broad domains, with ample grounds and long, winding avenues from the road, which for the most part had been erected within the past decade. The prevailing style of architecture is difficult to describe, yet it is pronounced in its peculiarities. It seems to be a combination of the Swiss and English, with many additions in the nature of towers, jutting verandas, covered piazzas, dormer- and bay-windows. Nearly all the roofs are

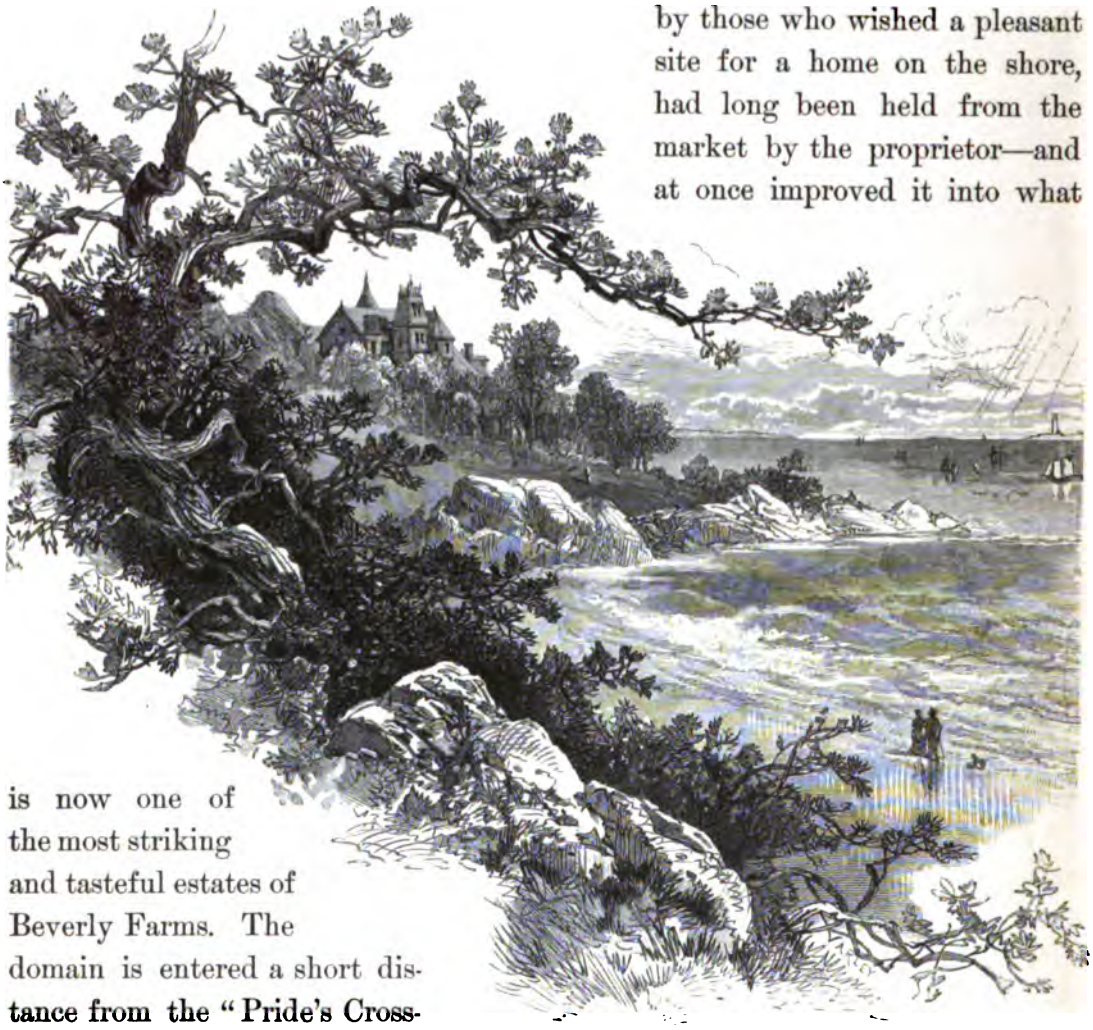
painted a subdued red. Beverly Farms is less thickly settled, as it is less elegant and aristocratic than Nahant; but it is delightful in its roomy seclusion,



Residence of Mrs. Dexter, Beverly Farms.

nearly every residence being shut in on all sides by the primeval evergreen forest, apparently content with one opening toward the sea.

About a mile from the Dexter mansion is the residence of George Gardner, a wealthy Boston merchant, built within the past two or three years. Mr. Gardner succeeded in purchasing a number of acres of a large farm property—which, though much coveted by those who wished a pleasant site for a home on the shore, had long been held from the market by the proprietor—and at once improved it into what is now one of the most striking and tasteful estates of Beverly Farms. The domain is entered a short distance from the "Pride's Crossing" railway-station; and in its first approach there is no appearance of its being in the near neighborhood of the sea. The carriage enters a beautifully wide, smooth, and well-constructed avenue, which passes by graceful reaches and slight curves amid a forest of stately evergreens, among which white pine and spruce, interspersed with beeches, predominate. It is a



Residence of George Gardner, Beverly.

merit of this avenue that its turnings and windings are not artificial, so as to give a serpentine character, but are only made where the ground naturally indicates that a straight line should be departed from. On the left, as one drives along the avenue, is seen through the trees a delightful turfy glen, part of which is broken by a noisy trout-stream. This glen was once a swamp, which the present owner, with some pains, converted into the pleasant retreat it now appears. A drive of half a mile through the evergreen wood brings one to a semicircular opening in which, opposite the avenue, stands the house. This little amphitheatre is disposed in a rich lawn, broken by a flower-bed here and there, and fringed on either side by the primeval forest; while beyond the house a glimpse is obtained of the restless waters of old Ocean. A handsome *porte-cochère* precedes the entrance to the house, which is painted the prevalent dull yellow, with a red roof. It was built square, that the interior might be most conveniently disposed for comfort; and then towers, dormer-windows, and verandas were added to relieve the monotony of the bare sides, and lend picturesqueness to the edifice. On the side toward the sea is a noble, wide, covered veranda, jutting out in the center so as to make it as spacious as a good-sized apartment; and the trimming has been so designed as to give a wooden imitation of an awning. Mr. Gardner's estate is very complete in all its arrangements for summer luxury and comfort. The stables are hid away from sight in an evergreen copse; and not far off is a large and well-appointed hennery, where rare breeds and many varieties of fowl may be seen. Just below the house is a snug little beach, just large enough to serve as a secluded and pleasant private bathing-place; while the rocks round about assume many rugged and imposingly irregular shapes and various hues.

Turning inland from Boston, Jamaica Plain and Brookline, lying side by side, about four miles from the State-House, are preëminent among the beautiful suburbs in their attractive situations, and their display of the elegances of wealth and of ripe taste in dwellings, parks, and gardens. Jamaica Plain, formerly a part of West Roxbury, is now annexed to Boston itself, and is reached either by railway or horse-cars. Its name is somewhat misleading; for, while its center and many other portions are on a level, it is otherwise prettily varied by hill and dale. Its particular gem is its lovely "pond," better deserv-

ing the name of lake, which, sleeping amid a circle of gentle hills planted with fine residences and with noble copses of cultivated old trees, is one of the most attractive sheets of water to be found so near a large city. For many years Boston derived its water-supply from this pond, which was carried to and through the city in hollow pine-logs. Its only practical use now is in furnishing excellent ice.

Among the notable handsome domains in the immediate vicinity is "Pine-bank," the home of Edward N. Perkins, of which the illustration affords a double view, or rather embraces the view of Jamaica Pond from the mansion. The estate was purchased seventy-five years ago by the grandfather of the present owner; and each member of the family into whose hands it has fallen since that time has taken pride in its improvement. It consists of about fourteen acres, but the nearly surrounding pond with its seventy acres of water seeming to envelop the estate, gives it the effect of a much larger place—an effect heightened by the high wooded banks, with their winding walks, and constantly shifting scenes.

The present house is of comparatively recent date. A dwelling upon its site, built in 1802, gave place forty-six years later to a more pretentious edifice, which was burned in 1868. It is constructed of brick, of two colors, red and fawn (the latter having been brought from England, after the old Virginian fashion), which gives variety and lightness to the architecture of an ancient English style. The house is so happily adapted to the site on which it stands that it has little of the rawness of a new edifice, but seems to have taken naturally to the soil. In shape it is a parallelogram, sixty feet by fifty. Entering the front door, you find yourself in a spacious hall, with walnut staircase and wainscoting, which runs completely through the house. On the first floor are luxurious rooms—a library, drawing-room, "den," and dining-room; while the kitchen and offices are in the rear.

The surroundings of the house are full of interest, and the water-glimpses are delightful. George S. Hillard, writing thirty years ago, spoke of "Pine-bank, with its breezy lawns, the beautiful belt of trees which skirts its borders, its winding walks, and gentle waves that die away from its pebbled shores"; and its beauties and attractions are much greater now than then. Its neighborhood has changed; houses and villas have sprung up, once rustic lanes and by-



"Pinebank"—Home of Edward N. Perkins.

ways have become avenues and streets, lighted with gas, and bounded by paved or asphalt sidewalks. But the high banks, crowned with lofty pines—which union gives the place its name—are still there, noble trees planted by ancestral forethought, and now in their full maturity. Passing along the main avenue, bordered and shaded, one catches a view of "The Dell," around which the road now winds; while the library-

window looks across the smooth, broad lawn to the old summer-house, and beyond into the sparkling blue waters of the pond. An historical curiosity of no slight value adds interest to these beauties of art embellished nature. From the lawn, on the western bank, an ancient flight of massive stone steps leads to the path on the edge of the water. These steps once led the way up to the front door of the Hancock mansion, occupied by John Hancock when Governor of Massachusetts, which stood for more than a century on the summit of Beacon Hill, near the State-House, in Boston. The steps are one hundred and forty-two years old, and are of Connecticut freestone. They were bought by Mr. Perkins when the Hancock house was torn down to give way to more ostentatious mansions. Could these old red blocks speak, what tales might they not tell of the magnates of Old and of New England; of the "fair women and brave men" who have trodden them with light or heavy hearts in days long gone! Here, shaded by "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," and carpeted with their shining and tawny needles, they have found a refuge where they are likely permanently to remain.

Opposite "Pinebank," upon the other side of Jamaica Pond, is the home of Francis Parkman, the scholar and historian. The one-story ell observed in the illustration is his study. The house itself is unpretentious, but both within and without is pervaded by an atmosphere of refined and elegant comfort. The architecture is in pleasant keeping with the stillness of its peaceful surroundings. No spot upon this side of the Atlantic could be better fitted for the abode of a man of letters, or more favorable for researches in early American history, and the production of such volumes as have year after year afforded so much pleasure and interest to thousands of readers. The view of the placid waters of the pond through the trees; the quiet of the rural scene and the summer day; the richly laden gardens stretching off down almost to the water's edge; the grateful shade of the trees, and the bright and varied colors of the flowers—can not but pleasantly dispose the studious mind to its serene tasks. The estate, which once belonged to the Chickering family, with many of the surrounding domains, has been owned and occupied by Mr. Parkman for about a quarter of a century. Comprising as it does but from three to four acres, it has been improved by liberal outlays and with excellent judgment,



Home of Francis Parkman.

until it is now one of the most attractive places in this delightful neighborhood. Mr. Parkman's taste has led him to pay special attention to the cultivation of shrubs and flowers; and it is the wealth, variety, and beauty of these which constitute the conspicuous features of the homestead. He has for years imported such brilliant specimens of the European flora as were found to be not uncongenial to New England soil; and as a result the Parkman estate is noted for rare flowers, seldom seen elsewhere in this country. Sauntering along the garden-paths, one pauses in admiration before the dazzling clusters of rhododendrons which meet the eye. Magnolias, azalias, and rare lilies are also abundantly displayed in choice species and of many hues. But the flower especially nursed and multiplied in the gardens is the rose. Perhaps nowhere can be

seen a greater profusion or a greater variety of roses. They appear on all sides, blooming in unlimited quantity, and of every color and size, filling the air with delicious odors. Such roses and other flowers as will not bear free exposure are tenderly nurtured in ample greenhouses. One of the prettiest ornaments of the estate is a wire fence which extends down from the rear of the house to the pond, and about which clings and creeps a graceful profusion of clematis. The exceptional floral beauties of the place are the result of many years of zealous care and cultivation.

The notable residence of Colonel Theodore Lyman, Mayor of Boston from 1832 to 1835, is in the "garden suburb" of Brookline, one of the wealthiest and also one of the most picturesque towns in New England, not far from Jamaica Pond. It was the first house built near Boston in what was termed the "Italian style"—a modification of the Florentine villa. The color was a dark cream, resembling the soft Italian limestones. The whole character of the house was a departure from the styles of the period, but it proved a striking success, and attracted much attention, partly from the beauty of its situation, and partly from the skillful designing by Richard Upjohn, the architect of Trinity Church, New York. It stands as originally built, with the exception of a one-story summer-parlor added to the rear. It occupies an interesting place among the scores of mansions in the vicinity which eclipse it in size, costliness, and elegance, because of its having marked the revolution in American domestic architecture, the triumphs of which prove a never-ending surprise and delight.

The father of Colonel Theodore Lyman was a rich and liberal merchant of Boston, who, with a remarkable turn for rural improvements, established one of the finest ornamental domains in the suburbs, laying out flower-gardens, greenhouses, fruiteries, a water-course, and even a deer-park. Thus with his fortune Colonel Lyman inherited a zealous taste for landscape-gardening. He received his early education at the Phillips Exeter Academy In 1814 he visited Europe, afterward studied law, and again went abroad. In 1819 he made his *début* in public affairs, serving in both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, and filling many offices of trust. He founded the State Reform School of Massachusetts, upon which he bestowed seventy-two thousand dollars. He was a trustee and benefactor of the Farm School, to which at his de-



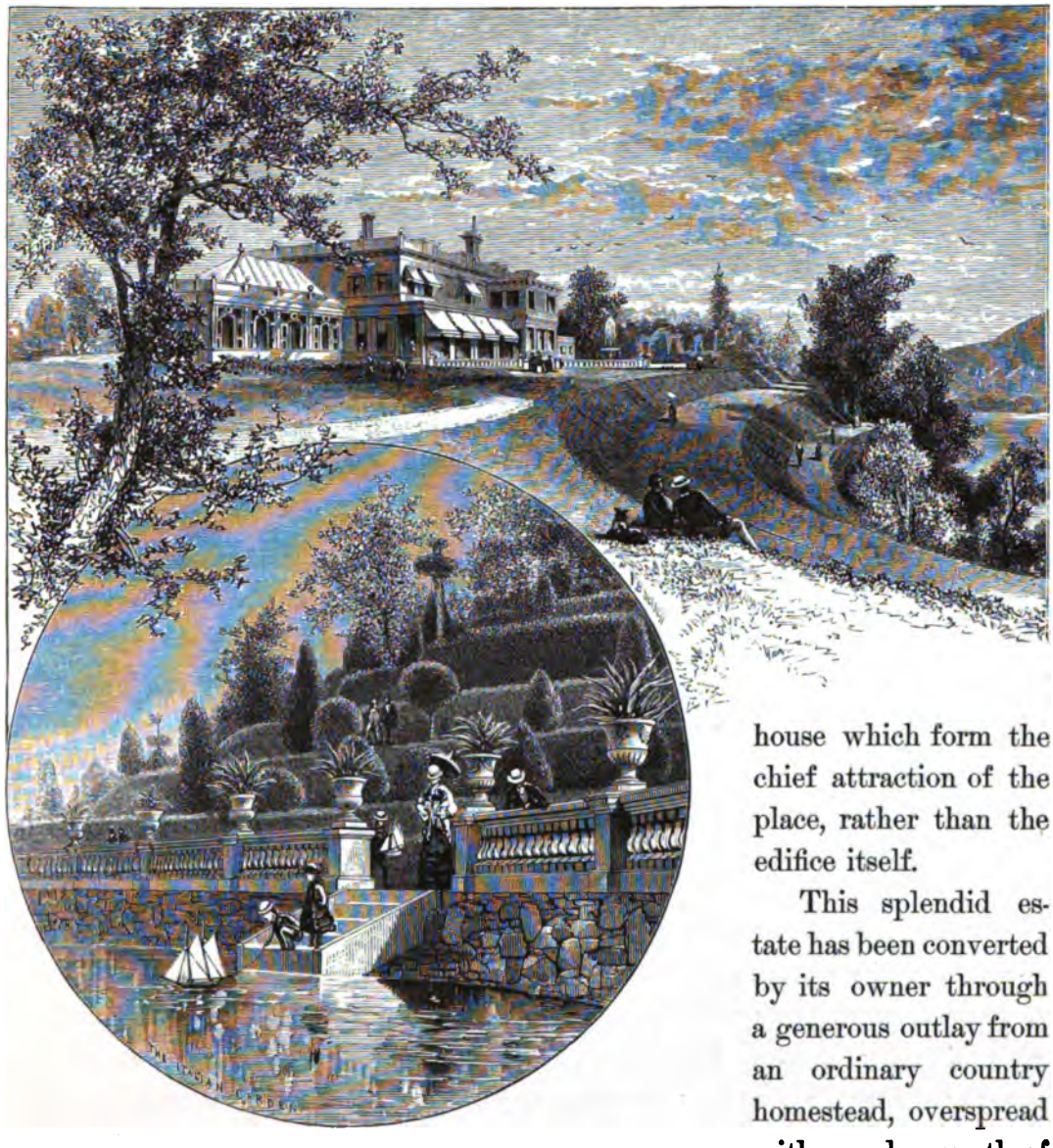
Home of Colonel Theodore Lyman, Brookline.

cease he bequeathed ten thousand dollars; and he also gave ten thousand dollars to the State Horticultural Society. He was an officer of the militia, an orator of no mean ability, and an author of several works of interest.

This estate belonged, at the beginning of the century, to a Mr. White, who sold it to Mr. Jonathan Mason. It then comprised three hundred acres; but the property was afterward cut in two by the old Boston and Worcester turnpike. A picturesque hill, that rises above the Lyman house, was called "Single-Tree Hill," from a large, solitary tree which grew on its summit, and was, years ago, a landmark for vessels coming into Boston Harbor. It was from this hill that the present Mr. Jonathan Mason watched as a boy the disastrous action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake in Boston Bay. An avenue was planted seventy years ago in a straight line across the estate from Heath Street to the Worcester turnpike, with a wide gap opposite the then-existing mansion, which was an old-fashioned wooden house. The avenue consisted of a single line of American elms on either side, backed by a wide border of white-pines. The elm grows gracefully, but not luxuriantly, in the gravel-drift of New England; and while the trees of the avenue, considered apart, are not noticeable for beauty, having suffered from too much crowding, the general effect is striking. In the center the elms form a high, drooping arch, to which the dark foliage and the upright forms of the large pines make an effective background.

One of the best examples near Boston of the choice of a site for a home, with a view to its relation to landscape ornamentation, is that of the residence of H. H. Hunnewell at Wellesley. There are many mansions more majestic and elaborate from an architectural point of view, but few to be found in all the land in more striking harmony with exterior surroundings. It is of graceful proportions, two stories high, almost square, with an additional wing upon one side. The front is relieved by a semicircular swell, which prolongs the hall on the first floor, and adds a bay-window to the second. A small, pretty, covered portico gives access to the hall, which is eighteen feet wide and fifty-four long, extending through the entire depth of the house. On the right is a covered veranda. The house is surmounted by an elegant balustrade, the only fanciful adornment of its exterior, while another balustrade skirts the drive-

way in front, ornamented at frequent intervals with vases, and toward the lawn inclosed with shrubs. It is the surroundings, however, and the views from the



Residence of H. H. Hunnewell, Wellesley

house which form the chief attraction of the place, rather than the edifice itself.

This splendid estate has been converted by its owner through a generous outlay from an ordinary country homestead, overspread with a rude growth of pitch-pine, scrub-oak, and birch, with only meager assistance from nature, into one of the most picturesque homesteads within ten miles of Boston. The task was begun

upon an elaborate plan: a nursery of one or two acres was created, and imported trees planted, after which a lawn was laid out, graded, trenched, and enriched, and the boundaries of the property tastefully bordered with evergreens and shrubbery. Then the house was built. Standing upon its porch, we may now see upon one side a beautiful lawn, perfectly kept, and of velvety hue and softness, stretching away to the border; on the other side a "French parterre" and an "English garden," with graceful terraces, fountains, shrubs, and plants, with the beautiful lake and distant outlook. From the parterre to the lake a series of steps lead by a succession of terraces; the lake itself is a lovely water expanse about a mile long. The English garden is a fine reproduction of the art to be seen at Kew and Hampton Court. The amplest varieties of flowers appear in the beds and plots, and at the right season the garden glows with a profusion of various and brilliant color. It is kept with order and neatness, and is the most beautiful spot on the estate, except perhaps the "Italian garden," which is reached from it along the lake, and of which a glimpse is given in the accompanying illustration. Overlooking both is a pretty summer-house, a lookout perched upon a hillock, and provided with windows, the panes of which are of many colors, affording amusing contrasts as the gardens are observed through them. The Italian garden is a model of artistic loveliness in landscape. Here there is a union of the older and newer styles of landscape-gardening, many of the trees and shrubs being trimmed into fantastic shapes, others disposed naturally and gracefully in groups and copses; and a series of terraces, with vases of rare plants adorned with the sculpture of a sitting lion, also overlook the waters of the lake.

In the earlier pages of this work may be found examples of the domestic architecture of former periods in Cambridge, Concord, and Quincy; and now, in striking contrast with the ancestral residence of the Adamses, we illustrate the newer and more castle-like abode of John Quincy Adams, the eldest son and heir of Charles Francis Adams, situated upon Mount Wollaston, which forms the eastern portion of the town of Quincy. It is an elegant and showy edifice, with a square brick tower surmounted by a wooden conical roof, the main portion of the house being also of wood. The site was formerly the property of the Quincys, four generations removed from the present occupant,



Home of John Quincy Adams.

through whom it became ingrafted upon the Adams estate, and thus it has been in possession of the family for more than a century and a half. Many of the lime-trees planted by Josiah Quincy upon this beautiful hill are still in a flourishing condition. Architecturally the two houses of the Adamses eloquently portray the contrast between the venerable past and the bright and cheerful present. Parasites are already creeping up the picturesque tower of the home of the younger Adams; in every corner are pleasant little porches,

affording fine views of the surrounding country; and the interior decorations are in accordance with the most approved modern tastes and notions. It overlooks Boston Harbor and the marshes and inlets of the South Boston Flats, while in the eastern distance gleams the State-House dome, surrounded by the serried masses of city dwellings. In every direction, save that toward the sea, are exquisite prospects of park, foliage, and villa residence, together with thriving villages, verdant fields, and smiling hills. Few sites in the vicinity of Boston command a more picturesque variety of entertaining landscape than the eminence whereon has been erected this handsome dwelling.

Malbone, one of the show-places of Newport, is a handsome castellated house built in the Elizabethan style, with long, latticed, narrow windows piercing the brown-stone walls, and a square tower, which contains three separate rooms. It is located upon a high point of land, a mile and a half north of the Ocean House, commanding a fine view of the beautiful harbor with all its accessories of varied interest. Although a modern edifice, it is enveloped with antiquarian romance from having arisen out of the ashes, as it were, of a former mansion upon the same site, about which many curious stories have passed into history. In the palmy days of Newport, which, it must be remembered, was a remarkably prosperous town during the century preceding the Revolution, the docks for a full mile were thronged with not less than two hundred ships in the foreign trade, numerous coasting-vessels, and a regular line of London packets. As many as eighteen Indiamen are recorded as having arrived in a single day. Thirty distilleries were in daily and nightly operation, and forty or fifty vessels owned by leading merchants of Newport were sailing to and from Africa, exchanging rum for negro slaves. Foreign wars for a considerable portion of this period rendered privateering a legitimate business. Altogether many great fortunes were amassed. Godfrey and John Malbone were among the richest of the rich merchants of that epoch, and they built the finest mansion in the colonies, on the lovely eminence in the midst of six hundred highly cultivated acres, ever since called Malbone. The edifice was constructed of stone brought from a Connecticut quarry; it cost upward of one hundred thousand dollars—one circular staircase alone was reputed to have absorbed more money than an ordinary dwelling. Among other striking features of the house

was an underground passage leading by a trap-door from one of the rooms to the sea!

The gardens and lawns were elaborately laid out—banks and terraces, hedges of shrubbery and groups of rare trees, alternated with plots of flowers and artificial lakes. When the Hon. J. Prescott Hall restored the villa, he re-stocked the ruined grounds with marble fauns, naiads, hamadryads, and nymphs,



"Malbone," Home of Ex-Mayor Henry Bedloe, Newport.

after the taste of the olden period. Colonel Malbone was as famous for his banquets as Newport in his day was distinguished for hospitality, and excess in the luxury of eating and drinking. Choice wines flowed freely, and prodigious oaths echoed through stately halls. Whenever one of his ships came in from a successful voyage he would invite all the sailors to a magnificent feast, in his great dining-room, laying the table with common crockery. The closing feature of these entertainments was always a wild frolic, the master of the house setting

the example of hilarity by hurling a plate at the head of the man at the other end of the table, and the rule was not to leave a dish unbroken. At precisely the right moment the shipping-book would be brought out, and the seamen, charmed with the delightful character of their host, were only too ready to register their names at his request for another voyage.

At one of Colonel Malbone's more stately dinners the cooks in the kitchen allowed the wood-work of the dwelling to take fire, and the flames spread with such inconceivable rapidity that in a few minutes the great edifice was a blazing pile. It is said that, seeing its inevitable destruction, the owner declared with great oaths that if he must lose his house he would not lose his dinner, and, ordering the table and its contents spread upon the lawn, he helped his guests to the third course, and they finished their meal and the Madeira by the light of the consuming mansion. The mass of ruins remained for years undisturbed, but the finest of the stones were finally exhumed by Mr. Hall and built into the walls of the present structure, the home of the ex-Mayor of Newport, Henry Bedloe. Its brown-stone walls are hung with ivy, and its whole exterior has the effect of maturity; while within modern taste has added those last and perfect touches which advanced notions of luxury demand.

The many-gabled Newport villa of Charlotte Cushman, upon the corner of Catharine Street and Rhode Island Avenue, is interesting from its association with the memory of the great histrionic genius whose fame is as wide as the world itself. It is of an easy, restful style of architecture, with pointed towers, and innumerable windows and verandas looking off upon the broad ocean. "I desire my sea and my sunsets," said this most accomplished, original, and delightful of women, in speaking of her summer home. Miss Cushman was Boston born and reared. At the age of twelve (in 1824) she was called upon to contribute to the family support in consequence of the bankruptcy of her father. She was a natural singer, and had acquired some local reputation for musical taste; and, being invited to sing at a concert, astonished some of the musical celebrities of the period, who unhesitatingly pronounced her voice the finest contralto in the country, and advised its cultivation upon the stage. In opposition to the wishes of her friends, she adopted this course. Her subsequent successes in both Europe and America are too well known to need re-

capitulation. She accumulated a fortune, and through untiring industry in study and enthusiastic devotion to her art reached a higher plane in serious drama than any of her contemporaries. Her house was designed by the celebrated Newport architect, Richard M. Hunt, who was also author of the peculiar architectural plan of the elegant mansion of Mr. Marquand, of New



Residence of Charlotte Cushman.

York City, occupying a beautiful site upon Rhode Island Avenue, just beyond the villa of Miss Cushman, and which contains so many rare and curious things that "Bric-à-brac Hall" has been suggested as a fitting name for it.

Newport is a city of architectural surprises. Ever since it became the summer center of the wealth and culture of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities, it has been gradually blossoming into cottages that are palaces until its costly dwellings in endless succession line the avenues, with their finished lawns skirting the sea, their bright-colored flowers, their graperies, their hot-houses, their picturesque rocks and individual beaches, embellishing the whole water-boundary of this famous and fashionable summer retreat. Such is the enticing character of the climate and scenery of Newport that the money built into the solid masonry of its castellated homes promises to be an enduring investment. Every known and unknown order of domestic architecture is represented here. The seeker after the picturesque has not infrequently adopted the grotesque, but the styles of old Germany and of modern France, of Switzerland, of Spain, of Italy, of England, and of the isles of the sea, are faithfully reproduced. There is even a copy of an old Colonial house, its unpainted exterior contrasting singularly with the elegance of the modern landscape-gardening with which it is surrounded. The stone château of George Peabody Wetmore, of New York City, is said to contain the finest carving in America. The walls of the library are entirely carved work; the dining-room walls are daintily wrought in fruits and flowers, yet so as to give the effect of a frame for the frescoes which adorn the ceiling. It is as if the guests dined under an elegant framed picture. The staircase passing up under the tower is a work of art—indeed, the whole edifice is rich in artistic combinations. The house, with its surroundings of twenty choice acres, lodge, etc., has been valued at a million dollars. The next in point of costliness is perhaps that of Pierre Lorillard, of New York City, which stands on the point, commanding a broad expanse of ocean; it presents a striking appearance, is palatial in size, and magnificent in its furnishings and decorations. Its grounds terminate in a private beach. Not far distant is the home of Fairman Rogers, of Philadelphia, one of the novelties of the great mansion being broad sheets of plate-glass extending from floor to ceiling, giving a view on the one hand of the surf dashing against the rocks, and on the other of smooth lawns, winding walks, and beautiful trees. William Beach Lawrence, of New York, possesses the largest landed estate in Newport. His house is individual in character, spacious and imposing in effect, and all its appointments are in excellent taste.

The view from its windows takes in the whole sweep of ocean to the east and south. Mr. Lawrence is a man of scholarship and culture, and his library con-



Home of Thomas G Appleton, Newport.

tains the largest collection of works on international law in this country. In contrast with these more stately homes of Newport the picturesque brick-and-wood cottage of Thomas G. Appleton, of Boston, brother-in-law of the poet

Longfellow, is a pleasing study. It is a bewildering mass of outcropping fancies, Swiss roofs, overhanging balconies, and novel conceits. Its owner and builder is a writer of much force and originality, and a celebrated wit in conversation. He has been styled the Sydney Smith of the modern dinner-table.

"The Hypothenuse," the home of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., so named from its fronting the angle at the junction of two streets, thus creating a triangular lawn, is a model of the union of exterior architectural beauty and substantial interior convenience and refined comfort. Clambering vines and creepers are also in delightful harmony with the light, graceful, and elegant furnishing of the various apartments, which are unusual and irregular in form and in their relation to each other. A bay-window in the southern drawing-room is composed of the smallest of panes of glass, admitting a flood of soft sunlight upon innumerable artistic treasures within the recess. Colonel Waring is a well-known contributor to periodical literature—one paper, on a horse which carried him through the war and finally had an attack of insanity, attracting much attention. But in Newport he is known as the best butter-maker, among his other accomplishments, for the model Ogden Farm turns out that delicate necessity of the breakfast-table in perfection. Ogden Farm, under Colonel Waring's superintendence, its pretty Alderney cows and its German work-people, is one of the sights of Newport.

Although the geography of this cozy home is not written upon the face of it, it is less like a Chinese puzzle than the "Old Stone Mill," which stands open to the storm upon Touro Park, without doors or hiding-places. It is a circular wall of unhewed stone resting upon arches springing from eight round massive columns. Books have been written, ancient records exhumed, legends told, poems perpetrated, songs sung, and hoaxes invented, concerning its origin, without even an approach to the solution of the mystery. The conviction has forced itself upon the minds of scholars that it was the work of the Northmen from the fact that it corresponds precisely with the style of architecture peculiarly their own at a time when they are known to have influenced the character of the architecture of all Europe—during the middle ages. It has probably stood the winds of eight centuries. Newport has the honor of being the

oldest port in the Western World—that is, there are unmistakable evidences that the Northmen projected a settlement here at least four hundred years before the time of Christopher Columbus. To this quaint, old, mysterious ruin Longfellow refers in his ballad of "The Skeleton in Armor":

> "There for my lady's bower
> Built I the lofty tower,
> Which, to this very hour,
> Stands looking seaward."

Thus Newport's relic divides attention with her modern glories. Among the earliest to erect fine summer-houses upon her historic soil were Albert Sumner, the brother of Charles Sumner; George Jones, of Savannah, Georgia; Mrs. Catharine Harper; De Lancey Kane, of New York City; William Beach



"The Hypothenuse," Residence of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr.

Lawrence; and George Bancroft, the distinguished historian. To-day the princely habitations are almost countless. The home of J. P. Kernochan, on

Marine Avenue, is a palatial structure of which the eye never tires. The lawn of five acres is beautified with mounds of bright-colored flowers, while trees upon either side form a fitting frame for architectural grandeur. The drawing-rooms and library are richly ornamented, each in a distinct style, and a ball-room, thirty-two feet square, has a vaulted ceiling with decorations in white, blue, and gold, a consummate work of art. Another immense and luxurious Newport home is that of Loring Andrews, upon Bellevue Avenue. The interior is on a scale of sufficient magnificence to satisfy the potentate of a nation. The central hall is twenty-four feet wide and seventeen feet high. From it open, reception-room, library, drawing-rooms, and great dining-hall, each decorated and furnished in keeping with the dignity and elegance of the whole; the finest hard woods, the most tasteful tiling, and the choicest crystals lend their charms to the harmonious proportions of the grand design. The home of John Jacob Astor, on Bellevue Avenue, has the effect of a foreign castle. It is constructed of red brick, and is broad, deep, square, massive. Its velvety lawn is spacious, and the inclosure from the avenue is a brick wall corresponding exactly with the masonry of the house; the handsome lodge at the gateway is of the same material and order of architecture. It was originally built for the Peruvian Minister to the United States, and is said to have cost nearly five hundred thousand dollars. "Bythesa," the home of August Belmont, is a gem of stylish beauty, unlike any other mansion in Newport, and its grounds are stocked with the choicest of flowers and plants. Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, the well-known publisher, has a villa of French design, upon a site of uncommon natural attractions, which have been skillfully developed. The house is almost hidden from the street by the profusion of trees and foliage. "Oak Lawn," the Italian villa of Charles H. Russell, of New York, one of the pioneers of Newport, comprises fourteen acres upon Bellevue Avenue, and is noted for its roses, rare plants, and superb oak-trees, embracing every variety.

"The Rocks," as the home of General Robert B. Potter has been appropriately named, is a mixture of Swiss and English architecture, situated upon the cliffs near where Bellevue Avenue terminates in a smooth, winding road known as the Ocean Drive, six or seven miles in length, which coils in and out

among the rocks and bowlders and over and around hills and mounds, with poetic and captivating glimpses of land and sea vouchsafed at every turn. The



"The Rocks," Home of General Robert B. Potter.

house of General Potter is much larger than it seems in the illustration, and is elaborately finished. From the great, broad hall in the center rooms open upon either side, while the view of the ocean from them all is unsurpassed. On a stormy day the family can sit in the library in front of a fireplace, and, gazing into the great mirror, see the reflected turmoil of the waves. "Spouting Rock," celebrated for its antics after a storm, is in the foreground, at the extreme point of a vast ledge, in the heart of which there appears to be an enormous cavity into which the ocean rushes faster than it can escape. When the waves are lashed with southwest winds, and breaking, foaming, tumbling over each other, they come rolling into the mouth of the cave, where, with a roar like that of a thousand cannon, immense clouds of glittering foam and spray are thrown a hundred feet into the air. The earth trembles under the angry blows dealt along the piles of rock, which stand fearless, grand, and grim, as they have stood for centuries—shoulder to shoulder across the entire southern end of the island—and the scene is of the grandest character. Upon these bold headlands stands many a beautiful dwelling of noble proportions, some of which

have sea-walls planted with rare vases. "Finisterre," the home of Mrs. Gardiner Brewer, occupies a fine position, the grounds extending to the rugged shore, where the white-capped waves break perpetually.

Near the Ocean House, which from association and its own excellence has become one of the most celebrated hotels in the country, stands the handsome square mansion of David Hunt, the scene of the deliberations of the Alabama Commission in 1872. In the same leafy vicinity is the villa of Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New York, affording through its wealth of evergreens glimpses from the street of broad verandas, terraces, of a stately entrance, and stained-glass windows. We fain would speak of "Fair Lawn," the home of Levi P. Morton, of the homes of General Cullum, ex-Governor Morgan, Robert H. McCurdy, Professor Agassiz, Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, and many others, but we should never reach the end of the list, and must forbear. The fogs of Newport are abused and praised in about equal ratio. The older residents are fond of them. William Ellery Channing, the great Unitarian divine, calls them "the brooms which keep the atmosphere clean." Newport was his birthplace. He says further, in his "Recollections": "These fogs are proverbially a good cosmetic, and there is a tradition that the fair daughters of Rhode Island owed their lustrous complexions to sleeping with their heads out of the window when the mists of the sea prevailed." The wondrous climate, the antiquity, the romance, and the beauty of Newport will continue to prevail; and thus the city of palaces, with its social formalities, fine old churches, delightful roads, costly equipages, and the fleetest horses in the world, seems destined to eclipse the entire continent in the felicities as well as the varieties of domestic architecture.

"Cedarcroft," the home of the late lamented Bayard Taylor, poet, scholar, and statesman, is cast in an inland scene of an entirely opposite character. It is in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, thirty-five miles from Philadelphia. The house stands on an elevation, surrounded by pleasant grounds, which slope off in natural terraces in front, while sylvan fields stretch away on every side. And yet the landscape is not heavily wooded, but open, undulating, rich in upland—the crown of all pastoral landscapes—and declines softly into peaceful valleys and bits of meadow-land. It is a charming spot,

its stillness in striking contrast with the noisy roar of the billows on the Atlantic coast, and seemingly designed by Nature herself for a poet's home.

The mansion is a solid brick structure, its corners faced with stone. The main entrance is through a square tower at the eastern end of the building. A stretch of lawn thickly dotted with cedars slopes from the terrace in front, which has a southern outlook; it is bordered upon the right by an irregular hedgerow of trees, vines, and underbrush, while upon the left is a grove of Virginia pines, and a group of oaks, chestnuts, tulips, and hickory-trees. Near the house are lindens and a great old sycamore; at the head of the lawn, a little to the west, stand some immense chestnut-trees decaying with age, and falling bough by bough. A pond at the lower end of the lawn opens on a little vista of brook-willows. Rare grapes sun themselves to perfection in glass houses, and the more hardy varieties flourish in the neighboring vineyard. Pomegranates grow along the high, warm garden-wall; peach, pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees lift their heavily laden branches healthfully; the pretty garden-walks are bordered with rows of box; and tiny Scotch firs and ornamental shrubs and evergreens are upon every side. Nothing is overcrowded—the whole scene is like the sweet dream of the poet-traveler, who, when he had seen the world from all points of observation, longed to settle as a landed proprietor within the town which gave him birth.

Bayard Taylor purchased the estate while in Europe, and laid the foundation of the villa of the illustration upon his return; it was completed in 1860. It is in sight of and nearly opposite the old Taylor homestead, the residence of his parents. His father was descended from a Quaker clergyman who was the friend and companion of William Penn, and who settled in Pennsylvania nearly two centuries since. The poet's early life was varied by outbursts of rhythm, and his boyhood reading embraced every book in his father's house, and all that he could borrow of friends or neighbors or obtain from the village library. He was as fond of art as of poetry, and desired to become a painter, but the way to instruction bristled with obstacles; and, although he sometimes indulged his tastes in after-years by the production of a picture, he never gave special time to the subject or acknowledged art as a profession. At eighteen he had accumulated enough printed poems to publish a small volume. Wishing to go to Germany for study, he began writing for the newspapers. After

spending two years abroad, mastering the German language, and becoming tolerably familiar with Italian and French, he returned to America, and shortly published his letters of travel, called "Views Afoot," which was esteemed at the



"Cedarcroft," Home of Bayard Taylor.

time a great commercial success. This occurred when he was only twenty-one years old. Henceforward for over thirty years he was one of the most industrious of scholars. He left his footprints in California, in Asia, in Europe, and in Africa. He was a successful lecturer, giving ninety lectures during his first

season. He published twenty-six volumes, embracing poetry, travels, novels, stories, and translations, besides editing innumerable works, contributing to magazines and country newspapers, and for nearly the whole period was upon the editorial staff of the "New York Tribune." In the spring of 1857 he compiled "A Cyclopædia of Modern Travel," after which he sailed for the Old World once more, and spent the summer in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland; in October of that year he was married to Miss Maria Hansen, the daughter of a distinguished German astronomer, and they visited Greece and Asia Minor on their wedding-tour, after which they returned to America. Mr. Taylor was a man of fine presence, tall, well-proportioned, and his symmetry of character, personal excellences, and charming social qualities, endeared him to a legion of friends. When, after having enriched our literature in a thousand ways, at the ripe age of fifty-three, he was appointed United States Minister to the German Empire, the welcome intelligence flashing over the wires warmed the great national heart into countless and varied expressions of pride and pleasure.

"Lochiel," the home of Simon Cameron, Senator, ex-Minister to Russia, and ex-Secretary of War, in the comfortable, prosperous, handsome town of Harrisburg, capital of the great coal State, was named from Lochiel, the warlike chieftain of the clan Cameron, whose romantic and unfortunate career, great personal prowess, and magnanimity, have so endeared his memory to the Highlanders. He foresaw the evil consequences of the fatal enterprise of 1745; he foresaw the hopelessness of the cause, and yet his sensibility to a point of honor overruled his wisdom. He could not brook the reproaches of Prince Charles, but yielded to the Stuart voice, whose music was that of the siren, and always lured men to their ruin. Hence Culloden was lost, and Lochiel lay "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe"—giving the world a much-quoted poem, and one of those pictures of gallant self-devotion which the world loves.

His distinguished descendant or cousin has not had occasion to quote the opening lines of Campbell's stirring lyric—

> "Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
> When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array"—

for when he has met his foes he has generally borne off the palm of victory, until his admirers fondly style him the "Czar of Pennsylvania politics." He was born in 1799. At the age of twenty-one he began his public career as an editor of a newspaper in Doylestown, and in 1822 settled in Harrisburg, editing a journal advocating Jackson's election to the presidency. A few years



"Lochiel," Home of the Hon. Simon Cameron, Harrisburg.

later he was president of a bank, of two railroad companies, and was Adjutant-General of the State; since when his life has been chiefly before the world.

"Lochiel" is a broad, commodious, handsome house of unpretentious architecture, surrounded by verandas heavily hung with vines, and shaded by great, umbrageous trees. It is in many respects a typical country mansion, roomy

and hospitable, and well fitted to guard its inmates from the fierce heats of summer and the sudden and severe waves of cold in winter.

The home of Felix O. C. Darley, the foremost American artist in black-and-white, is in Claymont, Delaware, just beyond the borders of Pennsylvania. It overlooks the Delaware River, the unparalleled view from its broad, inviting veranda being deftly shown in the sketch. It is in the immediate vicinity of a farm where Wertmuller, a Swedish painter, best known for his celebrated picture of Danaë, lived for many years and died. It is a charming, old-fashioned, gable-roofed edifice, with touches of modern taste throughout its length and breadth, and situated on a quiet site where its master can peacefully immortalize the passing fancies of his mind. Mr. Darley was born in Philadelphia, in 1822. With a natural genius for sketching, he played with his pencil in his leisure hours, while a boy in a counting-house, amusing himself at the expense of those about him in all manner of piquant caricature—two or three lines being sufficient to metamorphose a fellow creature, still preserving his identity. The pictorial journal was then a novelty, and, when certain woodcuts in a Philadelphia publication attracted notice because of their superior drawing and singular expression, the author was sought out and offers made to him which led to his applying himself wholly to the pursuit of rendering the comedy of life into artistic significance. He was connected by birth with an eminent family, and related to Thomas Sully, the favorite portrait-painter of the day. Employed by the large publishing-houses of his native city, he soon earned a wide and enviable reputation. In 1848 he removed to New York, and, under the auspices of the American Art Union, executed elaborate outline illustrations of Irving's humorous writings. The six devoted to the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" when published formed an epoch in our art-history. So masterly and full of promise were these artistic specimens that offers were made Mr. Darley to settle in London—which he, however, declined.

The peculiar skill and power of Darley's pencil have kept it in constant requisition. The designs for Cooper's novels are five hundred in number, all characteristic scenes of American life. Spirited and popular illustrations of Dickens's works contributed to the artist's fame abroad; nothing is more ex-

pressive in its way than his illustration of a scene in the "Pickwick Papers," which describes the visit of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins to the incorrigible Sam



Home of Felix O. C. Darley, Claymont.

Weller in prison. Old Tony leans upon the back of an arm-chair, enjoying Sam's mock solicitude for the physical welfare of "the Shepherd," while Mrs. Weller is sentimental in another part of the picture. Large engravings, such as

"Washington's Entry into New York," and "The Seasons," have from time to time appeared; and from a bank-note vignette comprising Indian scenes or buffalo-hunts, to a political caricature for a comic paper, no draughtsman was ever more prompt and inventive. During the yacht-trip of Prince Napoleon to America he ordered for his private collection four drawings which were executed by Mr. Darley—"The Village Blacksmith," "The Unwilling Laborer," "Emigrants attacked by Indians on the Prairie," and "The Repose."

Mr. Darley married a daughter of the great arithmetician, Zerah Colburn, and traveled with his wife in Europe, making studies extensively as means of elaborate and authentic illustrations of legend, chronicle, and song. His work during his journeyings in the Old World was directed chiefly to the drawing of rare historical houses and characteristic figures. And yet he occasionally executed a picture in color, as, for instance, "A Scene in the Streets of Rome," which is now in the possession of a gentleman in Boston. He has found a wide range for his genius in purely American subjects. He wields a master's pencil, and can do justice to the most earnest and pathetic sentiment. Nothing in this style of art is more remarkable than the skill with which he embodied into illustrations his sense of the beauty, power, and truth of that pleasing but now forgotten work of fiction, "Margaret." His special aptitude as a draughtsman seems to lie in the delineation of war scenes—where men and horses are in the most fierce and characteristic action. His talent for seizing local and personal facts, not infrequently from verbal descriptions, and placing them before the eye with his pencil, almost with the accuracy of the photograph, has given to the world many graphic and artistic battle representations. He can also make one realize how ironical, acute, observant, and natural it is possible to be with no instrument but a lead-pencil; he tells a story with a dash, reveals a character by a curve, and embodies an expression with two or three dots. It is better than a comedy to look over his sketch-book. It is rarely that the same hand can deal so aptly with the graceful and the pensive, so vigorously with the characteristic, and so broadly with the humorous, exhibiting an equal facility and felicity in true literal transcript and in fanciful conception.

The stone house of Russell Smith, at Abington, in Pennsylvania, is a curious instance of the importation of Old World ideas. It is an anachronism. It is one of Guy of Warwick's towers, cut off at top and set down in the most charming of rural landscapes. It is a granite stronghold, and its servitor should be a man in armor. Windows pierced for bowmen, high in the walls, show



Residence of Russell Smith, Abington, Pennsylvania.

that it could stand a siege, yet it rises from the sweetest of flower-gardens, with no more warlike assailant than a scarlet poppy to dare its frowning battlements; it is undeniably interesting and curious, and, if it does suggest the incongruity of a "mailed warrior in somber harness" at a modern rose-show, it should be forgiven for its lovely wild-laurel, its mixture of the quaint and the modern, and its very extensive and most beautiful prospect.

In striking architectural contrast is the Gothic villa of A. J. Cassatt, Vice-President of the famous Pennsylvania Railway, near Bryn Mawr, the Welsh suburb of Philadelphia so well known to the thousands of visitors who tested its hospitality during the Centennial Exhibition. It is near the Friends, College at Haverford, which new building in the Gothic style seems to indicate



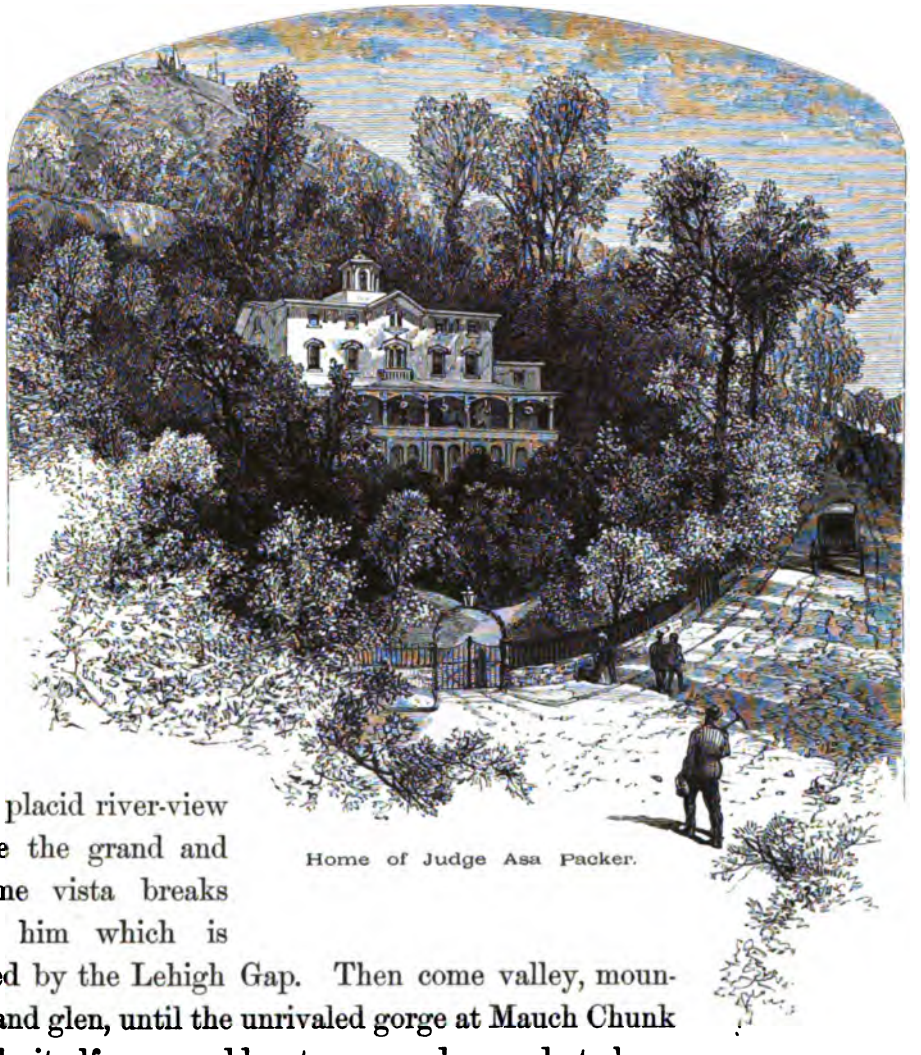
Residence of A. J. Cassett, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

that the Quakers are throwing off the tyranny of George Fox. It is built of the light granite so common in that region, with brown-stone copings, and has a substantial and picturesque appearance. The grounds are new, and yet but partially improved, although creepers and vines have coiled themselves over the pleasant verandas in quite an antique fashion. Ample stables and

kennels reveal the English tastes of its master for horses, dogs, and country life.

The late Judge Asa Packer resided in Mauch Chunk, a place felicitous in all things but name, where every fine view, every prominent building, its coal-mines, waterfalls, railways, and factories, all testify to his energy, his philanthropy, and his genius. The comfortable, plain brick house of the sketch is in the Italian villa style, very extensive and commodious; it is constructed of brick, and is painted a light cream-color, with brown-stone copings. The intruding, crowding mountains left very little space for the level ground required for such a house; thus the site was excavated from the side-hill. The result is most peculiar and picturesque. Trees and shrubs of rare growths, flowers in endless variety, fountains and statues, crowd up in lovely confusion as one lingers on the vine-covered veranda looking downward. The view embraces the enterprising villages below of the three Mauch Chunks, with frowning and bold precipices between; and directly under the grounds, as it were, rises the Gothic spire of an Episcopal church.

Mauch Chunk is in itself one of the most wild and singularly romantic combinations of mountain, forest, glen, and river, that can be seen on this side of Switzerland. Nature seems to have distributed her mountains regardless of appearances, order, or quantity; it is an heterogeneous medley, a saturnalia of wood-covered hills. Through them dashes the dark, sparkling Lehigh River, one of the most spirited of streams, not at all checked by the fact that it is the hardest-worked river in the world. The thousand Undines that hide under its ash-colored and coal-stained waters jump up in white raiment and beautify the rocks, the waterfalls, the dams, and the rifts, which abound. So subservient has this river been made to the gigantic industries of coal and iron that it is dammed every few miles, and the long, silent, fair reaches above these obstructions remind one of Hamerton's picture of "The Unknown River" as the willows sweep the banks, and are mirrored in its placid surface. Then the scene changes, and the impetuous water finds its own varied and rapid way by rocks and rifts, and throws itself with bold grace over each impertinent obstacle. Few railway-rides can be more charming than that from Easton to Mauch Chunk, along the banks of this river. The traveler is treated to every varie-



Home of Judge Asa Packer.

ty of placid river-view before the grand and sublime vista breaks upon him which is opened by the Lehigh Gap. Then come valley, mountain, and glen, until the unrivaled gorge at Mauch Chunk reveals itself, as a sudden turn round a modest elevation of seven hundred feet brings the railway-carriage to this hemmed-in, picturesque, and beautiful spot. The limitless coal-trade of the Lehigh Valley sends through this gorge long, serpent-like trains of coal-cars, and no sooner has one black, sinuous snake disappeared, than another takes its place. They crawl not noiselessly but perpetually, these trains of black diamonds; and then on other tracks come dashing the heavy freights of humanity —such a conglomerate of railway-tracks, such a whizzing of engines, is rarely heard; it is the one drawback to the pleasures of the scenery. But after the

visitor has watched the untiring labor of men who have dug out the iron from these towering mountains, and exhumed five million tons of coal in one year, the question naturally arises: "Whose brain held the motive power to set all these giants in motion? Who caused these iron roads to penetrate these rocky bluffs through such formidable obstructions, through these solid and interminable beds of limestone? Who has moved these inert masses, and who has made this singular gorge, where Nature has defended her solitudes and her hidden treasures by such elaborate defenses, such sullen and frowning fortresses, to yield up its key to his 'Open sesame,' and conquered her very rocks and rivers as his slaves?" The people answer, echoing the name of the man who made himself a millionaire, and contributed to the wealth of his neighborhood thousands of millions by creating these industries.

Judge Packer's fame does not stop here among the triumphs of engineering. Not content with conquering Nature, he turned benignly toward the education of the multitude. He founded Lehigh University, with an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars, his purpose being to furnish liberal and polytechnic instruction to such young men as would accept and profit by it. His will, so recently published to the world, shows how deeply his sympathies were enlisted in the cause of education—his late bequests, in addition to former gifts to the institution, amounting to not less than three and a half million dollars, the fruits of which will influence thousands of the great human family who may never hear his name.

"Ogontz," the former home of Jay Cooke, the great American financier, near Philadelphia, is said to be one of the most expensive private residences ever projected in this country by an American citizen. It is a vast pile, one hundred and seventy-two feet long, and contains seventy rooms, exclusive of the servants' apartments. It is built of granite, with heavy dark-wood doors, the trimming of the windows to match. It is grand and impressive in its immensity, and its workmanship is thorough and sincere. An elegant Italian wall with vases outlines the sweep beyond the main entrance, and the verandas run in matchless extent to the rear, where the house folds its enormous wings around a conservatory. Looking from this conservatory down a long walk, through beds of roses and outlines of hedges, a very good imi-

tation ruin may be seen, copied probably from Dryburgh Abbey, where real vines float over mimic Gothic window-spaces. Over the conservatory is a sort of upper portico inclosed in wire trellis, which when covered with vines



"Ogontz," former Residence of Jay Cooke.

is exquisite. The cost of Ogontz was somewhat over two million dollars, and to support and keep it in order would require an expenditure annually of at least sixty thousand dollars.

The fine Tudor-Gothic granite and brown-stone villa of J. Pratt McKean, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, is approached by a long and finished avenue of



Home of J. Pratt McKean.

large trees, including limes, maples, and elms. The mansion is in singular architectural harmony, a noble and thoroughly refined structure, with vines of English ivy breaking the gray color into patches of green. It is one of the superb places of this country, and an almost perfect summer residence. It has a broad, beautiful sweep of lawn, planted with beds of geraniums and roses, the sweet solitudes broken by the plashing of fountains, and its remote and

ample borders defined by hedges. The house is divided into spacious and handsome rooms, filled with excellent copies of famous pictures, bronzes, marbles, mosaics from Venice and Rome, all the delightful accumulations of foreign travels—treasures which tell of the culture that knows how to use wealth, to illustrate and emphasize prosperity, and of the accomplishments which are much more than wealth. Some family portraits of honorable pre-Revolutionary ancestors bear the sign-manuals of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and several Copleys are among the art-treasures. A carved oaken staircase dignifies the hall, which is broad and baronial; also a carved oaken fireplace, with its pile of logs and its high andirons. The wide doors at each end, opposite each other, when both thrown open, give lovely glimpses of the grounds, with their greenhouses, their rare exotics, their choice fruits, their finely kept graveled walks, their never-ending luxuries, their constantly suggesting possibilities. Horace should have described these with his sense of the luxury and refinement which may accompany a country-life, and his appreciation of the elegances of the villas of Mæcenas.

Of exceptional interest at this particular period of American history is the Ohio home of President Rutherford Birchard Hayes. It is situated in Fremont, a pleasant, thriving town in the vicinity of Lake Erie, and is known as "Spiegel Grove." The house, standing in the center of some thirty densely wooded acres, is reached by a winding carriage-drive, roofed with the interlaced boughs and branches of slender trees, which when gay with foliage effectually intercept the sun's rays, as also no insignificant portion of their reflected light. It was the darkness, together with the traditional ghost originally pervading this picturesque domain, that gave it the name of "Spiegel Grove."

The dwelling of the sketch was built by Sardis Birchard, the uncle and the devoted guardian (through his youthful years) of our present Chief Magistrate. Mr. Birchard was a man of extensive culture, of artistic tastes, of great practical force of character, and of highest social and benevolent qualities. He lived unmarried, and in the course of a long life amassed a large property, which President Hayes inherited. He was active in the public and corporate works of progress in northern Ohio—the improvement of navigation, of vessel-building, of the Western Reserve, and Maumee Road, a national work;

also of the Toledo, Norwalk and Cleveland Railway, of which he was the main support at the beginning. In 1851 he became one of a banking firm that in 1863 merged into the First National Bank of Fremont, to which town he gave a public park in 1871; and in 1873 he bestowed upon the same community an endowment of fifty thousand dollars for a public library, creating a board of trustees to take charge. He also gave seven thousand dollars toward the building of the Presbyterian church in Fremont, liberally aided the other church organizations, and was a contributor to all charitable objects. He was a lover of art, and left a gallery of pictures to President Hayes, including works by some of the best American and modern French and German painters.

Immediately surrounding the house trees have given place to handsome lawns and smiling gardens, with the exception of a few superb oaks and hemlocks, which have been left standing in pairs with charming effect. Upon three sides of the edifice are broad verandas, the posts of which are adorned with honeysuckle and Wisteria vines; the spacious flower-gardens are to the right, reaching off in a westerly direction, the beds laid out in crosses, curves, half-moons, diamonds, and other unique designs, and blossoming in the bright summer days with violets and roses, and all the pretty vagaries of the floral kingdom. Choice shrubs of a great variety of descriptions vary the scene, while just beyond, grape-arbors, strawberry-patches, currant, raspberry, and other bushes, and peach, plum, pear, apple, and cherry trees, are the signs of promise to such guests as dote on the fine fruit of Ohio. A quaint little resting-spot among the garden beauties is "Boffin's Bower," over which woodbine creeps in its own sweet way, and roses of many varieties nod their blushing heads wherever there is a chance to peep through the vines upon the romance-inspired occupants of the seats within. Not far from this bewitching bower is an old-fashioned pump—an object sufficiently picturesque to be stolen by an artist and planted in the front walk. The mansion is large and comfortable. The parlor opens to the right of the broad entrance-hall, which leads to the family sitting-room. Both these apartments are appropriately furnished, and the walls are hung with rare and interesting paintings. A large sleeping-room opens out of the sitting-room. Beyond these rooms, separated by a hall running across the house from east to west, with doors leading to the verandas—and in which an antique New England clock ticks circumspectly—is a well-ap-



Spiegel Grove—the Ohio Home of President Hayes.

pointed dining-room, sufficiently ample in its dimensions for the accommodation of a large household. The kitchens are upon the same floor. Still farther on is a Gothic building, of which a glimpse is given in the sketch, designed for an office, but connected so as to form a part of the main edifice.

The second story is divided into seven apartments, three of which are filled

with valuable books. The library of Mr. Birchard is in front, directly over the parlor, and remains chiefly as he left it at his death, which occurred in 1874; it contains some of his favorite pictures, one of which is a Paul Weber. Two good-sized apartments beyond are devoted to the private library of President Hayes. They are crowded with works of a substantial and instructive character upon innumerable topics, and it is noticeable that those which seem to have been the most read are the volumes whose substance is of vastly greater importance than their form. There is abundant evidence among these tomes of the President's love of metaphysics; and the department of history is especially full, embracing nearly all the important works of American history, and apparently everything that has been written about the great sovereign State of Ohio, which honored him in many ways, not least among which was the choosing of him Governor for the third time in 1875, after a campaign in which the chief issue was resumption or inflation.

President Hayes was born in 1822, in Delaware, a delightfully picturesque town, now of some eight thousand inhabitants, situated on the borders of the Olentangy River, in central Ohio, the seat of a college and of a popular young ladies' school, in the midst of the richest farming region of the State—a surpassingly lovely country. His father, Rutherford Hayes, had removed from New England to this place in 1817. His mother was Sophia Birchard. And with them came Sardis Birchard, her younger brother, then a boy of sixteen. Five years later the husband died, and Mrs. Hayes was left with the care of three fatherless children, over whom this brother exercised the tender guardianship to which reference has already been made. She dwelt in a substantial brick house in Delaware, and was regarded as a lady of rare strength and beauty of character. The social and educational influences which surrounded the family were of the best in the land, therefore it is not surprising that the President and his sister (the oldest son of Mrs. Hayes was drowned) acquired an early taste for the graver and maturer sort of literature; they read Hume's and Smollett's English history together, and the sister of twelve interpreted Shakespeare to the brother of ten. They together pored over the poetry of Moore, they dramatized Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and they studied the same lessons in Latin and Greek. At fourteen years of age the future President was sent to the academy at Norwalk, Ohio; and was afterward for a time at a school

in Middletown, Connecticut, during his preparation for college. He was graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, in 1842—the valedictorian of his class. Destined for a lawyer, he began his legal studies the same year in the office of Sparrow and Matthews, prominent lawyers in Columbus. Within a few months it was decided that he should enter the Harvard Law School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, from which he was graduated in 1845. While here he not only pursued his law reading, but continued the study of German, reviewed his French and Greek, nourished his love of letters, and widened his acquaintance with literature in all directions. Life for him at Cambridge was full of richness and variety: he had come face to face with authorship, and with the men whose books had long been his fast friends; he listened with avidity to the lectures of Mr. Longfellow, President Sparks, and the younger Dana, and heard the speeches of Webster, Choate, John Quincy Adams, Winthrop, and Mr. Bancroft. He had already begun to take a lively interest in politics, in public men, and public affairs. While business was accumulating upon his hands after he commenced practice at the bar, his reading was as great and as varied as that of most men in literary life. And, keeping abreast with the general publications of the day, he was under constant self-training in the art of judging men. He always kept a note-book or diary, and these relics disclose his life-long study of politics; thus, when elevated to the Presidency, he was prepared for its duties through familiarity with the events which had gone before. And no better index to his well-rounded character and refined principles of action exists than the titles of these much-used volumes in their restful seclusion within his Ohio home, which have been from time to time in the past his chosen companions.

There is an atmosphere of quiet comfort, of cultivated tastes, and of self-respectful independence about "Spiegel Grove" which is strictly in keeping with the nature of the philanthropic founder of this rural home; and the winds, in their fitful breathings, seem to whisper of loving hearts who choose to preserve the legacy in the same general style as when the venerated Sardis Birchard was its presiding genius.

The former residence of Noah H. Swayne, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, is situated in the city of Columbus, Ohio, less than half

a mile from the State-House. It is built of brick, and is solid, substantial, and slightly antique. Its apartments are spacious as well as numerous, the edifice extending to a considerable depth in the rear. The drawing-rooms are upon the right of the entrance, and a reception-room or library opens to the left; in the rear of the latter is a large family parlor, with a veranda looking off upon cultivated grounds, which has been the favorite after-dinner seat for the Governor-residents of the house and their guests through many long years.



The Swayne Mansion, Columbus, Ohio.

Soon after the appointment of Judge Swayne by President Lincoln, in February, 1862, a Justice of the Supreme Court, he removed his family from Columbus to Washington, and his Ohio home became indeed a gubernatorial mansion. It was occupied from January, 1866, until January, 1868, by Governor

Jacob D. Cox, afterward Secretary of the Interior. President Hayes was the next Governor of Ohio, his first two terms of office extending from 1868 to 1872—the third from 1875 to 1876—and he resided in this mansion the greater part of that period. After him Governor Edward F. Noyes was inducted into office, and took up his abode in this commodious dwelling, residing here from January, 1872, to January, 1874. In size, situation, and arrangement, the house was admirably adapted for the convenience of these distinguished officials. The dining-room, beyond the double drawing-rooms, is a large, cheerful apartment, seemingly invested, however, with a governing atmosphere, as if the spirits of the numerous Governors whose voices have echoed through its halls had been left in charge for the benefit of future potentates. The extensive grounds are well laid out, and are alive with choice shrubs and bright-colored flowers; while fine old trees in great profusion adorn the outskirts, and hold the posts of honor at each side of the entrance gate in front.

Judge Swayne was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1804. He was the youngest of the five children of Joshua Swayne, a descendant of Francis Swayne, one of the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania. His father died in 1808, and he was trained into manhood by his mother, a lady of remarkable vigor of mind and excellence of character. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty, settling in Ohio. In 1829 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, and soon after was appointed United States Attorney for Ohio, removing to Columbus, where the courts were held. In 1832 he married Miss Sarah Ann Wager, of Harper's Ferry, Virginia, who with other property inherited a large number of slaves. These, by the joint wishes of Judge and Mrs. Swayne, were at once manumitted. During his residence in the mansion of the sketch he was engaged in many important legal controversies, and devoted his energies with great zeal to the establishment of asylums—serving as a trustee for many years in that for the Blind, for the Deaf and Dumb, and for Lunatics, all of which have been so admirably conducted in Ohio.

The accuracy and erudition of his judicial labors have been widely appreciated. Every occupation and vicissitude of his life has been accompanied and sustained by enthusiastic study of ancient and modern literature and general information. As a recognition of the studies of a lifetime the degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon him by the colleges of Yale, Dartmouth, and Marietta.

"Elmhurst," the villa of Hon. William S. Groesbeck, occupies a thickly wooded eminence upon the bank of the curving Ohio, in the charming suburb of Cincinnati known as Walnut Hills. The grounds comprise some twenty-five acres, stocked with almost every variety of the elm and the oak, some of which are of immense size, also with the beech, the ash, the poplar, the sugar-maple, and some of the oldest lindens in the country. Nothing but an imposing gateway, with a broad avenue disappearing among the trees, can be seen from the street. The mansion is very large, with a solidity of aspect which promises to resist the wear of centuries, and is finished and decorated with severe elegance. It is built of blue limestone—one of the products of Ohio which seems to be shooting from the soil into all manner of beautiful dwellings. The entrance is grand and effective. From the vestibule we pass over a marble floor into a great central hall, reaching to the roof—with balconies bordering each story—from which all the numerous rooms of the edifice apparently open. To the left of the entrance is a reception-room, which opens into handsomely furnished drawing-rooms; to the right is a large, well-filled library, the windows of which look out upon the covered veranda shown in the sketch. Beyond the library is a spacious and handsome dining-room, with a bay-window that affords entrancing glimpses of the Ohio River through the foliage. Beyond this is a cozy breakfast-room. The gallery devoted to paintings and statuary, containing choice and valuable works of art, is directly in front of the main entrance, at the remote end of the house, and is reached by a few gentle steps from the central hall. The chambers are delightfully arranged, every window possessing its own individual vista and picturesque view. In the third story is a billiard-room, and also a private chapel.

Mr. Groesbeck is a man of elegant leisure, save the care of his property, and of literary and scholarly tastes. He inherited wealth from his father, one of the early citizens of Cincinnati, and he married a lady of wealth. Mrs. Groesbeck is a daughter of the late Judge Jacob Burnet, one of the founders of the city of Cincinnati and one of the framers of the State Constitution of Ohio, and the granddaughter of Dr. William Burnet, of Newark, New Jersey, Surgeon-General of the American army in the Revolution—a descendant of the celebrated English prelate Bishop Burnet. Mr. Groesbeck devotes his leisure chiefly to books, and is an attentive observer of current political events.



"Elmhurst," Home of William S. Groesbeck.

He is a lawyer, but has not applied himself to practice at the bar. In the large sense, he is a public man. He occupied a seat in Congress during Buchanan's Administration, and subsequently was elected to the Senate of Ohio. He gained national reputation by his argument as counsel for President Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial. He has recently been a delegate to the International Coinage Conference at Paris by appointment of President Hayes.

It has been truthfully said that no inland city in the world surpasses Cin-

cinnati in the beauty of its suburbs. This great, prosperous corporation of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants (not yet one hundred years old) lies on a natural plateau some twelve miles in circumference, bisected by the gleaming, winding Ohio River, entirely surrounded by hills three hundred feet in height, forming one of the most striking natural amphitheatres to be found anywhere. The magnitude and costliness of the villa residences which crown these tree-inclustered, picturesque, and enchanting heights, so astonished the Duke of Newcastle's party a few years since—one of whom was the Prince of Wales—that they pronounced the whole combination of landscape and dwelling the finest they had ever seen. Walnut Hills is five miles from the heart of Cincinnati, and includes a wide extent of territory. The Grandin Road, one of the most celebrated drives in this section, runs along the undulating bluff of the Ohio, and is lined with all styles of architectural achievement—chiefly of stone. Each mansion stands in the midst of extensive and highly cultivated grounds, brilliant with flowers. It is like a perpetual park for miles, and the fine dwellings are so numerous that the mere mention of them would read like an invoice. The home of Joseph Longworth, who gave the city fifty thousand dollars to establish an art-school, is approached by a curving private avenue from this road. His house contains an art-gallery lighted from the roof, filled with a valuable collection of paintings, among which are some of the finest Achenbachs in the country. A handsome villa adjoining is the residence of George Ward Nichols, author of a recent work on ceramics, who married Longworth's daughter. The sequestered nooks of Avondale are a perpetual charm, and the enticing homes, with their highly ornamented grounds, as thick as the stars in a moonless sky. Among the eight spacious public parks for which Cincinnati is famous, Burnet Woods is the second in size, containing one hundred and seventy acres. It was purchased from the heirs of Judge Burnet in 1872, and reposes upon one of the hills north of the city. To Mr. Groesbeck Cincinnati is indebted for a music-endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars, the income of which is to support concerts in this park; thus music is here provided free for all time.

The villa of Henry Probasco is the most famous of any within the wilderness of villas which crown the lovely hills of Clifton—which is somewhat

nearer Cincinnati than Avondale. Mr. Probasco was the donor of the great bronze fountain which adorns Cincinnati—of which every one has heard. He is said to have been fifteen years in designing and building his home, which stands in the midst of twenty-seven acres, in the highest state of cultivation, containing shrubs and plants, as well as shade-trees, imported from every part of the habitable globe. The entrance to the grounds is through the finest gateway of wrought-iron in America, with exquisitely executed ornaments of oak-leaves and acorns; the workmen are said to have been occupied for three years on this alone.

The architecture of the dwelling is Norman, and blue limestone from the Ohio quarries is the material of which it is constructed. The tower is round, and sufficiently ample in its dimensions for the accommodation of a tea-party of fifty persons. The entrances are upon two sides, and through magnificent stone porches with Norman arches, the one in front being shown in our sketch. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a more harmonious and inviting interior than opens upon the visitor after passing the portals. Every room is a separate study. The walls are all wainscoted with the white oak of Ohio, combined with the red cedar of Tennessee, highly polished and embellished with the most exquisite carvings—the designs embracing the poke, the thistle, and the oak-leaf; the carved wood about the bay-window in the parlor represents a trailing honeysuckle. The ceilings were painted by artists brought from Italy. All the chandeliers are of pure bronze in *cloissonnée* enamel.

The furniture of the house was modeled with special reference to its architectural features, and is of exceptionally fine workmanship. Expensive pictures are upon every side. Upon a carved easel of white oak rests an exquisite landscape by Rousseau, which you admire, leaning upon a piano with a satin embroidered cover. You are doubtless in the parlor, although the whole house strikes you as one enormous picture-gallery; and marbles, mosaics, and gems of art in a thousand forms greet you everywhere. Now your eye falls upon a glass mosaic table from Venice, with ebony and mosaic pedestal, designed and executed by Salviati, the Venetian professor; and presently you are studying a circular table in Roman mosaic, three or more yards in diameter, illustrating "Petrarch's Triumph of Love," which rests upon a superb carved-oak pedestal.

Turning from these you are confronted with an elegant painting by Hugues Merle, "The Woman and the Secret"; in the same vicinity is a painting by Riefstahl, called "The Swiss Peasants." Other paintings of striking interest near these are "Elizabeth and Frederick of Bohemia receiving News of the Loss of the Battle of Prague," and "Clorinda delivering the Martyrs," the last being from the brush of Ferdinand Victor Eugène.

One of the many art-curiosities in the grand entrance-hall (sixteen by seventy feet) is a large Roman mosaic picture, sixty inches long. Still more interesting is an art-clock designed for the house, in bronze and niello, the face and figures in ivory. Some verd-antique pedestals, from Cardinal Tosti's palace at Rome, divide attention with a pair of Sicilian jasper tables, antiques from Palermo. An exquisite porphyry gem cabinet, displaying the amethyst, topaz, emerald, and other precious stones, with silver drawers and gilt-bronze ornaments, is hardly examined, before you turn to observe pedestals in Egyptian red granite, in Algerian marble, in porphyry, and in Gregorian marble; while vases of mediæval ivory, of *cloissonnée* enamel, of Sèvres ware with serpent-handles, and one, a Spanish vase of iron, damascened with gold and silver, break upon your view. A green porphyry vase and stand is petted by its owner from the fact that it can not be duplicated. The mosaics are perhaps the most remarkable of these various and costly collections, the house containing, aside from its pictures and other mosaic treasures, not less than thirteen superb mosaic tables of different varieties, each one of which would be esteemed a masterpiece of beauty, and sufficient to adorn a modest home.

And yet the books and illuminated manuscripts on vellum in different languages bear us off in triumph and bury us. The library was built for its jewels. Here are one hundred or more rare editions of the Bible in costly and unique bindings; one copy was printed in 1480, another in 1589; still another copy is bound in silver, at an expense of one thousand dollars. Here are also numerous copies of Shakespeare, Dante, the Aldine and Elzevir classics; three hundred or more volumes printed upon vellum; specimens of the earliest printing of the world; works formerly owned by illustrious personages; examples of bindings of early Italian and French workmanship, in leather, mosaic, niello, bronze, and ivory; three hundred volumes of the most beautiful etchings in existence; engravings, and other artistic productions, in countless numbers;



The Home of Henry Probasco, Cincinnati.

and richly illustrated modern works of great cost. The library-table is a specimen of fine carving, a work of art in itself, as is also the sideboard in the dining-room; the ceiling of this apartment is elegantly frescoed, and the wood-work displays the choicest of carving, the designs all drawn from nature. The staircase is broad, and also elaborately carved, while its walls are hung with paintings of the first excellence. One of these is by the great German artist, Kaulbach, and has been valued at twenty thousand dollars.

It was the son-in-law of Kaulbach, August von Kreling, of Nuremberg, who made some drawings of a fountain in which he symbolized the manifold uses

and benefits of water to man, without using any of the trite emblems of heathen mythology, which being submitted to Mr. Probasco while in Europe in 1866, proved to be substantially the plan for which he was in search. The admirable conception of the artist was elaborated with the most generous strength and the finest delicacy, by Fritz von Miller, under the direction of Mr. Probasco, at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars in gold. It was completed, placed in the center of a broad esplanade extending from street to street and shaded with trees, henceforward known as Probasco Place, and formally presented to the city of Cincinnati, with appropriate exercises, October 6, 1871.

There is not a figure in this work that does not invite study and grow more beautiful upon examination, or that does not make itself intelligible to the mind wholly unacquainted with mythology. It is a representation of American life and industry. And yet such has been the felicitous treatment of the subjects introduced that it is severely classical. From the center of the pedestal rises a shaft, spreading at the top with interlaced vines and foliage. Around this shaft are four groups of figures, which illustrate the needs and blessings of water. On one side a man with an empty bucket stands upon a burning roof, invoking water; on the other a farmer is imploring rain for his scorched crops; over these the central crowning figure—"The Genius of Water"—is dispensing from her outstretched hand in misty spray what is so much desired. The remaining two groups are a daughter holding to her sick father's lips a goblet of water, and a beautiful mother leading her sportively reluctant boy to the bath. The eight other figures are all interesting, and in the whole combination there is not apparently a hard or inexpressive line or inharmonious detail. And, what is a purely Cincinnati idea, this magnificent fountain not only furnishes water to the thirsty multitude, but the coolest and the most delicious of ice-water.

The good taste of Mr. Probasco, so notable in the appointments of his home, and so conspicuously immortalized in the monument of his munificence, is displayed throughout his domain. Upon the grounds are Kiss's "Amazon," in bronze; "Sans-Souci," by Ives; "The Reading Girl," by Magin; "Ruth," by Rogers; and other fine marbles. The view from the villa forms a splendid panorama; the valley, two hundred feet below, seems like a thing of life with

its lines of railway-tracks, its ever-moving trains, its trees and avenues, and its lovely slopes and hills. The conservatory is one of the felicities of the place; and the rosarium contains four thousand roses, besides variegated leaf-plants.

Seemingly in the same grounds, although separated by lines invisible to curious eyes, is a long, rambling stone mansion, covering an area of ten thousand square feet, which, like some lordly castle of the old feudal times, lifts its Gothic towers high above a lawn of exquisite richness. It is "Scarlet Oaks," the residence of George K. Shoenberger. It is of the French domestic order of architecture, the main tower rising eighty feet high, and the roof of blue slate. The walls are uncoursed ashlar-work; the entrance is through a massive cut-stone portico. Just at the turn of the avenue from here are the gate and lodge to the former residence of George H. Pendleton; the house is of brick, stuccoed, with broad porches. The greenhouses number a good round dozen, and include among their rich native and exotic flowers ninety varieties of camellias, and fifty or more of begonias; there is also a banana-house with eight flourishing banana-trees. The home of John Shillito, the great merchant of the central West, is in this vicinity, upon Oak Avenue, and the mansion with its grounds covers an entire square. It is of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and is constructed of stone. The entrance, an imposing stone porch, is faced within and without with tooled stonework. The main hall, twenty feet wide, contains an old English fireplace for wood, above which is a curiously wrought walnut mantel, with three human figures, representing Peace, Plenty, and Harmony. Mount Auburn presents a field of varied architecture quite as interesting as the other suburbs of Cincinnati, but we can only pass through its leafy and enchanting streets, even to the brink of the dizzy steep where elevators are in waiting, and where the whole of the great, busy city of Cincinnati, together with its much-bridged stretch of the Ohio River, and the Kentucky hills beyond, may be all taken in with one sweep of the eye.

One of the fashions of thirty years ago was to call everything beyond the Alleghany Mountains "Western," as though the term was sufficiently descriptive, and all the natural features of the country and its cities and homes precisely alike. Even the great and famous Western rivers were regarded as essential to maps, and as factors of the drainage system of a continent—mere means of

carrying off the surplus water when it rained—rather than objects of beauty and interest, playing a part in the life, pleasures, imagination, and memories, of the people who founded homes along their banks. The Lakes interposed themselves in the way of travel to the Northwest, and tossed perpetually an ever-streaming population from point to point through the vast regions where majestic forests and gracious mountains extend a never-ceasing welcome. And men of means, joining those who had already acquired fortunes in the newer districts, projected all manner of improvements, laid a perfect network of railroads, established every class of industry, and transformed the scene into a succession of farms, gardens, communities, and cities, for thousands and thousands of square miles. Every neighborhood, city, county, and State, in all this extent of territory has a character of its own, derived chiefly from the people who settled it. Some portions of Ohio are distinctively New England in habits, ideas, and modes of living, and in no way is this more readily revealed to the traveler's eye than in the peculiarities of domestic architecture. Then, again, the redundant population of Pennsylvania and New Jersey have naturally drifted into southern Ohio, and onward through the same latitude into Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the regions beyond. Every town has its homes—those that are tasteful, and indicate the refinement of breeding and education of their inmates; and also those that are inexpensive, rustic, and plain—dwellings of the laborer and the mechanic. One can not travel through the rich farming-regions of these more recently cultivated and settled portions of America without being convinced that, after all, it is knowledge, and not money, that is the source of every pleasurable emotion caused by a building. It seems to be understood and appreciated that a simple, well-planned structure costs less to execute, for the accommodation obtained, than one that is ill-planned; and that it may be made agreeable and effective without ornamentation otherwise than what appertains to the useful and necessary. The location, also, of the humblest cottages reveals a growing tendency to seize whatever beauties Nature has provided, and discovers to the observer, however crude, a possible love for art. Industry and opportunity among the working-classes of America are ever originating visions of snug country homes, which sooner or later become realities. The private landed estate, whatever its dimensions, grows its house. Not infrequently the landholder himself is enough of a car-

penter to erect his own castle. The chances are that he will commence modestly, expanding from time to time: a wing crops out on one side this year, and a wood-shed in the rear the next. Then the roof rises. Trailing vines clamber up the additional height, and put forth their flowers in saucy arrogance above little clumps of peonies, and sweet-peas, and New England rose-bushes, which have found their way into the garden-plats through some mysterious agency. And in nine cases out of ten, if there is a body of water in the vicinity, the house will be found windowed and doored with special reference to the views to be obtained. It is an innate homage to the natural, which, hindered in its development by passing influences and untoward circumstances, and attended with all manner of absurd shortcomings, furnishes valuable proof of inherent good, true, and healthy taste, such as exists among the peasantry of no other country in all Christendom.

Cleveland commands one of the fine water-views of the world, Lake Erie, with its ever-changing hues, stretching off to the north, seemingly ending where the sky-line begins. The suburbs of this far-famed beautiful city are filled with elegant country-seats, bordering broad avenues in many directions, and seemingly cast in the midst of Old World parks imported especially for the use and gratification of the citizens of the city. There is a suggestion of antiquity and dignity in the wide-spreading branches of the lofty trees, and in the perfection of landscape-gardening and floriculture, that illy accords with the feeble remains of our early notions of Western newness. And the examples of unique and costly architecture are perpetual. But Ohio is no longer the "West." Neither is Indiana nor Illinois. The great States farther on are teeming with homes which represent every variety of thought, feeling, taste, and condition of mankind.

The great cities are individual in their characteristics. Berlin is scarcely more different from Vienna than Chicago from Cincinnati. There is one point of resemblance between Chicago and Detroit—they have both been nearly consumed with fire; but in other respects no two cities could be more unlike. Detroit takes the precedence in age, having enjoyed a legitimate existence of one century and a third of another before Chicago was anything but a great reedy, miasmatic marsh on the shore of an inland sea. Detroit is well situated upon a gradual inclination rising from the edge of the

Detroit River at the rate of about fifty-eight feet per mile; its streets are broad and well paved, and its avenues many of them two hundred feet in width, handsomely embellished with shade-trees, and ornamented with notably beautiful homes. It has, moreover, a history surcharged with romance. The Indians selected the site, and built villages thereon. The French found them there in 1610. The wigwam homes of the aboriginal inhabitants were not disturbed when Fort Ponchartrain was erected, in 1701, emigrants sent from the French Government, and a governor appointed. Such was the beginning of Detroit. Since then three different sovereigns have claimed its allegiance; it has twice been besieged by Indians, once captured in war, once consumed by fire (in 1805); and it has been the scene of fifty pitched battles and twelve bloody massacres.

Chicago, not yet fifty years of age—a modern city in the complete sense of the term—is built upon a dead level, without variation of surface or a natural picturesque object for many miles. Its site was determined by the Chicago River, a lazy, uninteresting, impure, and consequential stream of water, that invited modern commerce to its bosom, and stood still while Lake Michigan danced in all kinds of weather, and a city sprung from a dozen log-cabins into a capital taking rank with great capitals, and became so rich and strong that there was no project too bold, or enterprise too great, for her to undertake. Tired of the mud and marsh and miasma, she suddenly lifted herself to six or eight feet of higher level. Large hotels were suspended in the air while new foundations were laid and new basements built; dwelling-houses went up without disconcerting households, or were rolled down broad avenues, seeking new sites, without interrupting the details of domestic life. The bridges were found inadequate to the demand for travel across the river, which still refused to run, being nearly on a level with the lake; therefore highways were constructed underneath the river-bed. Finally, to conquer that same river which so obstinately refused to discharge its waters into the lake, the lake was turned into the river, and not only that, but the lake and the river together were emptied into the Gulf of Mexico! Through skillful engineering and the energy of its people Chicago was converted finally into a perfectly dry and healthy city; and a two-mile tunnel was laid under Lake Michigan, to supply pure water to its thirsty multitudes.

The homes of Chicago were nearly all of the stereotyped city pattern prior to the great fire. The unparalleled growth of the place invested the soil with a fabulous value—hence the houses, as a rule, ran up tall and slim. A few wealthy men reserved room for comfortable grounds about their dwellings, more particularly in North Chicago; the home of William B. Ogden, the first mayor of the new city, stately and delightful, stood in the center of a block bounded by four streets, and shaded with native forest-trees. It was the only house which escaped the conflagration in all the length and breadth of the seven miles (longitudinally) of ruin and desolation at the time when more than one hundred thousand persons were rendered homeless. The McCagg homestead, near that of Mr. Ogden, was not saved even by its grounds, but the fire that converted it into ashes, and cleaved the bark and branches from its trees, caused the buds to blossom in the great greenhouse, and the next morning the mass of rich, warm, bright-colored flowers peeped through the unbroken glass upon the scene with the effect of an immense bouquet. Michigan Avenue, the pride of Chicago, was only partially laid waste. It is an exceptionally wide avenue, upon the immediate shore of Lake Michigan, with elegant mansions upon one side only. These have been chiefly constructed of white or Athens marble, the finest building material in the country, produced from extensive quarries scarcely twenty miles distant. In front of each dwelling, between the broad sidewalks and the street, are little individual parks, where flourishing trees seem to make a perpetual apology for the prairies in the background of the city, which, submerged with water half the year, and without shrub or mountain, offered little promise of future suburbs at the time the projectors of Michigan Avenue, with liberal foresight, supplied Nature's deficiencies. The growth of Chicago has been the superlative of all modern history. It is not yet thirty years since a wolf was seen running along Michigan Avenue in the neighborhood of Van Buren Street, unconscious, apparently, that he had strayed far from his native heath. And yet, in 1871, a powerful city—with a trade reaching through San Francisco to China and Japan; with marked quotations and opinions in all American cities; with prices of grain, hides, and lumber, in Europe; and with personal as well as commercial ties everywhere—was destroyed by a tempest of flame, and the whole civilized world sorrowed. It has been rebuilt on a scale of great magnificence. Genius

and money have transformed waste places into a splendid system of parks and boulevards; two of the thirteen or more parks together embrace over thirteen hundred acres; and the boulevards connecting the various parks make a continuous and charming driveway of twenty-five or thirty miles. Examples of the higher order of domestic architecture are upon every hand, and America now displays few more beautiful mansions than those which grace the limits and vicinity of the great capital of the Northwest.

Handsome homes have long existed in and about Milwaukee, Wisconsin—the high bluffs, upon which the eastern and western portions of the city are built, overlooking Lake Michigan, and affording some of the most charming of sites for private residences. A cream-colored brick is used largely for building material; it is known as Milwaukee brick. Shade-trees are everywhere abundant, and the atmosphere is remarkably bracing and healthful. In the matter of delightful climate, however, St. Paul, in Minnesota, carries off the palm. This young and enterprising city occupies a high plain on the left bank of the Mississippi River, about eighty feet above the water, and is partially encircled by low hills. It is wholly without antiquity; in 1846 ten white inhabitants only comprised its civilized population. But the wonderful purity of its rarefied air attracted capitalists and others from the East, and now a large and refined population, with all the elements of home comfort and luxury at their command, are in the enjoyment of health, happiness, and prosperity. The city is best known probably for its enterprise in the manufacture of flour, as it stands in the center of the great wheat-growing region of the West, with peculiar facilities for this branch of business. But it will become essentially a city of homes, because of its healthfulness. A gentleman, who was compelled to drive every winter morning from twelve to fifteen miles across the country just out of the city, said that, although the temperature often ranged from twenty to thirty degrees below zero, seemingly most dangerously cold, the atmosphere was so free from moisture that he suffered very little discomfort.

St. Louis differs as widely in its inhabitants and homes from Chicago as Chicago from Cincinnati; and no three great cities of one nation ever afforded a more striking contrast each to each. These differences date back to their origin. St. Louis was an offshoot of Louisiana; its earliest settlers French. When it was some four years old it was adopted by the King of Spain, who

brought up the youth, so to speak, and commanded allegiance for thirty-six years. At the age of forty-five it rejoiced in its first brick house, and all that part of the world wondered and admired. The next important event was the arrival of a steamboat. This occurred in 1817. It was the growth of Illinois, which became rapid after 1825, that finally gave St. Louis the impetus resulting in magnificent proportions. The city is elevated many feet above the floods of the Mississippi, and is protected by a limestone bank, instead of the perpendicular cliffs or the alluvial soil which usually forms this great river's banks. It presents a unique appearance, built as it is upon two terraces, one back of the other; the first rising abruptly from the water some twenty feet, the second making a more gradual ascent from the first of at least forty feet, and spreading out into a wide and beautiful plain, commanding a view of the city, the river, and the surrounding country. It has neither the picturesque mountainous sites for suburban residences for which Cincinnati is justly celebrated, nor yet the extreme flatness of Chicago's outskirts; but, slightly undulating and somewhat varied from a dead level, the soil is admirably stocked with architectural achievements in the way of dwelling-houses and villa homes; and the variety of the old and the new, the quaint and the artistic, the antique and the modern, is greater than in any other city of the West. Iowa, Nebraska, and other noble States beyond the Mississippi, are becoming peopled with incredible rapidity, and some of their large towns and cities already boast of many fine examples of the modern home. The ambition for improvement and more attention to the amenities of life will effect changes in the mode of building habitations in these newer States during the immediate years to come, and when the good points of the ruder eras are seized and combined with the practical common sense acquired by experiments attending the progress of settlements, the whole is destined to be softened by refinement, and a disposition for rural culture and elegance.

The upper and lower valleys of the Mississippi present as wide a contrast in the character of their homes as the difference in climate and physical peculiarities. The alluvial plains of the cotton-growing regions require a style of dwelling adapted to the wants of the inhabitants. Louisiana was settled by the French, and among the pioneers were scions of the best families of France, whose historic names are handed along, and whose influence over domestic

architecture continues to be felt. Many examples of the villa and the château introduced in the early periods may yet be seen, having been reproduced by later generations. The grander of the old mansions along the Mississippi River toward its mouth have gradually disappeared; nearly all the modern structures



A Planter's Home on the Mississippi.

are surrounded with broadly constructed verandas and balconies. Otherwise they are not strikingly dissimilar to their predecessors, comfort and shade having always been sought more earnestly than outward beauty of architectural form. The plantations in the vicinity of New Orleans have many of them become,

through long years of cultivation, the center of attractive landscape scenery, which combines the novelty of many exotics growing side by side with the best-preserved specimens of the original forest. The richness of the soil modified by the climate develops in the greatest perfection some of the choicest tropical plants. Orange-trees may frequently be seen, three fourths of a century old, with great gnarled trunks and strong arms, still bearing in perfection their luscious fruit. Magnificent banana-trees display their sweeping leaves of emerald green, exciting your curiosity as to the methods by which they have been made to overcome their susceptibility to cold. Sugar-cane flourishes luxuriantly in spite of its being a tender and sensitive plant, and helps to beautify the scene. Hedges of jasmine lead up to the doorways of the planter's home, and vie in fragrance with the flowering pomegranate and night-blooming cereus, while an endless variety of the queenly family of the rose serves to brighten human existence. Here the honey-bee revels, and the humming-bird, glancing in the sunlight as if made of living sapphires, dashes to and fro with lightning rapidity, shaking from his tiny wings the golden pollen. And the mocking-bird, the minstrel of the Southern landscape, perches high at twilight, like a king upon his throne, and, as the atmosphere predisposes to lassitude and dreamy repose, carols forth his sweet strains and discords as if seeking human admiration.

The swamps hovering near the quiet plantations possess a mysterious interest. Just where the cultivated line disappears, and the natural swamp begins, will often be found the yellow jasmine climbing up some blasted tree and usurping the dead branches for its own convenience, half burying the whole under a canopy of blossoms which shed a fragrance palpable to the touch. The tall, ghostly cypress is a gentle reminder of the original lords of the domain, standing stark and stiff and amazed at the encroachments of civilization. They often reach the height of one hundred and thirty feet, the base covered with ooze and mud; and, looking upward as they tower above you, the sensation is similar to that experienced in a well. The bark of the tree is spongy and fibrous, and the trunk often attains fifty or sixty feet without a branch. The foliage, as seen from below, is soft like green silken fringe, and strangely beautiful and delicate as contrasted with the tree itself. The wood is of such extraordinary durability that cypress-trees which have been buried a thousand years under the solid but always damp earth retain every quality of the most perfect wood.



A Home on the Tennessee.

At the root of the cypress the palmetto flourishes in vigor, and its deep, intensely green, spear-like foliage adds to the variety of the forest products. The flowering magnolia of these regions not infrequently reaches an altitude of ninety feet. Each particular bough has special characteristics of its own. The

leaves are large and crisp, the surface exposed to the sun is of a polished dark green. It displays large imperial blossoms of pure white, which look like great ivory eggs enveloped in green and brown. In juxtaposition with the live-oaks, whose evergreen foliage winces and sways by the slightest breeze, the magnolia stands stiffly erect like a beauty too full of starch to bend; and, when its petals finally open, the blossom, a span in diameter, is so fragrant that it oppresses the senses.

Having illustrated the colonial home, and given here and there an example of the luxurious modern dwelling, we will furnish one specimen of the habitation which is found among the picturesque mountains of Tennessee, and which for neatness and intelligent appreciation of the wants of a healthful and happy existence is not excelled in more pretentious abodes. The situation is not far from Lookout Mountain, where the northwestern corner of Georgia and the northeastern extremity of Alabama meet on the southern boundary of Tennessee. The little veranda overlooking the winding river, rude as it appears in the sketch, is where the inmates of the house enjoy the enchanted mountains, obtaining each day a new zest for life from the bounteous freshness of nature. They may not have chosen their home in this wild spot through romantic notions of sublime scenery, but they are unquestionably influenced by it, as indicated by the pride with which they point out the superb prospects of the far valley, and direct you to the cliffs and ravines and the huge undulations of hills which seem to come rolling in upon your mountain-shore like giant waves. Hundreds of log-cabins of a simple character, a little coy, hiding away in picturesque nooks, are scattered through the region commanded by these famous mountains, which embraces within their scope territory of seven States—the entire width of Tennessee and portions of Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. The residents are a proud, intelligent class as a rule, hunters and woodmen rather than husbandmen, although the surface of the wild country is susceptible of cultivation, and will undoubtedly be converted into extensive farms as the years roll on.

In New Orleans are many mansions of great elegance, with ample grounds for flowers, fruits, and tropical shrubbery. These, like the plantation homes, partake of the French element of artistic beauty. Not a few of them are constructed with a carriage-way and gate opening directly from the street to an in-



A Home in Charleston.

terior courtyard by the main building. In some of the modern districts of the city the streets are broad although very irregular in their directions, and picturesque effects are secured for the dwelling-place which are altogether indescribable. New Orleans extends along the eastern banks of the Mississippi as far

as the eye can reach, protected by the levee system from inundation. The river here is a mile and a half in width, and the tide regularly ebbs and flows, modifying somewhat the sweep of the downward current, notwithstanding that the distance is over one hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The western shore is dotted with villages and highly cultivated farms. The site of New Orleans is said to have been the first available high land encountered by its founder, Bienville, Governor of Louisiana, while ascending the Mississippi in 1718. Four years later Charlevoix visited the French settlement, and was much disconcerted at being invited to lodge under a tent. He spoke, however, of it as "the famous town which had been named New Orleans," and predicted that it would "some day become an opulent city, and the metropolis of a great and rich colony." During the remainder of the eighteenth century it was considered, as one writer forcibly expressed himself, "an enchanting place of abode." De Lozières, the French traveler, said, "The air of New Orleans is so wholesome, the earth so fruitful, and the location so delightful, that we might fancy ourselves in the midst of a flower-garden." Apart from the ravages of the yellow fever from time to time, so appalling to mankind, it is an established fact that the healthfulness of New Orleans is not surpassed by that of any large city.

The noble private mansions of the olden time which remain in the city of Charleston are so embowered with their beautiful gardens that only glimpses are obtained of their somber stateliness. One of the most notable peculiarities is the tier of open verandas, as daintily shown in the opposite illustration. The entrance to the building is in the lower of these. A high brick wall, after the English fashion, usually incloses the grounds of the house, and it is only through an open gateway that the stranger catches a glimpse of flowers, and shrubs, and vines that bloom and expand within the lovely Eden. And the rich dark green of the magnolia half screens the unsmoothed brick walls far above, and seems to hold the structure secure in the hush of seclusion and repose. . When Charleston was in the height of its glory, the dwelling-place of a wealthy aristocracy, it was the center of a far-extending circle of brilliant homes, and the walls of its stately mansions echoed the voices of famous statesmen, of men of letters, and of beautiful women. Elkanah Watson, who was sent to Charleston and other Southern ports in 1777, with fifty thousand dol-

lars to be invested for the European markets, traveling the whole distance from Rhode Island in a chaise, was so much surprised at the costliness and elegance of life in Charleston that he spoke of the way in which the citizens lived as "almost Asiatic splendor." Riches and leisure led naturally to luxurious tastes and habits; and Charleston was where a host of worthies were produced—as, for instance, Pinckney, Rutledge, and Gadsden, and the ripe scholar, Hugh Swinton Legaré. Rarely any community of the same size in America has given to the world more men of distinguished merit. The fine plantations on the Cooper and the Ashley were the seat of a generous hospitality in the palmy days. The gentry were sufficiently opulent to maintain homes in the city also, whither they resorted to educate their children, and in midsummer to enjoy the sea. In various directions from Charleston, suburban homes built of brick and wood, the rooms wainscoted from floor to ceiling, the fireplaces tiled, the mantels richly carved, imported marble columns, and a thousand other elegances, stand in the center of grounds of a park-like character, where fountains play and tropical flowers and fruits thrive in the lazy sunshine. The edifice itself may be neither very large nor very magnificent, but its ample piazzas and verandas, its comfort, coolness, and shade, and its rare exotics and finer fruits, impart a rich tropical character to the aspect of the abode. The main avenue leading out of Charleston is one of singular beauty. It plunges apparently into a green wilderness, and for a long distance is canopied by the boughs of pines and oaks and magnolias with peculiar effect, the dwellings being generally isolated, and hidden from the highway in the midst of their extensive grounds. The city of Charleston lies low, and there is no impression derived from its modest streets and apparently commonplace architecture of its hidden charms. It has not one splendid avenue nor a public park of any pretension. But its social triumphs are well known, its brilliant past remembered, and statesmen and scholars will yet burnish anew its choice homes, and perpetuate their renown.

The homes of Florida are in a transition state. The North and the West and the countries beyond the sea have poured their sick into this famous State to seek for health. People have left homes elsewhere, expecting to light upon "one vast flower-garden or orange-grove by nature," a sort of promised land, where they may dwell in peace and plenty. When they find the loveliness but

a wilderness, and the garden and the grove realities only as they make them so, they not infrequently turn to other and more finished fields. Florida has had the misfortune to be tossed about from one nation to another like a foot-ball. Permanent homes could not be established prior to 1821. All along the beautiful rivers relics and ruins of homes embowered among the orange-groves, and made pleasant by the fragrant blossoms of the honeysuckle, the rose, and the acacia, cast in a land where Nature has lavished her choicest beauties and created a perpetual summer, may be found at almost every settlement. In 1765 the father of Lord Rolle, of England, was granted forty thousand acres in Florida by the King of England; he transported one hundred families to the St. John's River, and settled about three miles above Palatka, nearly up to Dennis Lake. He built a lordly mansion for himself and houses for the people he brought with him, and began the cultivation of corn, cotton, and indigo on a liberal scale. He called Florida a "happy province," and wrote to George III. that he could cultivate the productions of the whole world. Everything indicated the most unbounded prosperity. But the troublous times began. The Spaniards obtained possession of Florida; then it was snatched from their grasp by the strong arm of England again. After that the Indians became aggressive. All at once the Spanish army were once more victorious, and gave the English people notice that they must accept Spanish rule and the Catholic faith or leave the country. Thus the unfortunate residents abandoned the homes they had made for themselves. Between that period and sixty years ago Florida changed rulers many times; it was ceded by the English to Spain in part, from Spain again to English rule, then in part to France, and back once more to Spain.

Thus this strangely beautiful country has been a bone of contention until within comparatively a few years. The French coveted it for its profusion of fruits and flowers, sweet singing-birds, and balmy air—the promise of perpetual ease and enjoyment. The Spanish wanted it, hoping with arrogant and despotic power to wring from the toil of the natives, through merciless task-masters, fabulous wealth, which they imagined was hid in its bosom. The English desired it for its rich productions which would be the source of great wealth through well-directed labor and suitable cultivation. Yet neither nation held the fair country long enough to enjoy the results of their efforts. And



A Home in Florida.

although the strife and misrule made Florida rich in wild and fanciful lore, it is only in recent times that homes, and towns, and villages, as lovely as any New England can boast, have become possible, founded upon a secure and permanent basis. The houses of St. Augustine are largely built of coquina, and in the Spanish style; although there are some fine homes which are purely American. A profusion of tropical plants, and shrubs, and trees ornament their grounds. The orange flourishes, and also the fig, the date, the palm, the banana, the lime, the lemon, the olive, the pomegranate, the grape, the peach, the citron, and the melon.

The example, which more specially illustrates a garden-scene in St. Augustine, is a characteristic specimen of the better class of dwelling. No home in Florida would be a home without garden-appointments. One glance at the sketch, where the splendid specimen of the date-palm is flanked on one side by a fig- and on the other by a lemon-tree, and the banana peeps forth with its pendent clusters of fruit, and the singularly luxuriant cactus pushes for notice, opens a volume of suggestive possibilities; and, when Mrs. Stowe tells us that homesteads may be bought for a mere song, we wonder that homes are not planted with more earnestness and industry in a State of such unlimited resources. The susceptibility of the soil to culture and improvement has caused many a pretty settlement to spring up around the beautiful inland lakes and along the banks of the rivers, and one of the elements of comfort which every landholder observes in the beginning is the making of a garden and the planting of orange-groves. Unlike the seashore and the mountains of the North, the scenery of Florida is greatest in its little things. From plains covered with palmetto, past forests of melancholy depths screened by drooping moss, one may float along the smooth rivers through beds of water-lilies and under great trees which almost shut the heavens from view. The cheerful life and health of the wilds of the West are not in these balmy solitudes; and the bending ferns and the flowering vines vainly endeavor in their solemn stillness to make amends for the hum of industry and the ocean's roar.

America is so vast in extent that our subject is necessarily inexhaustible. However much domestic architecture may repeat itself in different localities, the diversity of examples multiplies on every hand. We have not illustrated

the city house, because from the very nature of its situation on a fixed street-line, and the conventionality and sameness of plan, a check is placed upon liberty of design, and the architect, however much of an artist, can only display his originality in elaborating the façade. Our aim has been chiefly to show that domestic architecture as an art is eminently progressive in America; that its manifest destiny is to triumph over obstacles, and strike the perfect balance between a beautiful idea and the material form in which it is conveyed to the eye; that force of expression springing from strength of character in the inhabitant leads to the highest degree of symmetry between the dwelling and its surroundings, as well as to dignity of detail and permanent elegance in the building itself; and that with its historical and its personal associations it becomes a monumental language as impressive as it is suggestive and singularly interesting. While almost every prominent geographical point in the country embraces much that is artistic and picturesque in private residence, and the limits of this volume have admitted of only occasional examples, yet we have introduced enough to furnish food for thoughtful consideration. In connection with the dwellings of illustrious statesmen, men of letters, and poets, authors, and artists, our purpose has been to contribute the greatest amount of agreeable and authentic information in the fewest possible words, bearing ever in mind the lover of the historical, the personal, and the descriptive. Thus the pencil and the pen are together made to serve a double mission, and the result is comprehended under the general title of "The Homes of America."

THE END.

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